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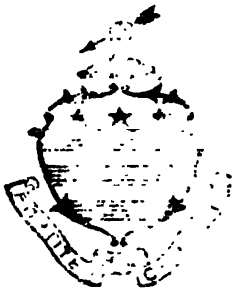
VOLUME II



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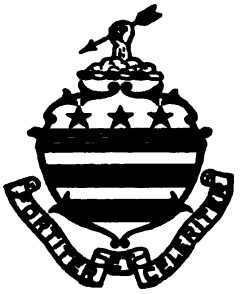
OF

AMASA STONE MATHER

JUNE 1907 TO DECEMBER 1908

VOLUME II



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EXTRACTS FROM DIARY

[*Continued and Completed from Volume 1.*]

PHYONG-YANG, SEPTEMBER 6. My Korean friend came down to see me off this morning, and helped me check my stuff as far as An-tung. While doing this I was able to help a fat Russian newspaper-man, who could only speak a little German. He wanted to go down to Chemulpo, at the same time buying a ticket and checking his bag to Phyong-yang, where he was going tomorrow. Hearing, however, that I was going there today, he suddenly decided to accompany me. German was our medium, as his was better than my French, and we had a very pleasant day. He was full of fun and anecdote, and kept me laughing all morning. He was eager for information, however, and asked me innumerable questions about everything under the sun, getting me also to interpret for him questions and answers to an English and an American missionary, the only other foreigners on the train. Even they, however, got off about noon at Kaizo, and we were alone with some Japanese soldiers, coolies, Korean peasants, an odd gentleman or two, and some Chinese. We bought a couple of boxes of Japanese rice and cooked vegetables, and as he wasn't used to handling chop-sticks, this caused some fun at our humble tiffin. We could get no beer, but did ourselves very well with some saké. These cars – second class, and poor at that – are built by the American Car and Foundry Company, but the road is Japanese, built for the war. The line is single track, and most of the bridges are temporary affairs of wood. The great bridge over the Han River, on the American built road from Seoul to Chemulpo, is a

fine work with stone piers and steel girders, and said to be one of the longest railway bridges in the world. In the afternoon my friend Konstantinde Mickailov, gave me some lessons in Russian, and asked me to write him to Vladivostok how I find the line, bridges, country, etc. between here and Mukden. He expects to trek off eastward to Yeng Heung, on the sea, looking for signs of insurgents. I made friends with a huge jovial Chinese policeman and he presented me with a handful of cakes this afternoon. His knowledge of English is limited to the following short eloquent phrases: "Me policeman, me same time chop chop wood-man. All ight." The country is fertile and well cultivated with much corn, barley, beans, and buckwheat.

Later in the afternoon the valleys grew wider and richer, and the hills shutting them in, higher and more clear-cut. At Yanzon, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we passed a train load of Japanese troops bound for Seoul. Their insignia showed them to be of the fifty-fourth regiment. The fifty-first and fifty-second are there now. Phyong-yang, or Heiyo (the Japanese name) lies in the center of a vast plain fringed by wooded hills. The city is about two miles, and the villainous boarding house where we stayed, about three miles from the station. We arrived simultaneously with a beautiful burnt-orange sunset. The city proper seems to be a place of about sixty thousand, but it straggles out considerably. The Jap element is less in evidence here than at Seoul, but they have already put in telephone and telegraph, and are starting a tram, line. These are some definite advantages from their régime. A more doubtful one is the strict policing of the streets, especially at night, since before their advent this was not necessary. There were three American, and one young British gold miner, besides the pitiable wreck of the French proprietor, and some Japanese officers at table with us, I will not say dinner. The talk ran mostly on hunting. The miners are all unan-

imous in favor of the Korean and Manchurian tiger, which they say is the largest and finest in the world. This bears out what I have always understood to be the case, namely, that the Manchurian tiger is larger, more thickly coated, and more vividly marked than even the Royal Bengal tiger of India. I should like to be able to stay over and join two of them on a three months' hunt for bear, tiger, and leopard, which they are planning for this winter. Mickailov[4] turns out to be a lieutenant-colonel, as well as correspondent for the St. Petersburg *News*, and was at Vladivostok during the war, of which he has some interesting tales to tell. He and I went out for a late stroll "under the wide and starry sky." We had a nice chat, and stopped for a little while at a native theater, where we saw some acrobats, dancing girls, and left just as a long and apparently historical monologue started. We poked about for some time watching and studying the Koreans at their evening occupations. They are quite friendly to white people, and we entered several stores and houses and sat down for a few minutes to see something of their home life. As we couldn't make ourselves understood, we simply grinned and offered them tobacco, of which they are inordinately fond.

AN-TUNG, SEPTEMBER 7. Up at six o'clock this morning. A beautiful day. Bade goodbye and good luck to jolly Mickailov and the Americans. Train left at eight, with me as its only white passenger. My Chinese police-

[4] The following is a translation, as near as I could make it, of an extraordinary bit of paper which Mickailov presented me with this evening. It purports to be a request for information; some of the words, which seem to be Russian, are left as they were – the German I translated.

"Koxcmraupan Nempobu of Muteupoh, Vladivostok.

To be till called for Cocmpedobas eve. To Konstantinde Mickailov a letter from Mukden in English. Description railways Phyong-yang for Mukden.

Bridge Talse – material. State how much lines.

Other large bridge, tunnels, great stations. How great used the train, total length, time of far distance to Mukden. When are the works! '*Mit Gedanken*,' KONSTANTINDE MICKAILOV."

man turned up smiling with another present for me, wrapped up in red and gold Chinese tissue paper. It proved to be more cakes and some caraway seeds. He says he is going to go chop chop to An-tung. There are about a dozen officers in the car going to their up-country posts, and many government railway coolies. About nine o'clock we passed, on a beautiful road which runs parallel to the track and to the river, what was either a wedding procession or the state progress through the land in native style of some high functionary. It dragged along for about a mile. Many proud Korean gentlemen were riding gaily caparisoned led-mules, others were carried in litters or in chairs, and there were quite a few ladies in covered palanquins. One very large and splendidly decorated one must have contained the bride—or the official. Many bright banners, carried by stalwart retainers, flaunted in the bright morning air. As they stretched over so much of the roadway, I could see parts of them in several different situations; resting in the shade of a big tree, fording a small tributary stream, or toiling up a hill. If one could have taken the entire procession with a panoramic kodak, and given the picture its proper colors, what a wonderful frieze it would make. If it had been twenty years ago, I would have felt sure that it was the annual embassy bearing tribute to Peking.

During the morning I saw thousands of coolies at work on this line, some strengthening the roadbed, others building a new roadbed, evidently for another track parallel to the one we are traveling over. A few temporary tracks have been laid upon it already, and bridge piers have been sunk in the streams. The country continues rich and smiling, but is getting lower and flatter. About four-thirty, we reached Wijou. I had meanwhile made the acquaintance of two Jap officers who spoke a little German, and one who spoke a little English, and as my Japanese is constantly improving, we got along quite well together. They helped me through the customs, and got

VILLAGE NEAR PHYONG-YANG

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some big husky Manchurian coolies to hustle our luggage to the native ferry. One of the officers showed me the battlefield, and the points of interest where the Japs crossed. From what I had read of the battle and heard from an eye witness, whom I met at Seoul, it seemed like a good example of Russian stupidity. The aspect of the country certainly bore this out. On the Manchurian side of the river there are high hills, almost mountains, rising steeply from the water, which, if properly fortified, would have kept the Japs on this side till today. In addition to this careless omission – for they had only intrenchments and a few guns on the hills – the Russians only used about a third of their available troops in the defense of this important position. The Boers, for instance, would never have let slip such an opportunity; and I doubt if a Japanese army twice the strength of the one used, could have forced a passage against a body of Boers half as numerous as the Russians. The river is quite wide, rather swift, but looks shallow. There is a great deal of native shipping, even now. We bundled into a Chinese craft of sorts, and were poled across in about half an hour. There are comparatively few Jap troops here, as everything is quiet as far north as this, I imagine. River life on the Yalu was most interesting – Koreans paddling about in little stubby dug-outs almost level with the water, while the masts of the junks and fishing *sampans* moored along the banks made a veritable forest. There are no foreigners here except half a dozen American missionaries, the Russian consul, and an American vice consul: our consulate has only been here about a month. I found a very good Japanese inn, and then spent upwards of an hour trying to locate our vice consul, Mr. Arnell. I had to draw a picture of the flag before I could get the Chinese to understand what I was after. The Manchurian Chinaman is a big, tall, powerful fellow, who looks you square in the eye – men of war from their youth up, whose blood has ruled in China for two hundred years. The

permanent population here is about forty thousand, of whom fifteen thousand are Japanese, but at present there is a large floating element of traders, miners, and woodcutters bringing in the fall supply from the country. I got lost for a time in some of their encampments on the hillslopes outside the town. A hot bath and a capital Japanese supper made me forget the tedious two days on the train. My room was next to that of a Japanese interested in the mines here. We opened the doors between, and spent a very pleasant evening together. He has traveled extensively in India, China, and Java, and has even penetrated to Lhasa, disguised as a Chinaman. He says it is a poor town of about forty thousand, over half of whom are Buddhist monks. The monasteries are interesting, and many of them picturesquely built on the sides of cliffs or steep mountains. His name is Y. T. Navita, and he wants me to write him about Africa, after I have been there. He sent me in a wicker steamer-chair, in which I am at present lounging with a pipe and a bottle of beer.

Sokuko, September 8. While walking to the train this morning about six-thirty, I saw a parasol that is a parasol. It was oblong in shape, about sixteen feet long by ten broad, and made of oiled silk. No half-way measures here, thank you. Arnell sent me down a bon voyage note and some sandwiches. I said "train," but this perhaps conveys a wrong impression, for my fifteen hours traveling today on the narrow gauge military construction road (which I found is the only way of getting to Mukden short of walking) was in a box-car. Twenty-seven of us started in my car, mostly Chinese and Japanese coolies, the rest soldiers and Koreans, so I considered myself lucky in having gotten in early and secured some floor space by piling my luggage on it. The roadbed was poor and crooked, and the going pretty hard and uncomfortable, but the scenery was grand. We wound up over the

bleak Manchurian mountains, thanks to feats of engineering almost Swiss in their successful daring. The day was perfect (*Yoi tenk* as the Japanese say); and I enjoyed it very much. About four we had an accident – two cars were derailed, and the truck of one broken. They were in a quandary for some time. I showed one of the officers, by diagram, how they could lift the car off the truck by using ties and logs as levers, and he explained to the engineer and fireman, who finally patched things up in about an hour. While waiting I was taking a stroll up the hillside, when one of the soldiers came up and grabbed hold of me from behind. I imagine he was only fooling, but thought I wouldn't take any chances, and as his position laid him open to one of the jiu jitsu tricks I had learned in Kioto, I threw him over my shoulder into a convenient bush. He was so small, compared to me, and the leverage of my high shoulder so great, that his flying body described quite an arc. He himself did not know jiu jitsu, nor did any of the other common soldiers, and they evidently considered me quite an expert, especially when I showed them my membership ticket in the famous Kioto School of Manly Virtue. At six, we reached a break in the line, and all got out. A lot of husky railway coolies were waiting for us, and shouldering the luggage, we tramped some seven miles over a high pass and down across a wide sandy river bed, doing the last two miles or so by starlight. We looked quite like a hunting caravan, or a foraging party returning from the foray – the soldiers and I with our rifles, and the half naked coolies swinging along under their bundles and bags. Another train waited us where the rail resumed and we climbed into similar miserable box-cars. After we got started, nearly everyone went to sleep, falling over each other in confused heaps. The officer in charge of the troops on board was snoring peacefully with his head in the lap of a Chinese coolie. I noticed this only when striking a match to light a pipe, as the cars were not

provided with lights of any sort. For myself, I didn't care to go to sleep, as stories I had heard at Seoul of the Manchurian railways were still fresh in my ears. The railway guards carry loaded rifles. It has happened several times during the last two years, and especially between Mukden and Harbin, that in spite of this precaution, trains have pulled into the station with the guards and several passengers killed and robbed. Bandits, with which parts of Manchuria are infested even now, get on at some station and mingle with the passengers until the train is going through some unsettled part of the country at night, when they rise up, cut throats and purses, and drop off in the gloom, never to be found. I had struck up an acquaintance with the only Jap gentleman aboard, by regaling him with Peter's chocolate and hot coffee from my Thermos bottle, and he helped me to get coolies for my luggage, etc., although he spoke no English. He and I and the officer in charge formed a sort of aristocracy and held ourselves aloof at one end of the car. We each contributed something to the common weal: the gentleman spread a rug on the floor for us to recline on, I contributed coffee and beer from my Thermos bottle, and the officer kept the coolies and soldiers away from our end of the car by beating them over the head with his walking stick. We reached Sokuko about eleven, and I know no more save that I found a Japanese rest-house, where I got some tea, rice, and fish, and slept well in spite of the fleas.

MUKDEN, SEPTEMBER 10. I awoke in time to see the sun rise, and found myself in a beautiful Alpine valley shut in by high hills. It is really a delightful little spot, and two or three tinkling water falls add a charm to the scene. The station was near the parade ground and barrack, so that I saw some troops, drilling before we pulled out. They had a little mock battle, and were firing and charging with great vehemence. Our officer got aboard just as

the train pulled out and there was great saluting by brother officers on rearing chargers. The scenery today was really grand, winding up over mountain and stream, and at one time we got quite friendly with a considerable river, splendidly palisaded. Millet is extensively grown here, and seems to be the staple food. There are several varieties, the most common attaining a height of about eight feet, and having a dark brown head. The stalks are used for provender, fuel, and fence material. Only about a third of the available area of Manchuria is under cultivation, and this has been done mostly by the Chinese.

The Manchurians themselves do not form more than twenty per cent of the population, since at the time of the Conquest the great mass of the conquerors remained in China, where they were required as garrisons in the new territory. In the old days the Manchurians were warriors, fishermen, and hunters, spending little of their time in the cultivation of the soil. They are as inferior to the Chinese in this respect and in intellectual ability as they are their superiors in physique and courage. There is, however, less physical difference between the men of the two races, than between the women. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Manchu ladies do not bind their feet, which gives them a splendid upright carriage, and also to the natural strength of character which is easily discerned in their independent bearing and is in strong contrast to the timidity and insipidity of the Chinese ladies.

Other agricultural products of the land are wheat, barley, rice, buckwheat, and Indian corn. In fact the abundance of corn along all those foughten fields between the Yalu and Mukden made me think of the lines of Stevenson:

> We travelled in the print of olden wars
> Yet all the land was green,
> And peace we found and joy
> Where fire and sword had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword,
No more the sword they wield,
And Oh, how deep the corn,
Along the battlefield!

Crops are grown in rotation, and much land about the village is held in common. In addition to what I have seen, I understand that Manchuria also produces in varying quantities, pulps, beans, vermicelli, fibre plants, some oil yielding and dye plants, an opium poppy, tobacco, ginseng (ginger), and other medical plants, vegetables, and fruits. Her animal and mineral products are not less important, since the soil of most of Manchuria only admits of cultivation during about six months in the year. They form a rather interesting list: silk, furs, and skins, musk, bristles, hair, felt, carpets and rugs, bones and horns, chamois leather, wax, fishes, gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, asbestos, and soda. Manchuria, though, as can be seen, fairly rich in products, is miserably poor in manufactures and industries. Nearly all her raw material is exported, and such imports as opium, cotton, and woolen goods, yarns, hardware, china, etc. are a necessity. What industries she has are local and rather crude: the manufacture of bean cake and bean oil, of salt, and of millet wine. The roads, which have been in miserable condition on account of the ice, snow, and ruts in the winter, and the impassable mud during spring and early summer, have been largely to blame for this stagnation, and ten years more may see a wonderful change in the industries as well as the exports and imports of the country. The rice, which is grown here in small quantities, does not seem to require the same amount of water for cultivation that Japanese rice does. As in Korea, the native idea of a chimney is simply a hole in the wall, and as the houses in the country are low and often sunk a couple of feet in the ground, they are very smoky.

There were troops at nearly every station, and we occasionally passed ancient walled towns and ruined tem-

ples. The commanding officer on board has got it into his head that I am a United States military officer, or at least an official of some kind, out here on a special mission. I suppose he bases this opinion partly on account of the number of questions I have asked as to the number and disposition of the Japanese troops in Manchuria and Korea, partly on account of the amount of luggage I have with me and my rifle, and partly on account of the big red seal on my passport. I pointed out to him the remains of some Russian fortifications, which he in turn showed to his men, giving them a little talk in regard to them, which I couldn't understand. We have continued our system of local seclusion at one end of the car, and I again contributed cold beer from my Thermos bottle at our common tiffin.

We had a pleasant, if tiring, day, reaching Mukden, or rather the station, which is about three miles outside the walls, at ten o'clock that evening. My friends had my luggage in a Peking cart before I was fairly out of the train. They then bade me goodbye, and I was bumped and rattled along in this springless, seatless, low-roofed, two-wheeled, one-horse affair to the city. It was a beautiful night. As we got inside, I noticed Chinese soldiers on duty with fixed bayonets, every hundred yards. My friends of the train had told the driver, where to take me, and we at last turned up at a pretty poor Japanese inn, but I was so chilled through by the time I got there that I was glad of anything and turned right in, after a cup of tea. Slept late the next morning, and then went over to the American consulate-general, where I found Straight, a Cornell man, and Marvin of Harvard, whose place as teacher at Groton, Dick Danielson is taking. They are both mighty fine chaps; and we found many mutual friends. They are amply housed in an old Chinese temple outside the walls of the city. Their offices, sitting-room, dining-room, bed-rooms, kitchen, bath-room, etc., are each separate buildings, all enclosed with

a wall. They have rigged up a flag pole and a very decent tennis court in one of the temple quadrangles. Straight got me a pass to the North Ming tombs, and after a little visit we walked out there, about two miles and a half. The track led across the great battlefield—a rather desolate looking plain—and he pointed out the strategic and interesting points of the famous and bloody three days' fighting here. The mounds under which the Russian dead were buried are clearly visible. Through a little thicket of alders, pines, and low bushes on the edge of a swamp we came upon the wall around the tombs. A great crowd of Chinese soldiers helped open the ponderous gate, and we entered with some pomp. The place is quite extensive, with walls, towers, battlements, and great towered gateways. The stone animals lining the main approach, and especially the great turtle with the upright carve *stele* on its back in one of the temples, are very fine.

I returned to the consulate for lunch. Afterwards, while chatting with a young Swede in the commercial consular service, I couldn't help overhearing a most interesting talk Straight was having with the Chinese chief of police (at least such parts as he translated to Marvin, for he speaks Mandarin fluently) about a recent affray between Japs and Chinks, which he complains are only too frequent, and the Chinks can get no justice. After a visit to the bank to have my Jap notes changed to Mex dollars, I went to the foreign office. At first Mr. Chu didn't want me to see the famous palace treasures, and made several excuses, but I stayed and chatted with him and the minister of commerce. He graduated from some technical school in the United States, and we got quite chummy over Chinese tea and Russian cigarettes, so when I again urged my plea, bringing base flattery to my aid, they procured the key and a pass, and also a pass to the North-east Tombs for tomorrow. The treasures were truly barbaric in their splendor, gold-sheathed daggers literally hilt-encrusted with diamonds, vestments sown

MING TOMBS, MUKDEN

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with countless seed-pearls in intricate design, gold helmets and vases and ropes of pearls, great rubies and carbuncles. There were rooms full of priceless porcelains, blue and white "plum-blossoms," exquisite "powder-blue" Persian vases, dainty *sam-shu* goblets frail as egg-shells, bowls of pure undecorated royal yellow, with the Imperial Dragon swimming beneath the glaze, deep cream pieces, or rose and amethyst with handles and quaint decorations. I longed to loot the place.

I went to mine hotel for a change, and returned to the consulate for tennis, "Swedish" bath and dinner. Both Straight and Marvin warble and we did a few stunts in that line. I taught them several of our recent New Haven creations, and we rendered some of these with considerable success at a serenade outside the German consulate. While imbibing a little refreshment here later, I heard someone say that Harland Beach had appeared in the town. I am very eager to see him, as he has been helping to arrange for our overland trip from Chang-sha to Canton, and he also, I understand, wants to see me about the route to Seoul via An-tung and Wi-ju. Straight had a lot of mighty amusing stories and little anecdotes about consular and diplomatic happenings in various parts of the east. He wants me to join him on a hunt which he plans to undertake in about a week, and I think I will do so if I can get Gil also. I think I can persuade him, as although he doesn't care for hunting, this trip will in reality be much more than that, and about as interesting a one as can be taken in this part of the world. Straight is very well known and liked by all the big Chinese officials up here and as he is making this trip a consular one, and will travel in his official capacity, he will be granted a large escort by the Manchurian viceroy, and every courtesy and facility will be accorded the party. In this way we shall not only see the country and the people more intimately and have opportunities to gather more information from the inside, and not as mere tour-

ists, but we shall have every opportunity for a good hunt. Word will be sent on ahead that we are on the lookout for tiger, leopard, Peking stag, and antelope, and that we will offer rewards for authentic news of their whereabouts in proportion to the above rating of the animals. Should we mark down a tiger or leopard, we can use our soldiers as beaters, while a small private expedition, such as Gil and I had thought of getting up, would be stranded in this respect.

They gave me some lurid literature to read on the train when I should be leaving (Hewlett and another of his ilk); and the old German doctor insisted on my coming to the proud dinner he is giving tomorrow night. I set out about eleven-thirty, intending to stop at the Chinese Inn, where Beach was supposed to be staying, en route to my own Japanese one. Straight gave instructions to the rickshaw coolie, but what he actually told him I don't yet know, for he took me first to a series of brothels. At each one of these I blindly entered, asking for Beach. They seemed to think I wanted beer, and brought it, and I had much ado to get out of the district. Then the coolie took me through some dark little alleys to the office of some Japanese merchant or other. When I came out, he was still there and guided me to three different Chinese hotels, where I routed the Chinks out of bed, only to find that Beach wasn't there. I then decided to make for my own hotel, but the coolie took me back to several of our former points of call, which it seems have much the same name as that of my hotel. By this time, as we were off in some remote corner of the town, and it was dark and cold, I lost my bearings and my temper. None of the people seemed to know where my hotel was. I was so enraged at the poor stupid coolie that I got out and left him, and wandered about the dark streets for an hour or so, my arms filled with books and tennis clothes. I dimly remember several violent altercations with several Chinese soldiers, who struck me as being particularly

senile. I finally ran across a Japanese gentleman, who seemed to know a thing or two. He insisted upon my first having some beer at his hotel, and then guided me to mine. It is set way back in a court, and the outer gate was closed, so that I might have passed the place half a dozen times without knowing it. We pounded on the gate for about ten minutes, and I finally got in about two-thirty o'clock in the morning. I have since found out from Straight that I am really not stopping at the inn whose name was given me at all. The cart driver probably made the mistake when my friend of the train told him where to take me. No one has ever heard of this place before. It's a sort of Castle Nowhere and even in the daytime I have always to point out its silent court to the rickshaw coolie, so that it was no wonder I missed it in the dark.

MUKDEN, SEPTEMBER 11. I spent most of the morning trying to locate Mr. Beach, and finally got on his trail at Dr. Christy's hospital. Dr. Christy was most kind—I had a letter to him from Dr. Aveson—and wanted me to stay with him, but I had to push on to Mr. Robertson's, a missionary with whom Beach is staying. He was out, however—no one knew where—so I left a note telling him to look me up at the consulate, as Straight has asked me to stop there during the rest of my stay. Returning to the consulate about noon, I found that he had been there looking for me during the morning, and had also left a note. After lunch I took a snooze, as it was very hot, read and wrote, turning up for some splendid tennis at about four. Beach had sent over another note making a date with me for tea at Dr. Christy's between six and six-thirty, and stating that the Chang-sha-Canton game was "on." I accordingly went out there after tennis, but through the irony of fate, missed him again, as my watch was Japanese railway time, and his local Chinese. He had already left for the train, but Dr. Christy entertained

me and kindly showed me all over his splendid new hospital. Returning to the consulate, I climbed into a suit of Straight's dress clothes, and we hied ourselves over to the Deutschen kreutzers. There were some half a dozen Chinese officials, besides Russians, Germans, and we three Americans, and it proved a good game. These Germans are the kind who feel insulted if you miss a drink, and as they pressed bumpers of champagne on us after the cocktails and before the dinner, at which sherry, white and red wines, more champagne, cordials, and port flowed free, things looked promising for a wet night. During the course of the dinner, Straight, Marvin, and I "lifted the rosy goblet high" (I refer to its *acoustic* properties) to the great delight of the Chinamen, who had never heard singing in harmony before. The good old German custom of catching one's eye, lifting the glass, and insisting upon its being emptied for every toast, was employed, and I being the only stranger, "they took me in." The commander of the Chinese forces in Manchuria, who sat on my left, was a serious old toper, and always emptied his glass with a great flourish, while the bespectacled German doctor on my right nearly proved my undoing later. After dinner there were some very funny scenes, and I can see now the fat old German consul dancing around with some dignified Chinese Mandarin, shrieking with laughter, in his arms. There was a Russian with a good voice, who completed our quartet. Every time he made a good swipe, he would run and put his head in a chair, lift up one leg and wave it slowly to and fro. His name began with a very loud K—I never got the rest. He contributed a very fair tenor. Of the rest, no more.

SHAN-HAI-KUAN, SEPTEMBER 12. Up at five, and had a cold bath and tea. Leaving a note of thanks to Straight and Marvin, who were still "pounding their mattresses," I dashed for the station in the cold gray dawn. The service on this Mukden to Tientsin branch of the North

China Railway was splendid, and I had a very comfortable first class compartment to myself. The stretch between Mukden and Shing Ming Tung has only been opened to traffic about two weeks. The dining car was good, but expensive. It was very muggy this afternoon, and the scenery uninteresting, so I dabbled in the *Fool Errant* and *Manchuria*, an excellent and meaty work. Got to Shan-hai-kuan at seven-thirty o'clock in the evening. My ankle, whose recently healed sprain I bruised last night, is quite swollen and painful.

PEKING, FRIDAY, the thirteenth of September. This should have been an unlucky day, and it was in the fact that I did not meet Gil in Peking as per appointment, but it was a very interesting one. The railway journey, if long, was pleasant, and there was much to see. The Great Wall of China comes down through Shan-hai-kuan to the sea, and forms here the extreme southern boundary of Shing-king Province, which is the bulk of Manchuria. The scenery, though not extraordinary, was very pleasing, the sea being occasionally visible, and the distant hills sometimes closing up on us. We ran alongside and crossed innumerable canals and shallow rivers, down which loaded junks were sailing with their great yellow sails out, wing and wing, or being towed up stream by coolies. The crowd at the stations grew more and more interesting and cosmopolitan, Chinamen, Japanese, Manchurian soldiers, tall bearded Sikh policemen whom the English have introduced from India, Americans, Russians, English, French, and Germans, all jostling together. I got talking with an Englishman on the train who had been on the march to Peking with the allies. He pointed out several historic points. As we drew farther south and nearer to Tientsin, the country seemed more and more thoroughly cultivated. There had been heavy floods early in August, and much of the low flat farm land between Tientsin and Peking was still under water.

Little damage was done, however, except to mud houses, which are easily rebuilt, and to crops other than rice. We passed through Tientsin about two o'clock, and puffed through the wall of Peking at six, forty-five. Inside this outer Chinese wall, which Genghis Khan started and Kublai Khan completed around the then capital of their empire described by Marco Polo in such magnificent terms, I was surprised to find not a great busy city, but the same smiling thickly populated countryside which we had been passing through outside it. Even in their days, the Khans never expected the city would grow up to the walls. It was more in the nature of a fortified section of the country to which a large part of the population could fly for refuge, than the capital of an empire.

> Thrice thirty miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers were girdled round,
> And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
> Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree,
> And there were fountains, ancient as the hills
> Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The Hotel Wagon Lits, close to the Water Gate through which the Japanese forced their entrance in 1900, is surprisingly good and clean, though expensive and not yet completed. Gil is neither here, nor is there any word from him.

Peking, September 14. Called on Mr. Rockhill—a great friend of Aunt Clara—at our embassy, and he was most cordial. He said that he had already gotten a boy for me, but didn't think much of the chances for big game in north or central China or Mongolia. Manchuria, he says, is the best place for that around here. He spoke of several other trips, told me some of the best things to see in Peking, put a horse at my disposal, and invited me to lunch on Sunday. I went to the bank, where I found no word from Gil, did a little necessary shopping, and had another abscess attended to at the Methodist Mission

Hospital. I am not at all sorry to have more time than I had anticipated for Peking, as it is one of the most interesting cities in the whole world. Few cities (with the possible exception of ancient Troy and others in Asia Minor) have had so many distinct existences as Peking.

Where Peking now stands there has been a city for three thousand years. In the year 1121 B.C., it was called Chi; during the fifth century B.C., it was the capital of the state of Yen; it was destroyed during the reign of Ch'in Shih Huang, 221 B.C., but was rebuilt and continued of some importance until the fourth century of the Christian era, when it became the capital of a small Tartar state. For some centuries thereafter it went under the name of Chi, Yen, or Yu Chou, during which time it was the chief city of a department. In 936 A.D., it was taken by the Liao or Kitan Tartars, was made the capital of their state, but was a dependent of the Chinese Empire. This tribe was conquered by the Kin or Chin Tartars in 1125, and this city was made their capital under the name of Chung Tu, or Yen Ching, the wall of which is still to be seen in the southwest of the present city. The Chin dynasty was overthrown by the Mongols under the leadership of Genghis Khan in 1215 A.D., and Yen Ching was reduced to the grade of a provincial city. It was made the capital of the Mongol Dynasty by Kublai, the grandson of Genghis, and a wall twenty miles in circuit was built around it, thus making it occupy a much larger space than it does at present. He called it, as we learn from Marco Polo's description, Cambaluc, the City of the Khan. The capital was moved to Nanking by the first emperor of the Ming, but was transferred to the north again by the third emperor of that dynasty, and the palaces of the Mongols were repaired and utilized for his court. It was thus it got the name Peking [northern capital] in contra-distinction from Nanking [southern capital]. The present wall of the Tartar City, which is about twelve miles in circuit, was begun at this time, although it was not called the Tar-

tar City until the Manchus took possession of Peking in 1644. At that time this, the northern part of the city, was given over to the victorious army for habitation, an army which consisted not only of Manchus, but of Mongols and some northern Chinamen as well. These were divided into the eight banners which were distinguished by the colors, yellow, white, red, and blue, and the separation of these into plain and bordered. Nearly the whole of the Tartar City, except that occupied by the palace, the Yamens, and the residences of the princes, was once owned by the Banner-men, but during recent years, owing to their inaptitude for work and business and the decrease in their pensions, they have become poor and have sold or pawned much of it to the Chinese. The ethnographical differences have largely disappeared or been greatly modified, both by the intermarrying of the Banners, and the marrying of the Banners with the Chinese, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish a Chinaman from a Manchu. The feet, carriage, dress, and arrangement of the hair in the shape of a long cross-board, distinguishes the Manchu women from their Chinese sisters. The Manchu or Pekinese language, had, some years ago, almost disappeared, except as a court language and as taught in the schools, where it was regarded as dead. More recently, however, the Chinese government is reviving it in the hopes of making it universal, as at present so many dialects are spoken that men as near neighbors as the inhabitants of Amoy and Swatow cannot understand each other. The lines in social life among the higher classes are tightly drawn, so that a Manchu princess or lady of high rank meets a Chinese lady of equal rank with somewhat of embarrassment, or vice versa. Great men, when they go abroad through the streets, are accompanied by a motley band of retainers and hangers on, mounted on shaggy Mongol ponies, and ready to fight for the house whose salt they eat. This is very suggestive of the old baronial days in England. I passed a mandarin in a

closed cart this afternoon, surrounded and followed by nearly a hundred horsemen, much as Warwick might have been.

The wall of the Tartar City is sixty-two feet wide at the base, forty feet high, and fifty feet wide at the top, with an extra six foot balustrade on the outside, and a three foot one inside, that on the outside being, of course, loop-holed. There is a high fortified tower over each of the nine gates, and numerous ramps connect the wall with the city. The Imperial City is situated in the center of the Tartar City, and is encircled by a wall six feet thick and sixteen feet high. It is about a mile square, and contains most of the public buildings, yamens, and residences of the more important princes and officials. The Forbidden City is inside the Imperial City, and forms the center of a regular Chinese puzzle, and surrounded by a moat inside of which is a thirty foot wall – crenelated. The Forbidden City occupies less than half a square mile, and is made up of the palaces, residences of the imperial servants and eunuchs, and an odd temple or two. In the afternoon I went through the Tartar City, and saw first the Astronomical Observatory, which was built in 1296 by the Mongol dynasty. Some of the splendidly carved bronze instruments were presented by Louis IV. It was the looting of these instruments by the Germans which called forth the protest of General Chaffee. They have all been returned now but the celestial globe, which, however, was the finest of all. I was interested in watching some Chinese troops drilling on some open land below the observatory. They were doing the goose step in the true Prussian manner, and seemed to be taking rather kindly to it. Close by are the ruins of the Examination Hall. It had accommodations of the roughest Spartan kind for ten thousand students, and was built in the fifteenth century. Thousands of students used to take the examinations here annually, which entitled them to hold any office which might be conferred upon them. I next

went to the imposing Lama Temple with its many inner buildings and courts and beautiful golden tiles. It is a Buddhist temple, and is said to contain over a thousand Lamas or Mongol priests. These priests are divided into four classes according to the subjects of their study:

First class, about three hundred, who study the doctrine of "the empty nature."

Second class, about three hundred, who study the "Tantras," in Tibetan translations.

Third class, about two hundred, who study astronomy and astrology, á la Hindoo.

Fourth class, about one hundred and fifty, who study medicine, according to the Chinese.

In addition to these students, there are almost an equal number of Lamas, mostly Mongol, who are ruled over by a living Buddha, usually a Tibetan. The Lamas are a pretty rough looking lot, and many are said to be refugees from justice. In the old days it was pretty dangerous for a foreigner to go in here, and more than one has had to use a revolver to get out. Even now they crowd about one in a ruffianly way, importuning for money and leering hideously. The emperor is supposed to visit this temple once a year, and, although a Confucian, confers with the living Buddha. The finest of the treasures was the great carved wooden mountain covered with images, in a dim inner building, and a gigantic statue of Buddha in the last temple of all. From here I went to the Confucian Temple, whose simplicity and dignity were in great contrast to the noisy reeking place I had just left. No avaricious priests disturbed me here as I paid homage to "the throneless king" in the grass-grown courtyards of his temple. Somewhat connected with this temple is the semi-religious Hall of the Classics, whose beautiful porcelain arch of blue, green, and yellow tiles is one of the finest sights in China. Confucianism is more than a mere religion. It is a system of manners and morals, a school of philosophy and religion rolled into one. The

Hall of the Classics, which completes the training acquired in the Confucian Temple, is, as its name indicates, an educational institution – Kuo Tse Chien, a college for the sons of the empire. There are marble monuments here having engraved upon them the entire text of the Four Books and the Five Classics.

The Drum Towers, where the night watches are boomed out, and the Bell Tower, both command splendid views over the city. An interesting story is told of the casting of this bell. The Emperor Yung Le, celebrated for so many magnificent enterprises, ordered one Kuan Yu, a high official, to cast such a bell. For months he exercised all his ingenuity in preparing the moulds for this and four other bells of equal weight. When all was in readiness the emperor and the court with the high officials were invited to witness the casting. A multitude gathered, and as the cauldron was tipped to the music of the imperial band, the official stood breathless awaiting the result only to find when the bell was taken from the mould that it was honeycombed and wholly unfit to present to His Majesty. When this was reported to the emperor he was naturally disappointed, but ordered him to try again. He did so but with similar results. The emperor was now angry and calling him into his presence ordered him to try once more, assuring him that in case of failure he would pay the penalty with his head. Kuan Yu went home disappointed and discouraged. Now it happened that he had but one child – a daughter whom he loved dearly. When she saw her father thus cast down, she begged that he would tell her the cause of his sorrow. for a long time he refused, but finally told her all. She said a few words of encouragement and secretly consulted a soothsayer as to the cause of the repeated failures. He told her that unless the blood of a young girl was mixed with the metal, the third casting would be as much of a failure as the others had been. She went home and encouraged her father all she could, and when the

time for the third casting came requested that she be allowed to witness it. She was permitted to do so and made her way up near the cauldron, where she stood beside it, and when it was tipped leaped into the moulten mass. Someone caught her by the foot but her shoe came off in his hand, and her blood mingled with the metal of the bell, which when it was taken out proved to be a work of absolute perfection. Now when the bell is struck, there is a moan which follows, which the Chinese say is the voice of the girl calling for her shoe [*wo hsieh*]. If any credulous foreigner does not believe this tale, he will be shown the shoe, which is still preserved in the bell tower, and which is, of course, proof positive.

The Coal Hill, with its five pavilions, is an interesting place, as is also the Ta Kao Tien Temple, where the emperor comes to pray for rain. It is quite near his exit from the Forbidden City, whose golden roofs I could see over the wall. The emperor only comes out of the Forbidden City about half a dozen times during the course of the year, and always for some specific purpose: to celebrate the ceremonial of plowing, to pray at the tomb of his ancestors, etc., or to take his annual vacation at the summer palace in the western hills. On the occasion of any of these egresses, the streets through which he is to pass are covered with clean golden sand, and golden covered cloths are stretched in front of all the houses and side streets. No one is allowed to look at the emperor (the penalty in the old days was death); and he, for his part, has no idea of what his country and capital are like. He probably imagines it a very clean and pleasant place.

It's funny to see a great sturdy Chinaman riding along on a diminutive donkey about the size of a St. Bernard, his knees hunched up to his chin, or else his legs trailing in the dust. There are very few women to be seen in the streets, and few seem to be traveling about, even in closed chairs. Those whom I did see, were, of

course, painted as befits a Chinese lady of quality, and lavishly ornamented with flowers and jewelry. The delicacy and richness of the embroidery on their robes is proverbial. The city is, of course, dirty, but not so dirty as I had thought, and has the reputation of being much cleaner than the southern cities. Several new broad streets were laid out in 1901, through the heart of the city, which aid much in getting about, and all the streets seem to be well policed. Chinese houses consist of a series of small stone buildings, one story high – dining-room, sitting-room, bedroom, office, bathroom, etc. – set in a small garden, the whole enclosed by a high wall. Going through the streets, therefore, one sees practically nothing of the home life, as in Japan and southern China, where the houses are of wood, and more open to the world. Everything looks colorless and forbidding. From a point of vantage, however – the walls or towers – the city looks as green and parklike as Paris itself. The very fact that each man has his own little enclosure is conducive to his giving more attention to his trees and flowers than he otherwise would. The Chinese military are very much in evidence, with their queues tucked up in under their hats. In contrast to the bare-legged Japs, the Chinese coolies wear long trousers, but go naked from the waist up. They are a fine, chesty looking lot. The European concession, or legation quarter, had some good substantial buildings, notably the banks, embassies, the German Club, and this hotel. I have also been struck by the apparent unsociableness of the Chinese. They don't seem fond of each other. Even in a crowd, each man seems mentally alone. They are scarcely ever seen chatting or joking together, and seldom go arm in arm, or hand in hand, as do the Japs.

Dined with a pleasant and interesting German merchant, and later met the representative of the Krupp people, who is here hoping to get a large order for guns from the Chinese government.

PEKING, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15. Raining, so slept late, and then looked up Mr. Robert T. Gayley of Princeton football fame, at his Y.M.C.A. Finally found him at the American Board of Missions, and had a pleasant chat with him. He also scouts the idea of Mongolia being a good place for shooting, but says it is a most interesting country. I attended Chinese service here, conducted by Dr. Ament, who was very kind and asked me to tiffin with him tomorrow. Met several other missionaries, among them a couple of young Princeton grads. Had tiffin and a pleasant afternoon with Mr. Rockhill, and later met Dr. Riggs of the U.S. Marines (who form our legation guard) for medical purposes. After tea took a walk through the town in the rain and bought some postals and pictures. Dipped heavily into *Things Chinese* after dinner tonight. Turned in about one-thirty, and was kept awake for some time by mosquitoes.

PEKING, SEPTEMBER 16. A beautiful warm, blue morning, rather cloudy in the afternoon. Visited the Yellow and the Great Bell Temples outside the walls of the Tartar City. Both are very fine with their green and gold tiles, splendid carvings, and sun-soaked courtyards. There were no impecunious priests here, but some bright and amusing children followed me around and robbed me of all of my coppers. Passed many large flocks of sheep grazing on the meadows outside the wall. Had luncheon and a pleasant talk with Dr. Ament and the Princeton lads. This afternoon went out to the Great Temple of Heaven, in the Chinese city. Its numerous buildings with their marble gates and blue, green, and gold tiled roofs are scattered through several miles of park land, now sadly neglected. In one corner the European residents have their polo field, which I think is a disgrace and ought to be stopped. You might as well play ping-pong in the chapel of Trinity Cathedral. The worship at this temple is the most important of all the religious obser-

TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING

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vances of the Middle Kingdom, and constitutes a most interesting remnant of the ancient Polytheistic cultus which prevailed in China before the Rationalism of Confucius and the Monotheism of Buddhism predominated in the empire. Although the ceremonies of the sacrifice are very complicated, they are kept with the strictest severity. The chief of these is at the winter solstice. On December twenty-first the emperor goes in a sedan chair covered with yellow silk and carried by thirty-two men, preceded by a band of musicians, and followed by an immense retinue of princes and officials on horseback. He first goes to the Tablet Chapel, where he offers incense to Shang Ti and to his ancestors with three kneelings and nine prostrations. Then going to the great altar, he inspects the offerings and kneels on the great circular stone, surrounded by the circles of the terraces and farther circle of the horizon. He knows that here he is at the center of the universe, for if a hole were sunk far enough straight below him, it would reach the center of the world. There are no images of any kind connected with the temple, the only offerings being a bullock (two years old, and without blemish) various productions of the soil, and a cylindrical piece of blue jade about a foot long, formerly used as a symbol of sovereignty. The bullocks are fed in the park which surrounds the altar, and used to be killed by the emperor, though now they are slaughtered by an official appointed for the purpose. Near the altar is the large iron furnace for the whole burnt offerings, about nine feet high and faced with green glazed tiles. This furnace was used for the cremation of the Sikh soldiers who died in camp during the occupation by the British in 1900. There is a covered altar, smaller but of similar shape, which is used in bad weather. It has upon it a lofty circular triple-roofed temple of about one hundred feet, covered with blue tiles, and whose eaves are beautifully painted in brilliant colors. From here the emperor goes to the Palace of Abstin-

ence, or Hall of Penitential Fasting. The next morning very early he dons his sacrificial robes and proceeds to the open altar, where he kneels and burns incense, offers a prayer to Shang Ti, and presents incense to his ancestors, whose tablets and shrines are arranged about the altar. There are some splendid great trees in the parks. The Temple of Agriculture, nearby, is smaller than the Temple of Heaven and contains a fine park planted with trees and covered with grass, in which the sacrificial cows are fed. This temple was used as a camp by the American soldiers during the occupation of 1900, and, like the Temple of Heaven, was but little injured. At one time some "rough-housing" soldiers upset one of the urns, but when it was reported to the officer in command, the whole company was turned out, the urn properly replaced, and the troops lectured on the impropriety of injuring anything belonging to the temple.

Dined with Dr. Riggs, Judge Harvey, and Captain Reeves, our energetic and entertaining young military attaché here. Got a letter from Straight tonight, enclosing letters to several of his pals here in Peking, and urging me to come up, bringing Gil with me, and stay until time to start on our tour of exploration and hunting. An interesting evening, after which I read and turned in very late.

Peking, September 17. Called on Mr. Bland, to whom I had a note. He is a pleasant and interesting resident of many years standing, and we chatted on China, Mongolia, and hunting. He rather aims to be the Kipling of China, and has written a couple of books of stories about the people and the country, which Straight has illustrated. Then I dropped in at our embassy, talked over plans and poured over maps, and read the New York papers of August fourteenth, which are just in. Met our secretaries, Haskins, Fletcher, and Deering, who seem

very nice, especially Haskins.[5] Called on Mr. Jamison, an American architect and engineer, and one of the best known and liked foreigners in Peking. He was very cordial, and lent me *An Australian in China* by Dr. Morrison, being an account of the latter's trip up the Yangtse-kiang, and over to Bhamo, about twenty-five years ago. He was the first man to do this, and started unarmed and unescorted and knowing scarcely any Chinese, though he was in native costume. It would be interesting to compare this book with the account which Purdy and Hervey will have when they come out. After lunch Dr. Riggs and I wandered through the enticing bazaars of the Chinese town, haggling over amber snuff bottles, jade bowls, carved ivory, enamel-ware, old knives and chop sticks, and curious looking thumb-rings. I had tea at Fletcher's and he put me up at the club, where I got some bully tennis later. Strolled back from the club along the top of the old wall with Deering, whence we saw a gorgeous sunset behind the Western Hills. The Summer Palace, set over in these hills, is considered one of the most interesting sights in northern China, but it is impossible to see it now as the court is there. I dined and had a most pleasant evening with Mr. Jamison. He has travelled a great deal in Manchuria, Mongolia, and north China, and has made me free at his excellent library during the course of my stay. Beautiful moonlight night.

PEKING, SEPTEMBER 18. In response to a note from him, I was pleased to call on Dr. Morrison, the author of *An Australian in China* and many other works on China. He represents the British government here unofficially, and the *Times*, officially, and is said to have more weight and influence than any other foreigner in China. This is probably largely due to his wonderful knowledge of the Chinamen, and things Chinese. He has

[5] He died of cholera in November.

a Chinese name, and is known and respected throughout the length and breadth of the land. If you get into a rickshaw here at any time of the night or day, without telling the boy where to take you, he will go straight to Dr. Morrison's house, because he thinks that of course every foreigner must want to see and talk with Dr. Morrison. He is one of the heroes of the siege of the legations in 1900, and with Sir Robert Hart (the head of the imperial Chinese customs) is the only man to hold the distinction of the Peacock Feather. He got his doctor's degree through the work he did while flat on his back in a hospital at Edinburg recovering from fever, and is a man of remarkable natural ability and insight. He has had a vicissitudinal career, and owns the most comprehensive and valuable collection of books on China, Chinese literature, and writings, diary and notes on current events of the last thirty years, newspaper and magazine clippings, etc. in China. He is also quite a sportsman and showed me his guns and Chinese potteries and porcelains. I stayed during the morning for a very suggestive and valuable talk, and had tiffin with him and young Robertson, a friend of Bland's, who presently dropped in. After tiffin he got out his diaries and discussed several inland trips with me. He has been all over China from Tonkin to the Desert of Gobi, and from Wei-hai-wei to Yunnan-fu. Later in the afternoon, I rambled around to some curio shops with a French collector, and watched him judging and buying porcelains. At the hotel I found a telegram from Gil dated Shanghai, and saying "Wire plans." This was rather a staggerer, as we had agreed to meet in Peking, and I thought if not here, he must be still in Japan, but I wired "Come up. Several bully trips. Southern China too hot now," and awaited developments. Met another very interesting man this afternoon, McCormick, a well known American newspaper man. He is a quiet gentlemanly fellow and requires a good deal of drawing out, but is a perfect

Doctor Morrison

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gold mine for nuggets, having been here for the China-Japanese war, the Boxer rebellion, and the Russo-Japanese war. I went up to the legation with him, and had a chat with Mr. Rockhill, Haskins, and Deering. Went to the club about five, where I met a lot more people, and had some fine tennis. Dined with Robertson, and later Harvey and his friend Brown joined us and we had a pleasant evening. Brown is in the Imperial University here lecturing on history, and Judge Harvey represents the British bench in north China. Both men know China intimately, and have been in official capacities. Harvey was British consul at New Chwang some years ago. He and I found many mutual friends in Japan. Received an urgent wire tonight from Straight to come up for his hunt.

PEKING, SEPTEMBER 19 to 22. Four beautiful days spent in riding, tennis, a bit of polo, dinners, calls, talks, visits to the temples and bazaars, and an interesting trip to Tientsin for a glimpse of modern China, the intervals and odd moments spent reading in Mr. Jamison's library. I have met practically everyone of the small foreign community, and as I knew the right people to start with, they have made me one of the family. The other day I was initiated into the "Angry Mob" a congenial crowd of the officers of the various legation guards, diplomats, and nondescripts, who try to make the time pass pleasantly. "The Bad Man" is president, and Lieutenant Vogel, from Washington, vice president. Saturday had a wild ride with Captain Gulick and Lieutenant Vogel, which was gotten up on the spur of the moment. He wanted someone to exercise a bad pony who had killed his *mafoo* the day before, and I was keen for it. We went out to the Polo Club, from there to the Race Club, where we had tiffin, and so back, about twenty-five miles. Gulick and I each got a fall from our ponies, and I got a bad kick out of my brute. I spent Sunday with Deering

at the beautiful Jade Spring Temple in the Western Hills back of the summer palace. We spent a most delightful day there, in its dreamy forgotten courtyards, and I took a plunge in the cold green-rock pool. We had brought our tiffin with us. From the top of the tower in one of the hills in the garden, we got a wonderful view across the plain to Peking. The water in the terraced paddy fields was glistening in the sun, and a long string of camels was winding through the millet fields up towards Kalgan and Mongolia. Gil not here yet.

PEKING, SEPTEMBER 22 to 26. Four more pleasant days. Gil finally arrived Tuesday evening, the twenty-fourth, having been detained owing to lack of money, which made him wait in Tientsin over Sunday and Monday, which was a bank holiday. In the meantime I had heard from Straight that his trip had been put off so long now that he would have to give it up, at least until some time in the middle of October, as he expected a visit of inspection from Mr. Rockhill about the fifteenth of October, and would be pretty busy. He also wired that Marvin and his friend Dick were coming down to Peking to see me about another scheme. I therefore played around with Gil, took him to see Rockhill, Jamison, and some of the others, and we discussed plans and gleaned more information about China. Got hold of a fine boy called Lu, through Mr. Rockhill, and began to think seriously of going inland to Ti-yuan-fu, one of the old capitals.

A DIP INTO MONGOLIA

From Daily Diary

PEKING, SEPTEMBER 27. Dick and Marvin arrived yesterday. Dreams of possible trips into Mongolia, Manchuria, or up the Yellow River and over to Ti-yuan-fu had been floating through our brains for several days past, but it was only last night that we finally decided to go to Nan-

kow – see the Great Wall and the Ming tombs – push on to Kalgan, a frontier Mongolian town, and perhaps, who knows, beyond. We had been spending the evening with Mr. Jamison and Captain Fallows (of the British Indian Army) and the talk and reminiscence had ranged over most of the habitable and uninhabitable globe. When about midnight we finally tore ourselves away and paused for a moment in the cool starlight outside the stone wall of his Chinese house, it was with the resolve that tomorrow should see us on the trail again. Just why we decided upon Mongolia I don't quite know, unless it was that we were hoping to go to Manchuria later with Straight, after tiger, and that the Yellow River was in a more southern, and consequently hotter, country. At any rate we seemed to agree that Mongolia was the thing. We accordingly divided forces, and went to work at once. Dick went over to see M. Casanave, with whom he was staying, to get additional information as regards the route, and particularly as to the whereabouts of a certain Trappist Monastery, which he was supposed to have visited, and where they made a wonderful liqueur. Gil sped across the bridge over the old canal, and hunted up our boy Lu at the hotel. Lu was a red button man, a minor official of some sort, and had been kindly secured for us by Mr. Rockhill. He was a tall, strong, genial old man, capable, and quite energetic for a Celestial. He readily undertook the task of procuring two Peking carts and carters, four donkeys, and three *mafoos* [pony or donkey boys], and a coolie, and promised to have them started by dawn the next day for Nankow. This was about sixty miles and would take them two days, so that we could spend another day in Peking, going practically there by rail in a morning, and spend the afternoon seeing the Ming tombs. By this arrangement we would all be ready to start together over the pass the following morning.

My task was to seek out that most wonderful personage

in all Peking, Mr. Jamison's fat and famous cook, in his lair amidst the pots and pans and confer with him in regard to our commissariat department. I found him wreathed in smiles and festooned with strings of vermicelli. I couched my request in my very best pidgin English and was replied to promptly and affirmatively in the vernacular "Allight, master, can do, can do, that belong my Pidgin." It seemed that he had a brother-in law, a fellow artist right there on the spot, eating vermicelli with him, who would be glad and proud to officiate for us, and who would feed us in such style that we would come home as fat—or nearly as fat—as he himself. And thereby hangs a tale. You can not—and more especially if you are a bachelor—run a house in China as you would at home. You must never do the ordering yourself, nor must you pay the bills. In the first place your "number one boy" would not tolerate it for an instant, and in the second place you would be most unmercifully fleeced if you did so. No, you allow your "number one boy" so much a month to run the house, and the amount of this stipend is gauged, not so much by your requirements, as by the capability of your "number one boy" and the extent of his affection for you. He gets things about a third cheaper than you can, but of course makes his regular ten per cent "squeeze" without which no Chinese bargain is ever complete, and which all the knowing residents take into account. In addition to this, he expects to feed not only himself and family, but all his poor relations and friends out of a job. You do not suffer by this, and there are always plenty of extra men about the place, should you require them. In the same way your "number one boy" expects to be looked after by his friends, and should you ever be foolish enough to dispense with his services. And so it happened that Lee, our prospective cook, had been dependent upon the bounty of Mr. Jamison's fat boy for some time past, and was fretting for the flesh pots of remunerative service once

more. This important point being satisfactorily settled, we took up the matter of supplies, and the three of us (Lee, the fat boy, and I) made out a list of groceries: tea, coffee, salt, pepper, sugar, flour, baking powder, biscuits, bacon, tinned soup, etc.; eggs, chicken, mutton, rice, vegetables, and fruit being obtainable en route. This provender the doughty Lu bought for us today, and we will take it along with us on the train tomorrow.

The committee on ways and means – consisting of Gil, Dick, Lu, and I – met several times today and further invested in a case of Hirano water (a Japanese sparkling mineral water of excellent medical properties when sufficiently diluted with acqua vitae) and a dozen of beer. We lunched today with Captain Reeves, our military attaché, and Mr. McCormick, who told us the episodes which he had gleaned from various sources, and which together made up what we called "the dramatic career of Bat, the slayer of Crazy Horse – war chief of the Sioux Indians." It seems that for this daring deed, which he accomplished single-handed, he was pensioned by the government, and spent the next seven years or so knocking about army posts, partaking of the cup that clears today of past regrets and future fears, and dropping down the ladder, rung by rung. He next figured in a fiasco in Alaska, where he had gone shortly after the first rush to the Klondike, and where he kept a gambling hell and led rather a lurid life generally. I, myself, was able to supply the next link in the chain, for while I was at the consulate at Mukden, an Italian, the owner of a roulette wheel, came in to ask Straight to swear "Bat" over to keep the peace, as he said the latter had vowed to shoot him on sight. How he had ever drifted to that forsaken hole passeth human understanding, but there he appeared; and now he was down in Tientsin and would be up before our minister, Mr. Rockhill, in a few days, on the charge of knifing somebody or other. He will probably be sent home for retrial, and can hardly expect less than

six years, a truly shameful ending for a man who made so brilliant a name for himself in youth.

In the afternoon we attended Sir Robert Hart's garden party, and I had the pleasure of again speaking to this, the most distinguished foreigner in China. He starts in a few months to go home on leave, and it will undoubtedly mean the end of his great work and career as the builder up of the imperial Chinese customs, for the primate, with more regard for China than courtesy and appreciation of his services, has already appointed someone to succeed him. After this, and some fast tennis to keep in trim, Dick, Marvin, Gil, and I had a very pleasant party at the club, and made glad the ears of Peking society by the harmonious music of the sweet singers from over the sea, Wasting in Despair, The Rosy Goblet, Grenada, and Katie Malone, were our chef d'œuvres, while we in turn learned a beautiful ditty entitled, We Pushed Him Through the Window, from that tuneful local organization "The Angry Mob." On returning to dress for dinner, we serenaded our way down Legation Street until they turned out the guard at the Japanese gate. These Japs, I'm afraid, have still much to learn! We dined with Mr. Jamison tonight, as he seemed anxious to see the last of us (an ambiguous way of expressing it I thought) got a few final tips and sage advice, and then, at Lu's invitation, went out to a Chinese theatre.

The Chinese drama today is at about the same stage as the Elizabethan drama of Shakespeare's day. Practically no scenery is used – or, if any, more of a suggestive than a realistic nature. Chairs, for instance, represent a mountain or a high place, and a table is the second story room or balcony. There is no curtain and dead men simply get up and walk off the stage. The green-room is merely a curtain hung around a part of the back of the stage, the rest of the back being railed off for the orchestra, which plays appropriate music in relays all during the performance, as well as the intermissions. The boxes are all

in the galleries, and people stand up in the body of the house, as they used to in the English pits: while the *'oi polloi* occupy a few planks on trestles around the edges. Boys with unbroken voices take all the female parts, and the costumes are not necessarily chronologically correct. The stage business is of a fixed conventional order, every motion standing for something definite, which is perfectly understood by the audience. For instance, when the villain extends his forearm, moves his wrist, and says solemnly "Crick, crack," everyone knows he's unlocking a door. It is quite comme-il-faut for the socially élite and the young bloods to sit up on the edges of the stage, chaff with the audience, and comment upon the players. The play we saw had a good deal of bloodshed, a good deal of graceful and energetic sword-dancing and whirling of blades, and a good deal of chasing one another around the stage in through the green-room and over mountains and house tops, to the huge delight of a noisily enthusiastic audience. The Chinese are just as fond of horse-play and slap-stick work, as our own music-hallers. There was also a noticeable profusion of loud talking, gesticulating, and bitter stage laughter, quite alien to the usual quiet dignity of the Celestials. Chinese theatres are neither so comfortable, cool, nor sweet smelling as the Japanese, and we only stayed about an hour, after which we repaired to a fashionable restaurant in the Tartar City whither Lu had already sent instructions.

We were shown through several flower-potted courtyards to a private dining room with a trellised doorway, handsomely painted screens, and papered windows, next to one occupied by a merry party of mandarins. We had brought our "hubble-bubbles" with us, and the first thing we did was to lie back on a broad divan, and try some highly scented Chinese tobacco, while the table and chairs of the peculiarly designed red-wood, which the Chinese love, were being brought in. In dinner service, as in nearly everything else, the Chinese do the opposite

of what we do—though who can say whose is the better method. We are such creatures of habit, however, that their customs seem strange and absurd enough on first acquaintance. First about twenty dishes were put on the table, containing desserts, sweets, candies, perfumed nuts, candied fruits and flower petals, and fruit paste. We helped ourselves indiscriminately, not using any individual plates. This, together with a thick sweet wine—something like Tokay—formed our first course. While these dishes were being removed, a basin of hot water, with a small towel in it, was passed around, and we each laid the steaming cloth over our faces for a moment (as a barber does after shaving you) to wipe off the grease and sugar and refresh ourselves. Next we were brought individual plates with chop sticks and china spoons. About half a dozen bowls were placed upon the table containing small pieces of fried pork (of which the Chinese are very fond), fish, and a sort of highly seasoned mixture of chicken and rice. Next came a great delicacy, sharks-fins and crabs, which are steamed to a gelatinous mass, and which might be almost anything. Then a dish of worms, dried and seasoned, and tasting like white bait. After this we had first a Russian cigarette, and last of all, as a crowning triumph, the celebrated bird's nest soup, and a very heady cordial called *samshu*, made from the distilled seeds of the lotus blossom. The Chinese are very fond of using peanut oil, citrons, lotus petals, almonds, soy, ginger, and sesame in their sauces and condiments, which give even the simplest dishes a subtle foreign flavor. Of course this was a special affair. The ordinary Chinese dinner consists of much more rice and less meat. We walked home in the starlight, and fell asleep to dream strange dreams and see startling visions, but whether due to our hopes for the future, or our banquet, I don't pretend to know.

NANKOW, SEPTEMBER 28. We slept so hard last night

that it was only because we are heroes and mighty men, little less than Vikings, that we crowded some breakfast down (in the English stand-up sideboard fashion) and caught our train at eight o'clock this morning at the water-gate. There is a railway station here now where the Japanese blew up the wall and forced an entrance in 1900. This railroad from Nankow has been finished less than a year, and it enables the tourist—if he cares to do nothing more—to leave Peking, see the Ming tombs and the Great Wall, and be back the next night. Before, it was a five or six days' expedition with carts and donkeys. Lu is making himself very popular with the three leaders of this expedition, as at nearly every station he would reach a long arm up into our carriage with some grapes, persimmons, or nuts. The ride was out across the flat level plain in which Peking lies, leaving the summer palace and the Western Hills to our left, and traveling northwest to where a considerable range of bare rocky jagged mountains barred further progress. Right at their foot, and at the mouth of the famous Nankow Pass, lies the straggling walled mud village of that name. Eleven o'clock detrained us at the station, and a walk of a little over a mile brought us to our inn, where the proud charcoal inscription on the doorpost "Nankow Hotel—Master's name, Lu Su Chung" seemed to augur that said master was not afraid of comparison. Wishing, however, to get back before dark, if possible, we merely deposited our luggage in the courtyard, drank one cup of tea, and were off upon the steeds furnished us by the wily Lu Su. The hurry of starting had made us somewhat oblivious to all else, and it was not until we were fairly out of the village and jogging along a narrow path between the fields of tall bearded millet that we realized how shabbily the conveyance committee of the expedition (consisting of Dick, Gil, Lu, and I) had been treated. Our cavalcade presented an ill-assorted collection of mounts. For a long time—in fact until he rolled up his coat, which had

been hanging down behind—I thought Lu was walking. His feet were certainly touching the ground, though he seemed to be proceeding very quietly, and I couldn't see his donkey at all. Dick sat upon a beast which looked more like a striped hyena than anything else—such a cowardly, mean, slinking, hope-I-may-die expression! Gil bestrode a foaming coal black charger—at least that is the way Lu Su would probably have described it, could he have talked English—but it was a sorry nag, and so interested in catching all the witty nothings which our troop gave birth to, that it was constantly stumbling in a vain attempt to repress its chuckles. My own donkey looked the part, but was of a nasty ungovernable temper. It would not be steered nohow, neither by bridle, club, volleys of stones from the others, or by getting off and pushing. At last I hit upon a scheme, and, leaning forward, bit deeply into its right ear as it swung around toward me. The effect was startlingly electrical and, in the interests of science, gratifying, but afterwards I let him follow the others.

We wound along the edge of the great sea-board plain, keeping almost in the shadow of the mountains still to our left. Like the rest of China from here south, this plain is one mass of cultivation, rice, millet, and corn, and we were constantly passing through fruit orchards in the outskirts of the villages. It was a lovely day, and the color scheme and contrasts of the intense blue sky, brown mountains—purple in the distance—golden corn, pale green rice, dark green trees with black patches of shade, straw-thatched house, white mud walls gleaming in the sunlight, red-tiled temples, and the prevailing dull blue tint of the clothes worn by the tillers of the soil was very pleasing. We gradually ascended all morning, till we came to the crest of the valley in which the Ming Tombs lie. It is a side valley coming out of the mountains, and merging eventually into the plains. It is perhaps five miles long and two broad. The farther end is

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so narrow that it appears to be closed abruptly by the mountains, which rise sheer and wooded from its floor. It is in the shade of the outlying groves of these trees at the back, that the golden roofed tombs lie—embowered in green. They are facing east to catch the glory of the sunrise and the good luck which always rolls into the broad end of a valley (like water down a funnel), while the bad luck comes sneaking in at the small end. This securing of good luck is more even than a science in China; it is a religion, and has become a natural part of their daily life. Where it started, no one knows, but it has spread from China into Korea, Mongolia, and Manchuria. The Chinese call it Fung Shui, and its most important aspect is the selection of a suitable spot for the tombs of their ancestors. If we feel somewhat inclined to laugh at the Confucian (and I might with almost equal truth say Chinaman) for not allowing even the shadow of a telegraph wire to fall upon the grave of his dead, we must remember that it has been by honoring their fathers and their mothers that they have been enabled to dwell longer in the land given to them than any other people under the sun. The Mongol, the Tartar, and the Japanese, may conquer the land, they may bully and rant and rule, but after a time they disappear, and only the Chinaman remains; bland, industrious, and in possession. It is in places like this—silent and half-forgotten, but which are eloquent of the storied past—that we best appreciate the dignity of a very old country. China may be squalid, old-fashioned, and poor; her people dirty, stupid, and not up-to-date in war, modern learning, science, and inventions, but what does it matter? Their ancestors were cultured gentlemen when ours were roaming naked through the primeval forests, sleeping in caves, and pecking at troublesome dinosaurs with stone hatchets. We are creatures of the moment. We work feverishly and ephemerally. We grasp at many things, and think that the world and the fullness thereof is ours, and ours alone.

The Celestial has a broad and tolerant smile for what he regards as our caprices and tantrums. He knows that after our fitful restless life is over, that after we are tired of bothering him about opium and pirates and telegraphs, that his calm country will still be there as before, going steadily up along the scale of progress, not so fast perhaps as we, but more surely.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, we had been winding down through shady groves of plum and persimmon out across millet fields and grape vineyards, till we struck a broad stone-flagged avenue which led up to the tombs. Several dongas, or dry water courses, were spanned by carved marble bridges, and though sadly neglected and down at heel, the approach, even today, is dignified and imposing. These are later generations of the same dynasty whose tombs I visited at historic old Mukden, the northern capital, and it was they who drove out the great Mongol dynasty of Genghis and Kublai Khan and Timur. They in turn succumbed to the all-conquering Manchus about the middle of the seventeenth century. The most glorious period of China's history was during the reign of the great Chou dynasty, from about 1100 to 650 B.C. There can be little doubt but that the more savage conditions of the country at that time produced an abler race of men. China was then, except in Honan, and along the Yellow River, overrun by luxuriant vegetation. There were no roads nor bridges worth mentioning, wild beasts abounded, the land was but slightly cultivated, and the struggle for existence demanded energy and vigor. This, combined with the existence of numerous bands of pirates and brigands, a competition in arms and diplomacy between the petty states, the consequent rise of military discipline, material civilization and education, caused the Chinese of that period to reach a very high level of ability, material progress, and skill in craftsmanship. It was so under similar circumstances in Asia Minor, ancient Greece, and Italy,

and it is so in modern Europe. Against Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle, place Lao-tsze, Confucius and Mencius – whilst China had at that time statesmen, orators, and poets not inferior to those of European antiquity. The Great Wall of China – one of the world's grandest monuments to the military genius of one man – as well as most of the military roads which are still used today after two thousand years have passed over them, were built about this time by the Emperor Shih-Huang-ti, so that it seems the Mongols were troublesome, even in those days. The very first Europeans to know anything about China were the Nestorians. The date of their arrival cannot be certainly specified, but it was early in the sixth century. The famous Nestorian monument is the only record which they have left behind them of the work they did in China. A thousand questions present themselves to one's mind as to the work done by these men, the extent of country they traveled over, the numbers that came to China, their modus operandi, and the success that attended their labors; but the very memory of them vanished out of China until the rediscovery of the monument in 1625. From its inscription it has been learned that a priest named Olopun made his way, through difficulties and perils, from the west to China, bringing with him the True Scriptures. He was favorably received in the palace, where a portion of the Scriptures was translated, and with that eclecticism for which the Chinese are noted, the emperor approved the new religion, and proclaimed that it should have a free course through the empire. A monastery was built "sufficient to accommodate twenty-one priests;" succeeding sovereigns vied with each other in the benefits they conferred on the new religion, which, with the ægis of imperial patronage thrown over it, spread throughout the Ten Provinces of China until its "monasteries filled a hundred cities." Then came an age of persecution, followed by the growth of the Taoists, who succeeded in setting the emperor against Buddhism

and Nestorianism alike. The next foreigner, of whom anything certain is known, was Marco Polo, who made his wonderful voyage in the thirteenth century. Since the last of the sixteenth century, when the Roman Catholics and Jesuits under Ricci established themselves, China has been more or less known to Europe – but here we are at the tombs!

The whole garden or park enclosing the tombs is perhaps a quarter of a mile deep, and is itself enclosed by a mud wall with a heavy yellow tiled gable, over the top of which we could see the tent-like roofs of the inner buildings. These peculiar canvas-like lines are the keynote of Chinese architecture, which is supposed to have borrowed the suggestion from the droop of a marqueé, or large state-tent. While waiting for the key of the main gate to be produced we sought refuge in a shady grove, and played havoc with the ample tiffin of bread and butter, cold fowl, cheese, and beer, which the hotel had put up for us. Afterwards we smoked a contemplative pipe, studying some lovely blue porcelain dragons on a yellow tiled background over the gate and some marble mausoleum guardians who sprawled in the grass and leaves beside it. Finally we beheld Methuselah approaching, staggering under the weight of a huge iron key, and after some little struggle with it and rusty bolts, he swung open the door, and we rode into the first courtyard. This was of considerable extent, and well grown up with grass and trees, mostly live oaks and firs. In the center was a sort of pavilion made of dark heavy rain-soaked timbers, much of the carving on which had rotted away. The four corners of this enclosure were crowned with towers, and in the angles near the towers were buried four nobles of the court of Yung Lo, who was the first Ming to establish himself at Peking, and who built these tombs. He was the third of his dynasty to rule China. The grave of each of these distinguished gentlemen is surmounted by a great stone tortoise, upon whose back is an upright slab of mar-

ble called a *stele* shaped like a domino, and on top of which again crouches a beautiful carved marble dragon. The dragon guards the bones of the dead man from violation and evil spirits. His name, family crest, and a laudatory inscription are graven upon the *stele*, and the tortoise—which lives forever—is supposed to keep alive his soul. A gate in the farther wall brought us into a second courtyard directly in front of the main building. This is on a raised platform approached by several stepped terraces. Each terrace is surrounded by a grotesquely carved marble balustrade, but the flights of steps themselves, though common enough in China, are so unique that I must give them just a word. The central portion—fully half the entire width—is built on an even slant like a horse-ramp, only the two narrow outside sections having steps. The central slope is elaborately carved in a wedge shaped pattern, like a renaissance fireplace. The main building is plain and dignified with a front of lofty teak-wood pillars sent to Peking as tribute from Yun-nan and Burmah. Here offerings are still presented to the long deceased monarch of a fallen dynasty by his successors of an alien race. Behind this is the tomb proper, which we reached by crossing an open space flanked by a pretty little yellow porcelain shrine and passing up through an inclined tunnel cut out of the solid base of a stone tower. This separates into two flights of steps at the top, leading out upon an open platform, which is the proper entrance to the grave at last. Under the magnificent crowning arch of this tower is the grave stone, covered with its tortoise and dragon, and the red marble *stele* inscribed with the posthumous title of Yung Lo, the greatest of the Ming emperors, *Cheng Tsu Wen Huang Ti* which translated means "The complete ancestor and literary emperor."

Now, as a matter of fact, we had joined the avenue of approach midway on its course between the first great triple gateway, or *Pái-lo*, and the tomb—as it was on the

most direct line from Nankow. We therefore left the tomb of Mr. Ming after Dick had considerately inquired from Methuselah, the gatekeeper, about the health of Mrs. Ming and the girls, remounted and rode back along the road till we came to the Avenue of Demi-gods and Beasts. It is a very incongruous sight to see these formidable monoliths glowering at you over the tops of the cornstalks, which have approached to their very feet. Luckily there were no sign posts, and no advertisements of patent medicines had as yet been painted on their backs. In fact, the peace and quiet, both here and at the tombs, was one of the most pleasing features; we had seen no one except peasants in the fields, a few villagers worshipping at the tombs, and Methuselah, the man of the key. It is in such peaceful happy places as these that one likes to think of the mighty dead slumbering in not unforgotten splendor. The avenue of statues was perhaps a mile long, being flanked every three hundred yards or so by a pair of colossal figures: mandarins, civil and military, in appropriate dress, elephants, griffins, lions, unicorns, camels, and horses, each carved out of a single piece of marble. Altogether it is about three miles from the *Pái-lo* to the great gate of the first tomb—which is the radius of the arc in which all the thirteen tombs are ranged.

We rode back to Nankow over a new and longer path than that by which we had come, but one equally interesting. The village scenes were what particularly interested me—women washing clothes at a stream, or drawing water from a century-old stone well; threshing floors as smooth and hard as that of Arauna, the Jebuzite, which King David bought upon which to build a temple to the Lord; reapers binding grain; children gurgling in the sunshine, or coolies returning heavy-laden from the orchards. They seemed a simple, harmless, happy people, affable and willing to pass the time of day with the strangely-clad foreigners who jogged past. The sun had set in glory behind the hills to our right before we got

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back to Nankow, and it was cold enough for us to wish they would put a fire in the great *kang*, or raised brick bed running half the length of our room. But Lee, the cook, had bestirred himself while we were absent, and a hot and hearty dinner was our reward after a long and interesting day. A stroll out under the stars, and a chat with Lu and a local tobacco dealer, has made me ready for bed, after recording the following—born this afternoon:

THE MING TOMBS

Once the Mings,
Gallant Kings,
Ruled this land in days departed;
Till the Manchus, iron-hearted,
Cast them from their thrones of ease.
Here they sleep in marble splendor.
Pilgrims render
Reverent worship, on their knees.

Soft a breeze
Through the trees
Of the grass-grown courtyards stealing,
Tells the day when trumpets pealing
Shall proclaim another Ming.
Arméd hosts from distant regions,
Countless legions,
Rallying round their rightful King.

There has been a rumor current in China for generations that a branch of the old Ming dynasty is still in existence—somewhere, in secret—and will one day drive out the Manchus and regain their ancestral throne.

WHY-LI-CHIEN, SEPTEMBER 29. We were up betimes in the morning and I continued the vigorous Swedish treatment begun at Mukden—Gil throwing buckets of icy water over me in the misty courtyard. It is most invigorating, and sets one's pugging tooth on edge for a hot breakfast of porridge, bacon, coffee, and eggs. Six, forty-

five found the three of us footing it gaily up the track in the cool bracing air, Lu close behind, and the donkeys and *mafoos* trailing after. We left the cook to pack up his gear and follow more leisurely with the carts. I imagine, however, that Lee the Magnificent, has persuaded the coolie to be chief bottle-washer, as he seems altogether too much of a dandy to demean himself by that sort of thing. Cooking is an honored profession in gourmandizing China, and Lee is no mean ornament to it, as last night's banquet eloquently attested. He is a resplendent figure in a long purple gabardine, or surtout, and flowered yellow things which he evidently regards as in the nature of a Prince Albert, but which look suspiciously like pajamas. At any rate, he is a credit to our caravan, and we are proud to number him among our legionaries.

The path wound up the ever-narrowing valley, following the course of the brawling stream below, and past scattered homesteads where chickens and goats eked out a thin hillside existence. Presently we came to a medieval walled town – fortified with towers and battlements – Chu-yung-kuan. The fine gate, which still stood at somewhat doubtful defiance, dates from the fourteenth century, and is said once to have been surmounted by a high pagoda built to propitiate the genii of the pass, and has on its sides elaborately carved bas-reliefs and a Buddhist inscription in several languages: Sanscrit, Tibetan, Chinese, Mongol, Niuchih, etc. We had scarcely time to notice all this, however, as at the psychological moment a vast flock of sheep came pouring out of the dark, grim portal like a river bursting through its dam. We were submerged in the living stream, for the sheep, frightened and crowded from behind, couldn't open up a way for us through their serried ranks. I got into the lee of the gatepost until the storm was past, but Dick, with admirable sang-froid, sprang into an eddy and secured a snapshot, to the horror of the shepherds, who seemed to think that the sheep would all die of the rinderpest – or some-

AT THE GATE OF CHU-YUNG-KUAN

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thing. About thirty *li* (ten miles if you must have English – we are becoming quite Pekinese, you see) from Nankow, we passed two little temples set in the rocky hillside, which were built in the days of the Mings. A little further on, almost overhanging a noisy waterfall, we found another and more pretentious temple, and from here we got our first glimpse of the wall – a crenelated bit slinking along the sky line of a distant peak. From here the valley grew narrower, steeper, and more like a gorge. Presently we began to meet parties coming down, who had started at dawn from the first town beyond the wall. A few small camel caravans (though they mostly travel at night, when there is more room for them on the road) shuffling through the dust on great padded feet. Someone has called the camel "Velvet footed," but somehow I can't associate the adjective with the great hulking sneering brutes. More numerous were strings of heavy-laden donkeys, jolting Peking carts, herds of goats, shaggy Mongol ponies destined for the polo fields of Tientsin and Shang-hai, coolies, farmers, and horse-litters, out of which painted Manchu ladies glanced half boldly, half shyly, just as the Elizabethan coquettes used.

Half past ten brought us to where the Great Wall of China crossed our road at the top of the pass. So much has been written of its rugged strength, and the snake-like sinuosity with which it climbs the mountains here and glides down into the sea at Shan-hai-kuan, that I shall only say that it still does it. This, of course, is not the old wall of Shih-huang-ti, but a short, modern arc of some three hundred miles, larger and higher than the original, and flung on here about 1550 A.D. to further strengthen this, the weakest point. While waiting for the carts to come up with tiffin, we scrambled about the fortifications and climbed along the top of the wall – which, on steep slopes rose like a flight of stone steps, to higher watchtowers on peaks commanding the pass – to get snapshots. Behind us were the tangled hills and val-

leys through which we had wound during the morning, with the seaboard plain in the dim distance. Ahead of us lay a short valley, emptying out onto a broad plain, with another higher and more purple range of ragged hills rearing up behind. To right and left were mountains, with towers and sections of wall dodging about here and there along their crests. The wall, in spots, shows the effects of battering rams or bombardments, and in fact there are one or two green mouldy cannons, lying half buried in debris near the gate. In the immediate foreground we could see the mouth of the tunnel which the North China Railway is driving under the pass, expecting some day to reach Kalgan. We couldn't hear the sound of the drilling, but it looked as busy as an ant hill. Later we went down and found the work being done in a very orderly and thorough manner, entirely under the supervision of Chinese engineers. To be sure the work had been outlined and planned by an Englishman, but this augurs well for new China. By the time we got back, tiffin was spread in the shade of the gateway tower and garnished with cold beer.

Our sixty odd *li* in the afternoon took us out onto the broad plain we had seen from the watchtower, and half way across it to this walled city. The country, though far less thickly populated than on the other side of the Nankow Range, was much less barren and deserted than we had imagined. The land was pretty well cultivated, and the people were in the midst of their fall plowing. A noticeable feature was the fact that there were practically no isolated farms or houses here – all were collected into walled villages. It is not so very long ago, I imagine, that this country was infested with brigands and roving bands of robbers which made this necessary. In the later afternoon we passed beneath a low rugged hillock crowned with a vast rambling monastery, now fallen into picturesque decay. From the foot of this hillock, and right beside our path, sprang a warm bubbling spring,

WHERE THE NANKOW PASS PIERCES THE
GREAT WALL OF CHINA

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which was sulphurous to the taste. Why-li-chien is a fine large fortified city, apparently prosperous and flourishing, with broad clean streets and a high wall, still well preserved and formidable. We went down the main street for nearly a third of a mile, to the inn which Lu had picked out for us. We were struck by the number of out-of-door restaurants, which were full now, as five o'clock is the hour of the peasants' second and last daily meal, and by the profusion of singing birds (sparrows and thrushes and meadow larks) hanging in cages at nearly every door.

Our caravansary is a large one, and its great court was now occupied by half a hundred camels, kneeling amidst their loads, and condescending to discuss their fodder in a casual indifferent sort of way. The public kitchen at the entrance of the court is an interesting place to loaf in, with its great caldron of suspicious looking soup, bowls of yellowish sticky matter, greasy pork, rice, and tea. Pancakes were being fried on iron griddles, and we sampled some, spiced and wrapped around meat hashes, like jelly rolls. The bedrooms opened onto the main court, and our suite—one large, and two small paper-windowed rooms—had a private kitchen in which Lee instantly ensconced himself. Leaving him to his labors, which are usually introduced by a raucous volley of expletives of a rich, suggestive sound, indicative of his desire for wood and water, Dick and I set out for a stroll. We turned down a side street, and went up a precarious flight of stone steps to the top of the wall. We followed this along, looking down upon domestic scenes in the courtyards below, till the tower of a gateway apparently defied further progress. Former scrambles among the Alps, however, had not been quite in vain, and crannies, and an odd ledge or two, soon helped us up, to the open-mouthed disappointment of a considerable concourse which had collected below. We gathered from their looks that there had been some heavy betting against us. May

this be a lesson to the Chinese to curb their inveterate appetite for gambling! Later, as I was trying to snap a picturesque view through the gate, which appealed to me, we made the acquaintance of a delightful old party in a sheep-skin tunic – the gatekeeper, I suppose. Every time I got the kodak focused and was looking through the finder, preparatory to snapping the shutter, he would dart into the foreground and peer into the lens. Wanted to see the little birdie come out, you know. He gurgled with delight when we led him back behind the gate, but sprang out like a Jack-in-the-box the moment I had things fixed again. At last in despair I took it with his yellow pock-marked face just bobbing into view, and then we hurried back to our caravansary to dine. Lee did us very well indeed, tonight, having gotten some fresh fish – caught, I suppose, in the river which meanders through the valley close to the city walls – peas, potatoes, apples, and grapes. Quite cold tonight, and very conducive to sleep.

Ching-ming-ee, September 30. Away at seven, after my usual cold bucket douche and a hearty breakfast. We walked all the way today, the tonic air fairly lifting us along, like wine; that sounds funny, but the comparison is obvious. It is another perfect, cloudless day, and the lights in the early morning are only less rich than during the Alpine-like afterglow. Although we are not over the border, this country is more like Mongolia, I imagine, than China, since the Mongols have ruled and lived in it until the formation of the present powerful Manchu dynasty. The men conceal their pig-tails (which the Manchus do not allow them to cut off) under turbans, and are a sturdy race with bronzed skins reddish wind-whipped faces. All this country, and the two great passes which it lies between, have been the scene of fighting since time immemorial. Legend and folk songs fancifully tell how in the dim days when the giant kings Yu-chau and Sui-jin held the land, they repelled an invasion of the north-

An interesting Place for Loafing

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ern barbarians—Huns and Tartars. About ten o'clock we came upon an interesting wayside temple, over which the village patriarch proudly showed us. We made a contribution to its maintenance fund and accepted the gift of some rosy-cheeked apples. The life along the road was very interesting today—we met more people: wild looking horsemen, donkeys, completely hidden by the great loads of branches which they were bringing in for firewood, and animated scenes in the villages. The valley is broad and smiling, rich in fields of millet, corn, and buckwheat. The threshing floors outside the villages—worn as hard and smooth as raquet courts—were animated scenes which tempted us to several snapshots. The whole family work together from the grandsire giving directions with his pipe handle from the top of a pile of stalks, the young men threshing, the women winnowing, and the children scraping up the grain and piling it in paniers, to a useful donkey or two, blindfolded and dragging a stone crusher over the corn.

We tiffined at a good sized town, where we tried several Chinese dishes—the tea was poor, tasting as though it had been liberally mixed with millet chaff. Afterwards we spent about an hour strolling through the streets, stopping at fruit and grain stalls, making friends with the children who are much shyer here than in Japan, and sunning ourselves on doorsteps. Under the cloudless northern sky the line of sunshine and shadow was sharply drawn, and it was cold in the shade.

During the afternoon we fell in with a pleasant little chap—a boy between twelve and fourteen, of the better class. He was a nice-looking, manly fellow, a Mohammedan, and joined himself to our party out of undisguised curiosity. We exchanged greetings, which is nearly as far as our Chinese goes, and made him fall into step between Gil and me. Presently we got into conversation with him, through the medium of Lu, and found that he

was returning to his home in the next town, having been on a visit to his uncle in Why-li-chien. He seemed glad we were not missionaries, but men of common clay and simple desires like himself. In the fullness of his heart he dived into a pocket in his capacious white trousers, and gave us some nuts and dried beans to chew, and fairly beamed at being clapped on the back and hailed as "The Commodore." He was a very picturesque figure in his black red-buttoned cap, gray surtout, red worsted belt, baggy white trousers, black anklets, and blue shoes. Gil included him in our picture gallery.

Our inn here at Ching-ming-ee is outside the walls under which it nestles, and which form the rear wall of the courtyard. It is the most picturesque caravansary we have halted at so far, as there are several smaller courts rambling off the big one and second story rooms with overhanging balconies. Across the caravan-road, which winds along beside the wall in front of our inn gate, is the sort of picture which would make Corot or Maxfield Parrish wild with joy. Resting your arm on a massive stone balustrade which protects the road from the spring floods of the winding river below, and looking out under broad willows, you see a wide fertile valley in soft yellows and browns. Below the dark purple mountains, which form its further side, the thin line of another river, touched by the sinking sun, is gleaming like burnished copper between its fringe of trees, and even as we gaze the thin evening mists draw up from it in twisting clouds, like spirits of the dead. The blue smoke of half a dozen scattered villages adds to the autumnal haze, which spreads the glamour of unreality over all. A little behind, and to our right, hangs—seemingly in mid air, for the mists have now nearly obscured the mountain upon which it is built—a dim and mighty monastery, crouching upon the flat top of its mountain base like the dragon on the tomb of a Chinese mandarin. A long string of laden camels plodded past us in the gathering twilight, the deep-noted

bell at the neck of their leader booming tunefully in time to his slow ponderous stride.

With the darkness, however, the cold of evening crept down out of the hills, for we are three thousand feet above the sea here, and we sought the warmth and candle-light of our inner room.

CHUEN-WHA-FU, OCTOBER 1, 1907. This has been a shorter day than the last two, as we did only eighty *li*. We started out betimes in the morning, while the mists were still on the rivers, and filling the valley bottom. We curved to the right at starting (which is north, as our course lies nearly northwest) around the base of the sacred mountain of the monastery, which we could see clearly now was composed of two distinct buildings, joined by a gigantic single-span marble bridge. It looked a picturesque and romantic spot, and we should like to have taken a couple of days off, spent a night up there, and have seen how the priests live, but felt we hadn't the time. From here a narrow track through a grove of walnuts, and sharply up over a small hill, brought us to another shelf of land – part of our same valley, but perhaps four hundred feet higher. This was about four miles across, heavy with sand, and cut by half a dozen streams which united below to form the two rivers before mentioned. We forded these streams successfully, passed a long string of fully two hundred camels, and came out of the plateau into a narrow winding gorge which took us up to our third valley level. The upper path in this gorge, which was partly cut in the living rock, was high enough to be above the reach of the spring freshets, at which time a lower track along the shore would be submerged. This valley was less attractive than that of Ching-ming-ee, being smaller, more sandy and barren, and having fewer trees and villages. It was a poor forlorn-looking village at which we stopped for tiffin and tea, but the people seemed as happy and industrious as usual. Tiffin over,

Gil and I strolled out and joined a family group busy about a threshing floor. After exchanging civilities, we sat down where we were sheltered from the cutting wind by a great pile of millet stalks. I lay there for an hour or so, half dozing and half day-dreaming over a pipe, while Gil wrote assiduously in his diary. Dark storm-clouds warned us to be on our way, however, and before long a cold driving rain swept down from the hills, which delayed matters a bit, as the mules and donkeys wouldn't face it. It cleared about three-thirty, and by five, when we reached here, the weather was beautiful.

This is a fine big city with splendidly preserved walls, which must enclose as much as ten square miles of city. It was so cold that we all decided to invest in fur coats, as it seems a good emporium for that sort of thing, and Lee had already secured a magnificent one out of the cape of which his more than usually rubicund face shone as from a halo. We got so interested in the people, however, that we forgot all about coats, and didn't return to the caravansary until after dark. A considerable crowd followed us about and in order to fix their attention for a slow snapshot (it was nearly dusk) I leaped upon a marble slab and started a vigorous political harangue.

We luckily ran across Dick on the way back, who had lagged behind since tiffin to secure a couple of brace of pigeon for the pot, and who had not been able to find the inn at which we were staying. Lee gave us another banquet tonight, which was served with some attempt at style. We sat in a special little dining room—opening off our bedroom, which was evilly lighted by two guttering candles. We began with a native vegetable soup, then some fish, and a local dish of vermicelli hash and gravy, roast mutton and vegetables, oatmeal cakes, chicken with cabbage salad, rice pudding, fruit, tea and *samchu*—a regal feast! Lu and the coolie waited on us and seemed in the darkness like invisible genii who placed the magic dishes before us, we knew not how. It is cold to-

A THRESHING-FLOOR

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night, so that we have had them build a charcoal fire in our *kang* (or stove bed) partly to see what it is like, and partly, of course, to keep warm. If we don't get asphixiated, we may try it again.

KALGAN, OCTOBER 2. As we had a comparatively short day before us—sixty-five *li*—we made a later start than usual this morning, and jogged along leisurely enough, stopping more frequently to absorb the country. We meandered across a hard sun-baked valley, gently undulating and deeply scored with numerous water-courses, and occasionally lined with sparse avenues of poplar trees. Sometimes the track wound along one of these nullahs, or steep-sided clay-banked ravines, and where the rain or overflow from the paddy fields had left a miniature lake the going was bad for the carts. At one of these pools we came upon a picturesque group—a couple of herders struggling in the breast-high water with three or four sheep they were attempting to wash. The rest of the flock stood huddled together on the brink, like bathers on a cold morning after someone has dipped his foot in and found the water icy. Persia, I imagine, and Palestine must present much the same appearance as north China and Mongolia; more fertile, perhaps, but with the same hard soil, alternating clay and sand, the same intense glowing sunshine flooding the countryside, the same simple and industrious rustics living much as they did two thousand years ago, and the same seductive purples and browns calling to one from the hollows of the hills.

Speaking of calling, some indiscreet rock-pigeons knelled their doom by plaintive warbles from their haunts in the nearby slopes, for the energetic Dick was after them hot-foot. Scarcely had he started, however, before Gil and I noticed a couple of savage figures running apparently to cut him off. They were stooping as they ran, so as to practically conceal their bodies from his view, and were carrying long ugly looking spears. "Brigands, at

last!" was our first thought, and with memories of the armed escorts whom we had seen accompanying various people of substance, I unlimbered my rifle and clapped spurs to my gallant charger to join the fun. Lu, however, shouted after me that it was all right, they were simply the retainers of a mandarin who was now approaching us. I suppose they were anxious to see what sort of deviltry the crazy foreigner was up to now, with intent to repeat the tale—with garnishment, no doubt—that night, over lusty brimmers of millet wine or *samchu*. So far Dick had had all the fun with his gun—I having brought along only a rifle, thinking I might see a Peking stag, hog-deer, antelope, or an odd wolf or two. I had had no idea the country would be so thickly populated. But the apparently successful reports of Dick's distant gun now aroused my jealousy, and I whipped off to try some long shots at one-legged cranes—or are they pelicans? The background was so amply filled with blue-clad peasants, however, that I was forced to desist—after an unsuccessful shot or two—for fear of having an annoyed wife at my heels.

At noon we came upon a rather interesting cross-road caravansary. There was no town here, simply a large caravansary and a couple of huts near a pond where two highways crossed. The place was crowded with people, and might have been a seventeenth century inn of Elizabethan England. The inn servants were bustling hither and thither and shouting "Anon, anon, Sir" in Chinese. A Manchurian lady of some pretension to rank, to judge by the look of her attendants and the style of her closed mule-litter, was having refreshment in a closely-curtained private apartment. She was so anxious to see us, however, that we got a good glimpse of her—and a fine, vigorous, strong-minded dame she looked, heavily painted, as a self-respecting Chinese lady should be. Several farmers in quilted coats and baggy trousers with ponies or sheep for sale had put in here to get a bite and a drink,

and to hear the news, as it is evidently a well-known center. There was loud talking in the courtyard, and a good deal of money apparently changed hands. Parties were constantly coming and going, and donkeys were rolling about everywhere and stirring up the dust. Several spearmen, scowling horribly to keep up their reputation for bravery, and one or two armed with rifles, forming the escort of some official, were lounging about and followed us out when we stepped over to the pond to write and smoke. Some washer-girls presently appeared with great bundles of clothes, and after a good deal of coy tittering and pushing, and "You go first," they settled down to work, not without keeping a frequent eye on the crazy foreigners. "Look at those absurd clothes," they seemed to be saying, "and their teeth are white, and what silly little pipes they smoke. Just notice their finger nails, too, quite short, and – but I can scarcely believe my eyes – they are writing backwards!" Their shrill-voiced astonishment drew quite a crowd around us.

Kalgan is a considerable city of over one hundred thousand permanent population. Just at present it must be nearer one hundred and fifty thousand, as a big horse-fair is on, and crowds of people are down from Mongolia and in from all the outlying districts of Pechili Province. It is the farthest-flung post of the Chinese, although twenty-five per cent of its inhabitants are domesticated Mongols, and acts as a sort of depot or clearing-house for all this section of the country. A considerable space outside the wall is now occupied with the encampment of these fair-time people, and as we slowly forced a way through the crowded lanes, we saw several hastily-run-up temporary booths, where plays, acrobat- and peep-shows were being held. Cattle, sheep, pigs, children, and even horses roamed through the crowd, which was as light-hearted and pleasure-seeking as a New England one at a traveling circus and far less riotous and noisy. We visited a couple of Chinese inns, only to find them jammed. Going

slowly along one of the main streets, I suddenly espied a two-storied house with gabled windows. Gabled windows in China, forsooth, that settled the matter. I knew there must be beer there – there always is at gable-windowed houses – and furthermore, I was thirsty. The others would not listen to these arguments, but I insisted, and sure enough, through the medium of Lu, we learned that this house had been built by some Russian traders before the Boxer uprising. They had been driven out at the time, and have never returned. The Chinaman, who now dwelt there, confessed that there were some bottles of a foreign appearance in the cellar, and good-naturedly lowered himself down through a trap door to see what he could do for us. Amidst a dozen of rhenish, some stray champagne, pickles, lucca oil, and vodka, we found a couple of quarts of Münchner beer, and one of these was soon foaming white over the edges of some green and yellow China bowls. What was, if possible, even more fortunate, we found that close by was the compound of the French Roman Catholic Mission, and as the priests were away, we persuaded the native caretaker to let us stop for the night and to get Lee some water and wood.

No sooner had we gotten settled here, than we went out to look about us, as Kalgan seemed the most interesting city we had yet been in. We presently found ourselves, and were tempted to linger in those streets, where the makers and sellers of hammered brass and bronze reside. Here were all sorts of wares from rough camel bells to dainty drinking vessels and big Russian samovars, speaking eloquently of the days – not long gone by – when Russian influence had been paramount here, as well as in Korea and Manchuria. Suddenly, through the crowd, I caught sight of two European backs. I dashed over, as we had heard there were some missionaries here, and we were eager to talk with them about the country. As I came up, I hailed in English. Two bearded men turned around and shook their heads, replying in what sounded

suspiciously like Choctaw. I then tried French with equal ill-success. Then, guessing intuitively that they were Russians, I conjured up the memory of some of those telescopic mouth-fillers which friend Konstantinde Michailov had taught me on our train ride to Phyongyang, and said calmly enough, as though I was asking the price of eggs, "*Ezvenetzemenea Doubrouye outra Kakvuporshuitza.*" The effect was startling, and I had to run for it. I returned to the charge, however, at the first lull in the storm, and as this bold attempt had nearly exhausted my knowledge of the Slavic tongue, I tackled them in German. Greatly to my relief, I found that they knew enough of the dear language of the fatherland for us to get along on. Whether they were political agents come to spy out the land, I don't know. They seemed to have no particular reason for being there—come to do "a little trading" they said. At any rate they told us where we could find the compound of the American missionaries on a hill about half a mile outside the city wall.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague gave us a warm and hearty welcome at the mission compound, and we stayed for tea, and then took Mr. Sprague down to dine with us in the town. We kept him talking as much as we could, as he has been in the country for nearly thirty years, and simply oozes information at every pore about things Mongolian and Chinese. He was with that band of missionaries, who, scattered here and there in the country northwest of Peking, united here in the American Mission Compound at Kalgan when the Boxer trouble began to look serious in 1900. As the compound was fired upon, and they were refused protection by the Taotai at the Yamen, they decided to flee across the desert of Gobi to Urga. They made their preparations hurriedly but secretly through the help of some faithful Chinese friends, and one dark night got away up over the pass and out into Mongolia. Mr. Sprague eloquently described how he had crept cautiously back into the town that night to get some money

which they had hidden in the garden of their house near the compound. It took them nearly six weeks by camel carts to reach Urga, as they were heavy laden with women, children, and much luggage. Once here they felt perfectly safe, and pushed on to Urkutsk, on the shores of Lake Baikal, where they found the Trans-Siberian Railway, and were soon in comfortable Europe. When the trouble was over, nearly all of that band came back again to labor amidst these people whom they had grown to know very well and to like.

Mr. Sprague has talked so glowingly of the rolling pampa-like table land of Mongolia, that we are all going to make a short dash up there together, and see as much of it as we can in four days, which is the time Mr. Sprague has allowed himself as a vacation. It is so cold tonight that we were glad we had all invested in woolen gloves at Peking. Although we heard not the unending deep jangle of the camel bells tonight, we were kept long awake by noises in the town – a drinking orgy from the next courtyard, music, and an occasional shout from the street, and the rattle of the compound watchman whom we at last silenced by pulling Lu out of bed and egging him on to a personal encounter.

When starting for Mr. Sprague's compound, we had sent Lu around to the Yamen with the huge red calling cards – mandarin size – which we had caused to be printed with our Chinese names in Peking. My name is Ma-su and signifies "Dead Horse." It is always courteous to do this when in the vicinity of an official of any importance. That evening we received in return the Taotai's cards delivered by the chief secretary of the Yamen, who also asked to see our passports. As we had had these viséed for Pechili, Shan-tung and Shan-si Provinces, we were glad to comply.

Kalgan, October 6. Mr. Sprague was with us on Thursday morning before it was light, and while I was

still shaking the drops of icy water from Gil's buckets off my shoulders. Talk about dew drops on the petals of a morning glory! He had brought a knife, fork, spoon, and cup, a roll of bedding, three thoughtful overcoats for us, a white pony, an excellent fund of spirits, and, as we later found with joy, a saddle bag full of Mrs. Sprague's wonderful doughnuts. We got started about six, forty-five and pushed our way through the already crowded streets.

At one point Mr. Sprague beckoned us to follow, and dove through a little arched gateway in a high grim looking wall. We came out on the other side into a smiling, sunny, stone court, the center of two or three blocks of houses, quite walled off from the rest of the city. This is the club-land of Kalgan, the Eveless Eden of Mongolian bachelorhood, for through its sacred portals no broidered silken petticoats may ever trail. The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers which bloomed on every house-top and terrace—roses, tuberoses, oranges, jessamines, gardenias, azaleas and clematis. Birds twittered and sang happily, and the square was unquestionably neater and cleaner in appearance than the rest of the city. Mongolians are proverbially more jovial and greater topers than the Chinese, and I'll warrant these gray old walls have witnessed many a festive wassail bout. "For 'tis merry in the hall, when the beards wag all," and what a happy existence these modern wise men have selected—no disquieting dreams at night, no one to scold if they smoke their opium pipes, no one for whom they must spend all their *taels* and *mace* buying sesame, jessamine, and pickled tea!

Just outside the walls the real business of the week was going noisily on—the horse fair. A large open space was crowded with Chinamen, Mongols, and horse-trading priests. The Mongols, whom we, here at Kalgan, began to see first in great numbers, have the same small narrow eyes, large prominent ears, scanty whiskers and beards that the Chinese have; but their faces are

broader and flatter, cheek bones higher, and their complexions swarthier and more bronzed. They are stocky, and above the average height. The men wear turbans, and do not always have the queue. A much larger per cent (as in Thibet) join the church than in China, and though they lead a life which may not differ very materially from that of their secular brethren, the head is shaven, and a distinctive robe of black, purple, or yellow is worn. All the men wear long quilted robes and heavy leather boots lined with felt or fur. The women dress much the same as the men, but let the hair fall down from underneath the turban in two braids decorated with ribbons, strings of coral or glass beads, which hang on either side of the bosom.

Across this square we came upon the true Great Wall of China, built by old Shih-huang-ti about two hundred years B.C. It is neither so imposing nor so well built as the modern addition – the big subtended arc which we saw in the Nankow Pass – but it is more interesting because more primitive and has proven more useful to the empire. Even when new – if such a hoary veteran may be imagined as ever having been new – it must have been but a rough affair – a mound of unhewn boulders and earth, mortared together with clay. But now there only remains a vague, cone-shaped structure, at times almost shrunk beyond recognition, but at times attaining to a height of perhaps twenty feet. Only a few of the grim towers – miniature fortresses – which once crowned every strategic angle or hilltop, now remain, but I climbed one of these later in the day and up near the top of the pass, by shinnying up through the chimney-like orifice in the center, I doubt if this wall was ever built to be actually defended like a city wall, or the three hundred miles or so we saw near Nankow. Its triangular narrow-topped shape seems to have admitted neither room for men, nor battlements. The gates were, of course, defended, and the rest of the wall was simply to prevent the horsemen

and baggage of a really big army from getting through before the watchman could send word, and the Chinese army had a chance to collect and oppose them.

The Kalgan Pass is of the same general nature as that at Nankow – a winding slash through barren hills – but is far more interesting. Furthermore, the path is not cut in the sides of the hills, but follows the sandy boulder-strewn bed of a dry stream, and would, I should think, be impracticable when the spring freshets are on. There were several steep narrow side valleys opening into it. Here and there a watch tower frowned down upon us, and close to the top of one peak, high up to our right, was a curious round hole like the arch of a natural bridge. This, however, was not a geologic formation worn by water or sand-laden wind, or split out by slicken-sides or frosts, but the work of man, and a wonderful man at that. No less a personage than Genghis Khan is responsible for it. He was riding down the pass at the head of his numerous bands of restless nomadic cavalry, and talking in quite a casual off-hand way to a friend of him, named Hee, when he happened to see an eagle sitting up on top of that peak. As it chanced he particularly wanted a new eagle feather for his helm, so whipping out an arrow he drew the mighty bow cord up past his ear, and let her hum. He hadn't allowed enough for the elevation, however, in his rough uneducated Mongolian way, and he missed the bird by several feet, the arrow going clean through the mountain top and leaving the hole which is witness of the deed today. But what annoyed the Kahn most about it all was having to wear the same old eagle's feather into Peking.

Further on we came to an interesting village. A community of Hakkas (an aboriginal people) living in caves or burrows in the side of the sheer valley-wall. Strings of camels and donkeys filed past, picking their way cautiously through the boulders, and lines of ox carts, with wheels and axles cut from the same log like a spool, and

removed one stage nearer to the primitive sledge than our own springless Peking carts, bounced and rattled down or floundered helplessly in the ruts. We stopped at a little temple about two-thirds of the way up, where a couple of prayer wheels were spinning furiously in the wind, and turning out "merit" for the priests who were lazily drinking tea on the porch. Many people sneer at this, but I don't see why, if the Buddhists have a genuine faith in the efficacy of these prayer wheels, they are not as acceptable to God as a repetition of words which is all that the prayers of many Christians amount to. "All things are possible," we are taught, "to him that believeth."

At the top of the pass was a level spot and a little lakelet, as forlorn and desolate a looking place as the Lake of the Dead on the top of the Grimsel Pass. It is a bleak, wind-swept spot, and a ruined tower which was outlined against the leaden sky seemed to hint at bloody frays which had taken place around this dark tarn, Hanoor. There was a poor crumbling-walled inn with foul half-choked courtyards, but it was windy and cold outside and we bundled into the great kitchen and gladly sat on the *kang* to get warm. I took a time exposure of the interior of this interesting room, resorting to an odd device to secure the attention and immobility of those present.

The first mile or so from Hanoor wound down for a couple of hundred feet over the same sort of barren hills we had come up through: but they opened out before long, and we presently found ourselves on a great windy tableland about five thousand feet above the sea. It was grass-grown and rolling like the pampas of South America. Some scant trees and bushes were in the hollows, and there was edelweiss growing in the heather-like grass at our feet. A few fields of maize, oats, millet, and mustard showed that the Mongols near the border have become somewhat less hardy, and are gradually accus-

Down from the Desert of Gobi

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toming themselves to Chinese modes of life and cultivation. But for the most part the Mongols may be said to be nomads, whose only occupation and source of wealth is cattle breeding, and whose riches are counted by the number of their live stock. It is true the chiefs and very rich men among them often own enough land to justify a practically permanent home around which their herders may travel and graze the cattle and horses for a considerable period of years – but these are exceptions. Nor are there any cities of note to be found in the Mongolia of today, though the ruins of several attest to the more stable nature of the people during the days of their great empire. The only permanent buildings and landmarks now are the temples, which are of stone, and usually quite wealthy institutions, owning land and cattle. They form the center of Mongolian social and religious life, and at certain seasons the tribes from the whole countryside flock into their temple for a week's worship and trade. These are the gayest and most looked-forward-to times of the year. Horse-racing, devil-dancing, carousing, cattle-trading, matchmaking, and buying of wares from the Chinese peddlers, delight the hearts of young and old of both sexes; but of these temples and the life which revolves around them, more later. The Mongols live in felt huts or tents, and are very dirty, never washing their bodies and faces, and their hands but seldom. A Mongol can have only one lawful wife, but he can keep concubines whose children are illegitimate, and have no share in the inheritance. Bribery and corruption are as prevalent as in China, though the people in unofficial matters are as honest as may be, and of well known generosity. Their religious services are performed in Tibetan, and next to that of Thibet itself, the Buddhism practiced in Mongolia is of the purest and most rational cult.

So much from friend Sprague, but meanwhile we are forging on apace, and have gotten into a maze of low valleys all looking alike, and with tracks winding about in

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every direction. We had been riding on ahead, scanning the countryside for distant encampments or herds of cattle, and busily talking, or rather listening to Mr. Sprague, so that we had, without realizing it, left our carts far behind and out of sight. Mr. Sprague, with the shrewd experience of an old campaigner, was for waiting until they should have caught up with us, but we—with the optimism of youth—would have none of it, and we accordingly compromised by leaving one of the *mafoos* to pick them up and show them the track which we intended to follow from here. The tall, stringy, single-orbed boy whom we had dubbed "Bat-eyed Bill" intimated by a series of startling grimaces and shiverings that he was afraid to stay on account of wolves. This was absurd on the face of it at this time of the year, and the other lad, fur-coated and of sterner stuff, consented to remain alone, so we pressed on. About four-thirty we came to the encampment of a Mongol squire, or petty chieftain, and a friend of Mr. Sprague. He is the eldest son of the former king of southeastern Mongolia who held it in fief direct from Peking. Of recent years, however, a governor is appointed, and Da Shoya (elder brother) now pays tribute to this official at Kalgan for the land he holds. He is still a very wealthy gentleman, however, and his establishment was one of the semi-permanent kind with a substantial mud wall and a low framework of wooden wattles about the tents. A large house of mud bricks with a chimney and tiled roof spoke of comfortable affluence, worldly circumstances, and well-husbanded stores and provender against the bleak winter. Half a dozen great black Mongolian dogs dashed out at our approach, barking fiercely and disturbing great clouds of pigeons from the eaves, who went whirring off to seek other shelter. A couple of bronzed, bright-eyed lads took our jaded mounts, while a sort of major domo or general factotum led us into the main room where we were presently joined and warmly greeted by Da Shoya, who insisted upon our

staying the night. We hardly had time to see that he was a short wizened old man with a shrewd kindly face and shaven poll like a priest, before a retainer brought in tea, cheese, and bowls of quivering curds. The tea was salted and tasted bitter at first, but was really very refreshing, while we found that the combination of cheese dipped in curds and eaten with oatmeal cakes was very delicious. Mr. Sprague exchanged greetings and questions of a private nature with Da Shoya, who is a friend of many years standing, and explained who we were, the object of our visit, and the pleasure we felt at making his acquaintance, the honor we had in accepting his hospitality, etc. We then went out to see that our mules were well looked after and fed, and to see if the carts were yet visible. As the sun was setting in black storm-clouds which were rolling up from the west, Mr. Sprague grew anxious about them, and saddling up his white pony, set out to look for them. If we could have been of any assistance, we would have gladly gone, too, but not knowing the language, we would have had to stick close to him, which would simply have meant more work for our already fagged donkeys. Shortly after he left, a snow and hail storm broke in splendid fury. The icy bullets drove us all in to take shelter and caused us considerable uneasiness for Mr. Sprague, for though robust and active, he is over sixty, and it was cold and wet. The storm blew itself out in a half hour or so, and the beauty of the fiery sunset was enhanced by a magnificent clear-cut double rainbow. With twilight it grew cold – the intense biting cold of windy places – and by dark Mr. Sprague had still not returned. We hung a lantern aloft on the pole of a prayer wheel and fired off guns at intervals. Presently an answering hail from the darkness announced the approach of someone, and we ran out across the slippery icy grass to lead in Mr. Sprague and the white pony. He had seen nothing of the carts.

Da Shoya had already put a tent at our disposal, and

a fire of buffalo chips (dried manure) was smoldering sullenly in an iron brazier, filling the tent with smoke and warmth. A steaming mutton stew (the pièce-de-résistance of most substantial Mongolian meals) was brought in, together with oatmeal cakes, cheese, and salted tea, and we did ourselves very well. The handsome young priest, who brought them in, sat with us a long time, replenishing the fire and talking to Mr. Sprague. Through the smoke vent on top of the tent—which we had some difficulty in persuading them to leave open—the cold stars peeped in upon us, and we finally knocked the ashes out of our pipes, rolled up in sheepskins and turned in upon the hard mud floor, accounting ourselves lucky not to be out upon the open wind-swept plains with our carters.

Friday was a splendid clear bracing day, and we were stirring early. After a bowl of milk, we set out to have a look around. About half a mile to the right we espied a small cart-caravan encamped. They were having breakfast, and with true Mongol courtesy asked us into their tent and pressed us to share their rice and a thick green soup which tasted better than it looked. They had come down all the way from Urga and had been six weeks crossing the desert of Gobi. They were laden with timber, camels'-hair, and hides, which they hope to dispose of at Kalgan. Our *mafoo* had stopped there enquiring for us about an hour before, but had pushed on, so we dispatched one of Da Shoya's tribesmen after him on our return to our tent. After a good tuck-in of oatmeal, tea, and eggs, we set out for a well known temple about six miles across the low hills to the westward, where we hoped to get tidings of our carts. There were some four or five buildings here surrounded by a substantial brick wall, and the muscular and rather thuggish looking priests soon became very chummy and curious. They could give us no information about our carts, but pressed sesamied tea and cheese upon us. They dressed exactly like other

Da Shoya's Encampment

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Mongols, except that their heads were shorn, and their robes yellow or purple.

We returned to Da Shoya's for tiffin, and as our own mounts, even when in good trim, were hardly equal to the task, we were glad to avail ourselves of his generous offer to send out some of his well-mounted tribesmen to scour the country for our carts. These cowboys use the heavy padded wooden Chinese saddles, and ride with a very short stirrup. They are excellent horsemen, women and children as well as men, since they spend most of their waking moments with a horse between their knees, and are in fact too lazy and well supplied with steeds ever to walk. In the meantime we decided to pay a visit to the temple and encampment of Su Shoya (younger brother), six or seven miles to the east. This is the ancestral seat of the family, and Su Shoya, the brother of our present host, is the family priest and looks after the worship and upkeep of the family temple. This temple is smaller but richer than that which we had seen in the morning, and one of Da Shoya's sons who is a priest here, showed us about. Inside the wall were two buildings of brick and stone, with tiled roofs and carved wooden cornices. Along the ridge poles and down the edges of the tent-like roof, were perched grotesquely carved animals, lions, wolves, and deer, while from the corners hung down lamps and curious Buddhistic temple bells. These bells are flat sheets of attuned brass about half an inch thick, and shaped like flowers. The interior of the main building consists of one large room – with round cushions and rugs for each member of the community, and a sort of altar at one end – and two small ones behind it. The place was dimly lighted, and at first we were aware of no more than glints and gleams from the altar and the tall candles ensconced in murky niches in the wall. But the priest flung back a curtain from a small high window and showed us the temple treasures, gold and silver images of Buddha, gold and silver temple bells and strangely carved devil

daggers, great brass horns for processions, and small silver ones for service, banners, embroideries, silken rugs, and carpets from Kashmir and Bokhara, and their costumes, masks, and plumed head-dresses used in the devil-dances. These devil-dances are among the most curious institutions left to a religion (Mahâyânic Buddhism) which is characterized by sincerity and simplicity of ritual. The priests who aspire to the dignity of "devil dancers" are practically spiritual media who profess to be possessed. They dance and exhort themselves into a sort of ecstatic frenzy, and when in this state profess to be able to answer questions as to the disease and remedies to be applied for the relief of those on whose behalf they are consulted. Some of them even claim the power to summon actual demons or spirits by the aid of the curiously wrought three-pronged devil daggers. The wealth of the temple is shown by the number of silk-webbed cloths they possess. These silk webs are of a curious filmy texture, and form the nearest approach to currency that exists in Mongolia. Each piece (about twelve by eighteen inches) is worth roughly twenty cents, and with it the people pay a sort of tithe to the temple, laying so many pieces on the knees of the Buddha every year, as is commensurate with their wealth and income. As they have to buy these from the temple first with horses, cattle, cheese or grain, it is easy to see why the temples are rich in this land of simple minded and devout people. At the great temple festals when there is cattle-trading, buying, and selling, horse-racing and betting going on, these silks pass freely from hand to hand at a fixed nominal value. I secured some of these silken coins as well as a thin, flower-shaped temple bell with a beautiful clear tone.

Su Shoya's sister is the grass-widow of a northern Mongolian king, so that we felt very much awed as we stepped across her entrance court. We were met and escorted in by a tall, copper-skinned, hawk-eyed fellow,

who looked like an Indian, and proved to be the head man, or overseer of the estate. The queen, who lives in all honor, like Josephine at Malmaison, is a delightful rosy-cheeked old lady, and soon had us ensconced on a cushioned *kang* and busy over sesamied tea and a bowl of cheese and thick clotted cream. She, as well as her two nieces and one of her nephews (children of still another brother), wear Chinese clothes, which is the height of esprit and refinement, since all fashions in Mongolia come from Peking. The house is large and with more attempt at comfort and ornament than Da Shoya's. There were books lying about, jade bowls, parchments, carved crystals, lacquer, and silk screens. Su Shoya owns fewer horses but more cattle than Da Shoya, and is very rich on account of being high-priest of the temple. Although it was getting dark, and the younger niece was very pretty, we resisted the cordial urging of the old lady and her head man to stay for the night, and set out for Da Shoya's again, hoping to hear from our carts. It was cold and dark before we got back, and after seeing our *mafoo,* who had been found, and hearing that there was news of the carts having passed through a distant village during the morning, we ate another hearty meal of mutton, oatmeal, cheese whey, and tea, and turned in.

A little snow had fallen in through our opened chimney flap during the night, but it was clear, bright, and cold Saturday morning. We spent most of the day around Da Shoya's house and encampment, watching the life and daily routine of its inmates – the milking, cheese and butter-whey making, the horse hospital, and the cattle nursery. All the people are as friendly and as politely curious about kodaks, shoe-laces, and shaving brushes, as a lot of children. Their milk-white teeth are constantly displayed in smiles, and we have gotten to be very fond of the whole family, especially some of the young boys. It seemed to be mutual. The women – even the wives of the poorest herders – are very fond of ornaments and jewelry,

which chiefly take the form of great beaten silver earrings, forehead-lets and finger rings. Beads and even bright colored seeds are strung side by side with gold and turquoise. The priests all have brass or carved wooden rosaries. The people, though very dirty, seem healthy compared with the Chinks and even the Japs – but who wouldn't be, exercising and sleeping in such glorious air, and with plenty of wholesome nourishing food!

After tiffin we visited the ruins of a temple on a nearby hill, and some queer burying mounds, suggestive of these left by our own American predecessors. About four amidst great excitement, San Lama (Da Shoya's head man) turned up with our carts.

Our men seemed to be rather nervous and bewildered with so many fierce Mongol eyes upon them, but brightened up when they caught sight of us, while Lee, springing off the front of his cart, made a low sweeping courtesy which caused even the corners of old Da Shoya's mouth to twitch. Cheered by the sight of his adored masters, Lee fairly outdid all previous efforts, and we and our host sat down to a meal, which if cosmopolitan and varied in character, was both elaborate and tasty. After dinner we entertained with close harmony and barber-shop swipes, the whole household gathering round in wondering joy, ready to laugh, or cry, or run for their lives.

It was a dark misty morning when we bade our kind Mongolian friends good-bye, and started back for Kalgan and Peking. Of course such a thing as payment for food and lodging received would have been out of the question with such a gentlemanly rancher as Da Shoya, and we didn't attempt it, but we were surprised that even the tips we made to his housekeeper and servants were returned. We had brought nothing suitable with us but finally made up a joint gift of a nickel soap-box, a pair of nail scissors, a celluloid toothbrush case, and a spoiled kodak film, which last seemed to please them very much as a curiosity.

SOME OF DA SHOYA'S SHEEP AND CATTLE

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Even on the way back we had difficulty in keeping the carts always in sight. Mr. Sprague told us a good deal about the manners, morals, and mode of life of the Mongols and north Chinamen, and his methods of work among them. Like other spreaders of the gospel since our Lord's time, he finds that he can often make a better start with medicine and healing. He has studied largely with this in view and is very often called upon by people he has never seen before. He once sewed up a man who had had his wind pipe cut clean through in a drunken brawl, and ultimately saved his life. The worst calamity that can possibly befall a Chinaman is to have a person die on his doorstep. He is held responsible by the genii of the place and sooner or later it will destroy the Fung Shui of his home, and he will sicken and die. Accordingly, to really threaten a man in China, you declare that you will commit suicide on his doorstep during the night. You then have him at your mercy, and he will do anything to get you to promise not to.

We lunched again at Hanoor, where Gil secured a good picture of a wild-looking tribesman in a bright scarlet cloak and hood who lent a touch of color to the dreary scene. Six o'clock found us back in the comfortable mission house, tired and footsore, for I at least had walked all the way (one hundred and five *li*); and Dick had made several fruitless detours on the off chance of picking up a duck at several ponds or small meers we saw. We stayed for dinner, and O how refreshing was the rather primitive hot bath which motherly Mrs. Sprague treated us to! In want of surgical instruments, Mr. Sprague cut out a deep abscess in the side which had been bothering me for some time, with a razor.

SHAN-SI-FU, OCTOBER 7. We made an early start this morning, and the weather being a glorious inspiration, and we feeling very fit, we pushed on past the great cross-road caravansary where we had had tiffin the day before,

and took ours today at Chuen-wha-fu, where we had spent the night on the way up. The road was as interesting as ever, and there seemed to be more threshing going on than usual. During the afternoon an incident occurred which showed us the proper value of Lee. Our first cart got stuck in a narrow defile with another one coming in the opposite direction, whose driver refused to budge. At first the very impudence of the creature seemed to take Lee's breath away, then he slid down from his seat and advanced with stately stride. He told the man what he thought of him and his behavior, alluded to his ancestry, and touched delicately upon the disgrace he would be to his children. He then told the man that we were great generals from over the sea, and could annihilate him at a glance. The poor fellow visibly quailed at this, but started to remonstrate and perhaps explain, when Lee burst out upon him again. He was purple in the face by this time, and tearing at the throat of his pajamas for air, the words came spluttering out of his mouth like lead from a Colt-automatic, and so great was the din that we ourselves were forced, for very shame, to go on and leave him. A last look back before turning the corner showed us the carter having dragged his vehicle back out of the way, leaning against a wheel in a state of mental collapse, while Lee, reclining in graceful ease, was flinging a few choice adjectives back over his shoulder. "Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

WHY-LI-CHIEN, OCTOBER 8. With the laudable intention of continuing our good work of yesterday, and saving a day on the return journey, we arose and breakfasted at four. We traveled with the stars and the camels this morning—in fact the latter so much as to be quite a nuisance. The solemn full-toned notes of their bells warned us when a string was approaching, and if the track was narrow at the time, we would have to turn out and make room for them. We were filing through the

narrow gorge above Ching-ming-ee when the dawn broke, and the beautiful lights on cliff and rapid quite reconciled us to the nose-nipping cold.

At Ching-ming-ee, although we didn't stop, I went out of my way to look in at my former inn, on the off chance of finding some money I had lost on the way up. I wasn't positive it was here, but it proved to be; and the landlord turned it over to me. This was a pleasant corroboration of our preconceived opinion of Chinese honesty, as the landlord didn't even know that we were returning that way. I don't believe it would have happened in Japan. To be sure, the penalties against thieving are very severe, but like many other Chinese laws, they are seldom enforced. The dread of the white man's vengeance hangs over the land, however, and the memory of the terrible reprisal, taken after the Boxer uprising, is still fresh in men's minds. During the afternoon we did a little more rifle shooting, and Dick was keen to get some wild geese which were flying low overhead, but only had number sevens, and though we heard several shots tell, he failed to drop any. We enjoyed this afternoon very much in a mild lazy way—discussing a variety of inappropriate but interesting topics, and comparing our notes on the country. China—or the northern part of it—is a less beautiful, charming, and pleasant land than Japan; you make acquaintances in Japan much more readily, and the people are more polite and assiduous, but China strikes me as a more interesting and robust country, a land of promise and possibility. The people's business word is as good as their bond, and though they frankly do not like foreigners very much, their national honor is less sullied than the Japanese. It is true that they are cold-blooded and cruel, like the Japs and other eastern nations, but they are more dependable and reliable than the excitable Japs. If the Japs are the French of the Orient, clever and excitable, the Chinese are its Germans, steady and plodding. There are no

pretty girls to give you tea, sing lullabies, and fan away the mosquitoes, but there are patient, hard-working, strong men who mean some day to place their country in the forefront of the nations. The land has gone forward slowly, and though at one time, of course, way ahead of Europe, it boasts few comforts and conveniences according to our notions today. Especially is this so in Mongolia. Here is a curious paradox, however. I heard an Englishman in Peking pointing out this very fact to a Chinese official, and citing the modern banking system as an example of it. "Why at home," he exclaimed, "I don't have to carry money around with me. I just get a draft on a bank which is honored at the city to which I am going." After he had left, the Chinaman turned to me with a smile and observed that Europe had borrowed that particular system entire from China, where it had been in use for a thousand years. The position of women in China is also an indication of the almost stagnation which has been going on there. It is not courtesy, for instance, to ask after a friend's wife, in China. She is treated as nonexistent. In referring to his children the Chinese gentleman of the old school will say that he boasts so many bags of gold or lotus blossoms (boys) and is burdened with so many old brooms (girls).

There was a beautiful sunset tonight as we approached Why-li-chien, seeming to flood the whole atmosphere with a soft rich amber light, and to intensify the purples of the hills. The rosy rays filtering in level lines through an avenue of drooping elms which led up to the main gate, transfigured the homely domestic scenes and the simple happy-voiced folk about us with its Midas touch of golden magic. At the foot of the side gate near our inn, the same sheep-skin coated old gentleman sat, curled up in the dust, smoking his long straight pipe. As he recognized us, his face broke into a wrinkled smile, and he gurgled rapturously. Our stock of Chinese phrases was pretty limited, but we repeated them over and over again

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till out of hearing and each produced its appreciative giggle. A most pleasant and comfortable old man.

NANKOW, OCTOBER 9. Up at six, and away by six, forty-five. Our road this morning lay for some time along the willow-bordered bank of a stream. From its farther shore fields stretched away to the walls of a distant mud village, and some rather tardy farmers had still not finished their fall plowing. It is an incongruous sight to see a horse and a donkey, or a donkey and a bullock, harnessed to the same plow. And the plows themselves, rough wooden affairs, which hardly more than turn the surface earth. Yet I daresay that these primitive old scrapers of their forefathers are better for the crops than would be one of our big deep-shared steel ones, for north China is not a fertile land, the cultivatable soil being but a shallow super-strata. It was a warm pleasant day, and a bright-eyed girl on the stepping stones of the stream crossing, turned our thoughts upon the eternal feminine. They seem to have a harder lot here than in most places, except India. The peasant women work like beasts of burden, and the Japanese wife is far more her husband's companion than the Chinese. Those in higher stations lead at best a dull colorless existence, having no place in the social life of the community, in fact, as in ancient Greece and Persia, it is the professional entertainers and courtesans of wit, beauty, and culture, literati and conversationalists, who, until recent years have stood upon the highest pinnacle of enlightened and charming Chinese womanhood. They were famous in song and poetry and legend, and mandarins and viceroys were proud to rank themselves in the circle of acquaintances of some of these ladies. From this interesting topic we finally slid easily enough to the subject of our own women-folk and began to analyze that happy combination of qualities, tastes, and charm, which go to make up perfect desirability. We decided – but there were three of us, and bachelors at that,

so I need say no more than "So many men, so many minds." At any rate, we were each perfectly satisfied with the picture he had conjured up, and each wondered how much the other's ideal woman existed in fact, and how much in fancy.

We had tiffin at La Dow, a small village close to the great wall, where they gave us plums and grapes. Afterwards we strolled on ahead of the donkeys and carts and went down a little into the tunnel, to watch the Chinese engineers at work. As they were just about to do some blasting, however, we had to beat a hasty retreat. Back under the Great Wall and down the rugged pass we wound, past wayside temples and through more crumbling city walls. Five o'clock found us again entering friend Lu Su's establishment at Nankow, which in the light of our travels we could now see was far above the ordinary Chinese inn. At first we had thought it rough and primitive, but now it seemed quite up-to-date, for they had a tin bath-tub!

After dinner, into which Lee had put his whole soul in tender farewell, we had a general settling up with all except Lu, who will stay with us as long as we are in China. The sheep-skin-coated *mafoo*, and "Bat-eyed Bill"—Ulysses and Polyphemus, we call them—seemed much affected at the thought of leaving us, but brightened up when they heard the chink of their wages. Lee, the Magnificent, was sitting mournfully on the stove with his foot in the soup-tureen, crooning a plaintive Chinese love song in a queer, falsetto tenor, and strumming a heart-broken accompaniment on a two-stringed guitar. That guitar and his language are Lee's only vices, but as Mark Twain says that it is not safe to trust a man who has no petty faults, we felt that Lee had not lived in vain. We overhauled ourselves tonight, and found that except for a few blisters and pealed noses we are in splendid shape. The trip which is over now, has done us lots of good—we have been "full of health and hunger" as Dick says, and have

seen intimately and learned much of a very interesting country and people.

PEKING, OCTOBER 10. Left Nankow at eight-fifty, arriving in Peking at ten-thirty. We got off at another station which necessitated a bumpy four mile rickshaw ride across the city. It seemed to be a gloomy day in Peking, and we passed two funeral processions. They were headed by pairs of banners borne at intervals by boys or coolies, then a band of some eight instruments, four on a side, and two being played at a time, then more banners, and then the coffin carried by coolies on a brilliant palanquin. The mourners were dressed in white, and the coffin and the prevailing color of the banners and musicians' uniforms, was red. They all seemed happy, and a lady, who from her position must have been at least a relative of the deceased, smiled bewitchingly at us from her sedan chair. It was in strange contrast to a somber wedding procession which I had seen before leaving for Mongolia. The poor bridegroom had been on the point of tears.

Did some shopping in the afternoon, and paid some farewell calls. At Mr. Jamison's house, where we were lounging about five o'clock, was born the idea of going to Formosa. We looked over shipping lists and found we could get a boat sailing the next day from Ching-wang-tau, and due in Shang-hai three days later. Had tea with Haskins and Mrs. H., the former giving me a letter to his friend Arnold in Formosa. Peck and Casanave were there, and with the latter I had a most interesting talk about the Ladak, a country east of Kashmir, to which he has been, and of the overland trip from Saigon to Bangkok which he made about fifteen years ago. He says the mosquitoes are as big as crows! There was also a pleasant young chap named Brady there, a Williams man, touring the world with some friends. The rest left last night for Hankow, but Brady is going to stay with Has-

kins a week, joining them later in Hong Kong. Dropped in on Riggs, Gulick, Vogel, and Brown, where I spent a very pleasant two hours, Gil and Dick picking me up about eight o'clock. We had with Lu another dinner at a fashionable Chinese restaurant, and we spent the later evening pleasantly with Mr. Jamison and Mr. McCormick. . .

On Board the Loksang, October 16. . . After leaving the silk factory (Shang-hai), Lu and I took tea about dusk at the famous Willow Pattern Tea House in the heart of the native city. Lu gave me quite a long and a very interesting talk on Chinese morals, customs, and city life. Dined pleasantly with Dr. and Mrs. Thwing and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whom we had found here. We sent Lu down before dinner with our luggage, and started ourselves about ten on foot, to find our boat. We wandered through the dark narrow streets of the native quarter of Shang-hai, picking our way over the docks and piers, and around the slips, but never seeming to come any nearer to any sizable ship. At last we found out from a Chink gambling party upon whom we intruded, that she was anchored somewhere out in the darkness of the river. We got hold of a *sampan* and a couple of boys to scull out. She proved to be a small but comfortable packet of about sixteen hundred tons. As we stepped on board about eleven o'clock, we heard voices, and climbing down into the little aft saloon, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp, found a couple of men with pipes and glasses engaged in animated discussion. They proved to be a small, nervous, bearded German in the customs service, and the bushy eye-browed, bronzed chief officer. They were swapping stories and experiences and kept us up until about two o'clock in the morning, listening to their interesting talk about odd corners of the world.

On board the Loksang, October 17 to 18. Typical lazy

loafing days. A little rain, weather otherwise beautiful. Much talk—all the officers are interesting or amusing—and much reading. I've got hold of a most excellent book by Colquhoun, called *Amongst the Shans*. The Shans were the fathers of both the Indo-Chinese and the Chinese races of both the southern and inner parts of the empire, and are ethnologically as well as biologically very important. At one time practically all of Assam, Upper and Lower Burma, the present Shan States, Malaysia, Siam, Cambodia, Anam, Tonkin, Cochinchina, and Yunnan Province were united in a rather loose empire. The capital of this empire was the old jungle-buried city of Angkor Thom, in Cambodia, and there was evolved, somewhere about the sixth century, a very splendid and powerful civilization. But it proved ephemeral like all empires and civilizations, developed in warm countries, where nature is lavish of her bounty and there is nothing to contend against, and nothing to build up sturdy and energetic characters. This is still as rich a land as any part of the old world, yet the little kingdom of Siam is the only part of it which is now independent. England owns Assam, Burma, and the Strait Settlements, and controls the Shan States and the federated Malay States, practically owning them. France owns Cambodia, Tonkin, and Cochinchina, while China herself has absorbed Yunnan. Siam only is left, and they seek her life to destroy it. In the Shan States there are some very interesting wild peoples, who are practically independent, and many of whom, as roving bands of dacoits, prove a great thorn in the side of England and Burma. The Shans, the Was, the Kachins, the white and red Karens (head hunters) and many others.

The scenery is beautiful, almost equal to that of the Inland Sea. Countless rocky islands, jutting headlands, land-locked bays, cliffs, caves, dark rocks with white foam fringing their bases, and, on the mainland, distant mountains. Myriads of junks and fishing *sampans* dot the

gulfs, their red, yellow, and green mat sails making a very picturesque scene. These waters were the haunts of the notorious Chinese pirates who are even yet not entirely extinct. Our captain has had several brushes with them during his twenty years in Chinese waters. It is in the barren coastlands, too, between Foochow and Amoy, that the famous cave-tiger[6] of southern China is occasionally obtained.

Foochow, Saturday, October 19. . . The thirty miles of the Min River up which we steamed this morning were very beautiful; long quiet reaches, hills more completely terraced for tea than the vine-clad slopes of the Rhine, and eminences crowned with the ruins of old, or bristling with the powerful modern guns of new, fortifications. These last have been built by the energetic viceroy of Fuhkien Province, who, mindful of the days when a French fleet came in and destroyed all his boasted men-of-war and forts, wishes to be prepared the next time. Foochow – though its very name, I imagine, is unfamiliar at home – is the third city of China, and of vastly more importance to the Chinese than, for instance, Shanghai. The Chinaman regards Shang-hai simply as a small foreign community, a delightful and interesting pleasure resort, but too expensive for the purses of most of them. Foochow's foreign trade in tea – which used to be considered the best in all China – has dropped in the past ten years from twenty million to four million pounds, the teas of Ceylon, Java, and Formosa having largely driven it out of the market.

We expected to be able to leave this morning, but found that our little eight hundred ton Jap steamer, the Amoy Maru, does not sail till Tuesday. Secretly I am rejoicing, for although Formosa is the goal we are steering for, Foochow is too full of beauty and interest, too far from

[6] For a description and an account of the method of hunting this rare, curious, and dangerous beast, see special note in Hunting Note Book.

the usual tourist's stamping ground, and too different from anything we have seen, to be missed. On the launch, which, after depositing our luggage on the Amoy Maru, took us farther up the river to the Italian-looking stone landing quay shaded with lime trees, we met Mr. Wilder—consul at Hong Kong, Yale '84, New Englander, and very pleasant.

No hotel, so we took toothbrushes, pajamas, and clean collars up to Brocket's General Store, over which there are a couple of rooms. This is on an island where the small foreign community—consuls, customs officers, missionaries and tea traders—live. Their bungalows are on top of a hill overlooking the warehouses and a small native settlement, and set in green park-like luxuriance. We called on Dr. Gracey at our consulate, and were cordially urged to stay for tiffin. There was Mrs. Gracey, a very pleasant hostess, and vice consul Baker, a young Californian. The consulate is delightfully situated with a garden full of brilliant, but for the most part, unnamable flowers, ferns, and palms, stretching down to the river. Dr. Gracey has been here for seventeen years, with only one vacation of eighteen months, and finds it very healthy—he had been quite run down before securing the appointment—and is very much interested in the people and the work which is being done among them by a zealous band of missionaries. During his absence in 1900 a certain fiery Colonel Pimpernickel from South Carolina, held the post, and his name is held in fear and awe even now by the Chinese. The viceroy of Fuhkien Province rules nearly sixty millions, and has four Taotais under him. He was an able and canny Chink, and kept his province pretty quiet during the Boxer revolt, but once word was brought in that some English up-country missionaries were "being murdered." The British consul was a slow lethargic chap, and upon being disturbed at a game of billiards at the club with this news, said he would drop over and see the Taotai in the morning. This simply meant that

the Taotai would report that the rumor was false, and that he had just received word from that quarter to the effect that everything was quiet. A couple of days later, on the confirmation of the tidings, he would of course be very sorry and do all that he could—but in vain—to catch the offenders. Colonel Pimpernickel, however, was more strenuous. He allowed that this was the chance, Sir, for which he had been waitin' yere for, Sir, by gad, Sir; and with a rifle in one hand, and a shotgun in the other, his boots full of six-shooters, and his hat band bristling with bowie knives, he dashed off in a rickshaw to the rescue. He shot at the lights and chickens in all the villages through which his terrified coolies whirled him, and the news of his coming was borne along before him on the exaggerating breeze of rumor. The upshot of the matter was that he fired a couple of loads of buckshot into some Chinks, and brought the missionaries back safe and sound. At another time one of his servants was to be tried for thieving, by a Chinese court, and in true oriental fashion the judge wished to delay and put off the trial for a couple of months. The redoubtable colonel, however, strode into the courtroom, drew a chair up to the judge's desk, slammed his revolver down in front of him, and asked when the trial was to be. "Next week," said the judge feebly. "I guess I didn't catch what you said," said the colonel, again banging his revolver. "I said the day after tomorrow," replied the judge. "Can't you reconsider that?" said the colonel, drawing another revolver. "After due consideration," announced the judge hastily, "the court has decided to hold the trial this afternoon." "Well I reckon that's better," said the colonel. "Go ahead, don't mind me," and he lit a stogie. At another time a dispute arose and the colonel sent down word that he wanted to see the Taotai at once. The Taotai sent back word that he couldn't see him. The colonel mounted and rode down to the Yamen, but was told that the Taotai was sick. "All right, Sir," says he, "I'll wait

till he feels better," and sent back for his bed and some food. Hardly had he gotten a camp pitched in the courtyard of the Yamen, however, before he received word that the Taotai's condition was less critical, and that he would be graciously pleased to give him an audience. The colonel was constantly threatening to send for a battleship, and went home at last, feeling that he had had "a bully good time." A great crowd of Chinese officials came down to see him off.

After tiffin President Peak (Yale '85!) of Foochow College, came over, and we had quite a pleasant Yale reunion. He insisted upon the three of us getting into chairs and coming over with him to the Compound of the American Board Mission. This was one of the most interesting rides I have ever had, swaying down the hill out across the famous old stone Bridge of a Thousand Ages, crowded with passers and sidewalk merchants, and through three miles of the narrow, crowded, dirty, noisy streets of this great city. China is such a vast country that there is as much difference between a northern and southern Chinaman, as between a Swede and Spaniard. The north Chinaman is larger, braver, more robust, and bronzed, than his southern compatriot, who sneers at him as an untutored barbarian, and it must be admitted that most of the culture and learning of China is to be found in Foochow, Amoy, Canton and the other great southern cities, while politics center around Peking, and the foreign trade at Shang-hai and Hong Kong. The southerner is yellower, smaller-boned, more intelligent and refined, and though no more industrious, yet makes a better business man than the Manchu or the Mongol.

One hears so much of the reeking filth of the south China cities, that I must confess to being agreeably surprised. It was dirty, to be sure, very dirty; offal and refuse of all kinds strewing the streets, blood and bits of meats from the open-fronted butcher shops, and grease and oil and candle drippings added to the mud, made the

worn paving stones so smooth that our bearers were constantly slipping and sliding; but there was nothing that was not perfectly natural under the existing conditions of intensely dark narrow streets and overhanging houses, nor was there any accumulation of it. The men all go naked from the waist up (wearing long baggy trousers in strange contrast to the coated but bare-legged Japanese coolies) and wear the round, broad, painted wicker hat with a peaked center and curled up edge which we had expected to find only in the Shan States and Indo-China. The end of the pig tail is braided with silk and bound about the head like a turban. The women, except the so called "water women," have small feet, and wear three silver bodkins stuck in their piled-up hair so as to form a cross, and large silver rings in their ears, reaching to the shoulders. Foochow, like Canton, has a large floating population. Whole families live and move and have their being in the junks and *sampans* which crowd the river front and lie in every canal and slip through the city. They are mostly handled by strong flat-footed women and girls, who are generally considered the best looking class of girls in China. The south China coast is the home of that terrible storm, the typhoon, so that men and women both get plenty of practice in rough weather and are as expert handlers of small craft as the longshore New England fisherman or our own Great Lakes sailors.

A scene such as we were passing through, is only repulsive as long as one feels that the people are all strangers. As soon as you begin to know and understand the Chinaman, it all seems natural and as it should be. You look through the mass of wild yellow faces, trying to read their thoughts – you notice the children playing amid the brassware and china in the bazaars, as children are playing at home, and you smile at the pretty girl who is selling dried fish from an osier basket. You glance through the shop to the family scene which is going on in the house behind – the same room serving as workshop, store, kitchen, din-

ing-room, nursery, and bed-room. You peer through the dim doorway of a tiny temple to see an old man prostrating himself before the dull glowing brass Buddha in the smoky interior of the shrine. The Chinese are calloused, prejudiced, and even cruel, if you like, but they are human after all.

At the mission we found Mrs. Peak and Mr. Peak's mother and half sister, Mrs. and Miss Hartwell. They are all kindly earnest New England souls and made us very welcome. We had tea and were glad to promise that we would come back on Monday to visit the college. Mr. Peak is also trying to persuade us to stay over for ten days and take a houseboat trip with him up the north branch of the Min River, but I'm afraid he won't succeed.

Before leaving for the consulate – where we dined tonight – we took a stroll with Mr. Peak through the streets near the compound, and visited a Buddhist and a Taoist temple. It gave us a good opportunity to compare them – Buddhism rampant, and Taoism practically dormant in China. The teachings of Confucius were essentially Utilitarian, capable of very successful application to political, social, and moral questions, but containing little or nothing concerning the nature, origin, and destiny of the human soul. This was left to the school of mystical philosophy called Taoism, originated by Lao-tsze, and first introduced to China by his great disciple Thuang-Tze. So much of magic, of demon worship, of profitless search for the elixir of life, of dragons, thunders, and lightnings, have been mixed with its later development, that it is hard to disassociate all this from the simple "Way." Lao-tsze's creed was very simple, but so mystical that it is hard for foreigners to understand. He taught that there was a *Tao*, or "Way" or method of life and of doing all things; that this was the best possible method, and that by following it, man could assure himself of eternal life. The sacerdotalism, which the philosophy of Lao-

tsze assailed, was akin to the Brahmanism of India at the time of Buddha's appearance, and to that of Roman Catholicism at the appearance of Luther. Taoism's principal tenet is that this "Way" exists and has always existed, and that in it exist all living things. The Pantheistic idea of this universal and unchangeable Essence, is not better conveyed perhaps, than in these lines of Swinburne

> I am that which began,
> Out of me the years roll,
> Out of me God and Man,
> I am equal and whole.
> God changes and Man, and the form of them bodily; I am the Soul.

FOOCHOW, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20. After an early breakfast we strolled down to the stone bund and took *sampan*—stopping only long enough to pick out the prettiest of the girls who offered themselves—and were sculled over to the foot of Kulian Mountain. Our tiffin basket was well garnished and carried by a mild youth, who undertook to guide us up to the Ku Shan Monastery, where we had decided to spend a lazy Sunday. Our course lay across a mile or so of flat land to the foot of the mountain. This land is all laid out in paddy fields, and a complete system of irrigation ditches, sluice gates, and miniature falls, keeps it all under water, and makes the going along the narrow intervening ridges, rather delicate work. Water buffaloes—ridden and guided by little naked boys—were plowing in some unplanted fields, and others were wallowing in muddy pools or deep reaches of a little stream. We gave them a wide berth, as though quite tractable with the natives, they have the reputation of making things very unpleasant for foreigners. The ascent to the monastery itself, which is about two-thirds of the way up the two thousand five hundred foot mountain, was made on a rough stone-stepped stairway, zig-

zagging through the trees. Still somewhat tanned from the cold winds of Mongolia, we found this a very moist and breathless climb. We passed scores of coolies carrying bricks tied together and slung from each end of the swaying Chinese carrying-pole. This pole, which rests on one shoulder, enables the Chinese coolie, who here in the south is not a man of extraordinary physique, to carry more than any other workman in the world. The ascent to the monastery could not take them less than two hours, yet I noticed many carrying twenty, and one chap staggering along under twenty-six bricks. Of course they are accustomed to the heat. Hundreds were coming down empty-poled, women, boys, and even children forming part of the procession.

The monastery is a large rambling affair, built partly on a little plateau which presents a level if small site, and partly tucked away in nearby ravines. There are between two and three hundred monks, many of them said to be escaped criminals, but all whom we met were kind, though curious. The monastery is wondrous well appointed, and has the reputation of being very rich and self-supporting. We poked about its courts and cloisters, its cool shady pavilions overhanging ponds of sacred carp, its storerooms, and bell towers all day long. There is something dreamily delightful in the placid gilded Buddhas, the droning chants, the whisper of the wind in the palm trees, and the splash of a fountain in a quiet court. We met everywhere with such courtesy and friendly smiles that we were encouraged to be very curious, in a mild way, and rambled about to our heart's content. We stopped in a cloister to help some boys who were eating fruit, and we fed the fishes in the carp pond with rice cakes. A low wooden door and a narrow winding stairs tempted us up into a brother's room, but we were not permitted to lightly take our leave. Ah no, we had to stay for a cup of tea and have our clothes examined. Next we climbed up into the bell tower, and the

old bell-ringer grinned vapidly as we swung the great carved wooden fish against the bronze gong and boomed out a call to prayers. He was so impressed with the sweet music which we had elicited, that he pressed tea, liches, and melon seeds upon us. Next we strolled into the open-sided dining pavilion, with its long low tables and wooden trestles and heaped-up bowls of rice. Presently another boom of the bell announced tiffin, and we watched the monks file in. The droning grace which the abbot, or father superior, intoned, and to which the monks chanted responses, lasted for nearly ten minutes. The kitchen, with its great caldrons of soups, stews, and rice, and its dark smoked rafters, claimed our next attention. Then the granary, then the hennery, and then another brother's room. This was a very small one, a mere closet, with a shelf-like bed, a few books, and the inevitable teapot. Last of all, we visited the stables, where a few cows and useful donkeys are kept.

We took our own tiffin in the visitors' pavilion, beside one of the large carp ponds. After tiffin, we and a couple of young novitiate cronies, lolled in a cool sequestered cloister over pipes and some books of verses—Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* and the *Oxford Book of English Verse* from which Gil read aloud. The old priests, who occasionally passed us mumbling over their rosaries, would stop and peer over our shoulders at the queerly printed pages, titter childishly, and depart after raising a withered hand to bless us: "*Om mani padme hum*" which literally means, "Behold the jewelled lotus" but which is used as a benediction wherever the Buddhist creed holds sway. We watched a young bespectacled clerk-like *bonzee*, checking loads and paying off the coolies. He had his abacus (counting board) at his side, and kept the balls fairly flying across the wires as he made his calculations. We had more tea with him, and then started off to visit the distant treasure house. Resting at a little stone pavilion to look down the foliage-choked

KU SHAN MONASTERY, ABOVE FOOCHOW

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gorge which it overhung, we saw an elderly Manchu lady of refined and dignified presence coming down the moss-grown stairway. She was followed by three very pretty daughters or nieces – no tiny-footed stumbling here – and we rose, swung off our battered panamas like Spanish grandees, and offered them our stone slab as a seat. They accepted with friendly smiles, and I presently had the old lady gazing in awe-struck joy through my binoculars down upon distant Foochow. The girls could hardly wait their turn to gaze through the infernal machine, and I'm sure that if we could only have understood one another, things would have been going swimmingly by this time. As it was, we had to limit ourselves to a few polite phrases and the language of the eyes. It was with great regret that we finally left the delightful old Ku Shan monastery, where we felt that a stay of several days with our gentle, shaven-polled friends would be all too short. I had been doing some sleight-of-hand tricks for them just before we took our departure, and I think they were genuinely sorry to see the last of their queer visitors.

The early evening we spent very quietly reading and talking with Mr. Brocket, who was here at the time of the French *émeute*, and later when Gil had turned in, I went out for a stroll in the moonlight, and visited another Chinese theater for an hour or so. The theater, stage setting and acting were much the same as that we had seen in Peking, smacking of Elizabethan times. Here I picked up a chance English-speaking acquaintance and we took a *sampan* and sculled about the river and up the canals under queer old stone bridges, white in the full moonlight. The native life among the crowded junks and *sampans* was most interesting. My friend, Li Sung, stopped at the junk of an acquaintance of his, and we went aboard and had a cup of tea and some candy. The family was in charming dishabillé, but very hospitable. Turned in about twelve-thirty.

FOOCHOW, MONDAY, OCTOBER 21. Since the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet had to go to the mountain. We had done no shopping since we had been in Foochow, so this morning as we stepped out on Mr. Brocket's veranda after breakfast, we found it converted into a bazaar. Fully a dozen merchants were squatting amidst their wares, and brass and lacquer, china and silks were laid out to the best advantage. Bargaining with these apathetic Chinamen is a long process, demanding much skill and patience. Your opening bid should be in the nature of a friendly jest, to break the ice, and put everybody at their ease, and his demand in reply is no more of an indication of what he really expects to get. We played with these people till ten o'clock, bargaining for more than we bought, though we picked up one or two little things that caught our eye.

At ten, we met Mr. Peak and Consul Wilder at the bank, the former of whom was going to take us over to lunch and to see the college and something more of the city itself. It had been so quiet on the green island where the foreigners live, and up at the Ku Shan Monastery on Sunday, that it was almost like bursting into a blast furnace when we plunged down from the last worn step of the Bridge of a Thousand Ages into the seething mass of humanity which crowded the streets. The viceroy of Fuhkien Province, who rules nearly sixty millions of people, makes this his capital. He has four Taotais under him, and there is only one in Shang-hai, yet practically no foreigners come here except those who are interested in trade or missions, or are in the consular or customs service. Residents say that they do not get half a dozen pure tourists in a twelvemonth. When one thinks of the hundreds who weekly are conducted to the sights of Canton, and the native quarter of Shang-hai, one feels like saying "Thank God for that, for it is still as it always has been." When we met other chairs at a particularly narrow part of the street, our boys sometimes swung us

fairly into a shop to let them pass, and I remember once being suspended for some moments over a simmering, bubbling cauldron of sticky yellow stuff at a sidewalk restaurant, and wondering whether they would call me a ragout or a simple stew if the pole broke! I imagine that it is living in these intensely narrow choked streets, where practically no fresh air comes in, that has tended as much as anything else to make the south Chinaman so yellow.

After an hour or so of this fascinating travel, we were whisked up a still narrower side street – the one we had been on is one of the principal thoroughfares, forsooth – to Dr. Kinnear's home. He and his wife, who is a trained nurse, have lived here for thirty years and have been doing a remarkably useful and self-sacrificing work. They made us very welcome and Dr. Kinnear took us through an alley out into a little open common to see the Foochow Baby Tower. Everyone of course has read of these horrible tombs, but I had a sort of feeling that they were a relic of the past, and were really not used any more. The structure is more like a well than a tower, being sunk about fifty feet beneath the ground, and rising only about six or seven feet above it. Near the top is a small opening through which the undesirable girl babies are dropped by the poor and even sometimes by the well-to-do of Foochow. In spite of the stench, I looked in. It was nearly full! Although a certain amount of decomposition thins them out, it doesn't take more than a few years to fill one of these towers. This was a new one, the last having been left as it was, no one being willing to clean it out. A law has been passed to prevent the throwing of live babies into the tower, but it is broken every day. A couple of vultures, who had been disturbed from the tower as we approached, were perched on a nearby tree; and a gaunt wolfish looking dog, who had been hungrily nosing some of the mat wrappings in which the children are brought, slunk off like a hyena. There was a row of little wooden dolls, with pitifully painted smiles, around

the base of the tower. These had been placed here by superstitious mothers and sisters to amuse the spirits of the children until such time as they should be called to take their place in the Buddhist heaven or hell. Altogether it was a pathetic and heart-wrenching sight. Our way back took us past the edge of a cemetery, and here under mat sheds, or lying carelessly about in the long grass, were perhaps a hundred coffins, some of them almost rotted away, and the object of considerable attention from a score or more of prowling pariah dogs. They were waiting till relatives and friends should have earned enough money, or found a spot with sufficiently good Fung Shui, in which to bury them.

Dr. H. N. Kinnear's hospital, which we next visited, was only less interesting and more gruesome than what we had already seen. We first passed through the waiting room, open to the street, and a veritable chamber of horrors it was. People in all stages of decay (the Chinese are very prone to noxious skin and venereal diseases) were sitting or lying on the floor. The operating room, which is in reality another house, and a pretty dilapidated one at that, was a pitiful spectacle. On one table lay a leper, suffering from acute elephantiasis of the lower leg, and on another a man who had just had his right eye removed. On a third common deal table, was a poor woman who had been operated on for cancer of the stomach. Although Dr. Kinnear is a very capable surgeon, and most of his operations are successful, his appliances and the knowledge of his assistants, are so elemental, that the operating room naturally has not the clean orderly appearance of a modern hospital at home. One large, but low-roofed building, crowded with a dozen cots—all occupied—was the ward. All the air and spaces between the beds was being taken up by enquiring friends. It is people like this—Dr. Kinnear and President Peak—laboring manfully over a useful work in a rich field, whom one wants to help. I wish I were in a position to have helped

more of the earnest and loving workers I have met out here in the East.

We got another very warm welcome from Mrs. Peak, Mrs. and Miss Hartwell, and the bright-faced children, and had a pleasant tiffin party. Afterwards we went over to the college and visited several of the classes. The college owns its own land, and is prettily situated in a wooded valley in the heart of the city. In addition to the substantial brick and stone buildings of the compound, where the teachers and the missionaries live, the college has four or five large and very well equipped halls, and some of the courts – palm and banyan shaded, and bright with flowers and acacias – are very attractive. Banana palms thrust their loaded arms almost into the very windows. There are about four hundred students in the college, divided into eight classes, and the curriculum embraces English (language, grammar, and composition), history, geography, arithmetic, mathematics (as far as solid geometry), psychology, physics, chemistry, botany, astronomy, Chinese classics and literature in the original, and a little manual training to which they are hoping to add when they get more money. We visited several classes, English reading, mental arithmetic (conducted by Miss Emily Hartwell), chemistry, and geography, and were greatly interested. There is hardly any skylarking here, and much more attention to business than at home. China, indeed, is the home of education, learning, and culture being more highly regarded than anywhere else in the world. One of the Chinese teachers, Mr. Ming, went around with us for a while. He was extremely nice looking, cultured, and pleasant, had been in America for seven months some ten years ago, and spoke English nearly as well as we do. As may be expected, the local government is very much in sympathy with the institution. Graduates of the college find no difficulty in getting mercantile or political positions, and are very much sought after.

Came on board this boat, the Amoy Maru, a cute little tug of eight hundred tons, at six this evening. Our dinner tonight was a hideous nightmare, being a supposed Japanese attempt at a European meal. Brocket's itself was none too good, but as we shall be in Formosa day after tomorrow, and have learned to like real Japanese food, we don't mind. We are booked to start at daylight tomorrow, and the Straits of Formosa have a great reputation for storms and typhoons. The Jap officers seem very cocky, and as I watched them bullying their Chinese boys, I couldn't but remember an incident which Baker had been an eye witness of, and which he told me about the other day. The Japs are not only settling thickly in southern China, as well as Manchuria and Korea, but they are spying out the land and making charts of rivers and maps of the country as if they owned it. (Indeed I understand that Jap spies have been caught doing the same thing on board our battleships in the Philippines, in Java, Australia, and British India.) Many Chinamen find that they can get better trading privileges by registering as foreigners, and so go over to Formosa, take out Japanese citizenship papers, and return to do business in their mother country as Japanese citizens. Some months ago the Japanese consul in Foochow called a meeting of all the Japs in the province. He at first ordered all the Chinks among them to cut off their pigtails, but on their insisting that if they did so, they would lose "face" and not be able to do any business with their compatriots at all, he said: "Well, we'll let it go for the present, because it really makes no difference. *In five years Fuhkien Province will belong to Japan*, and you'll all have to cut off your pigtails and wear kimonas then." Rather significant, that.

Ascent of Mount Morrison and a Trip through the Savage Country of Southern Formosa

From Diary

Still rather disgruntled from the disappointment of having to give up our proposed trip of exploration and tiger-hunting into Manchuria, with Straight, Dick, and Captain Reeves, Gil and I were browsing lazily in deep armed chairs before Mr. Jamison's library fire in Peking. I had Colquhoun's meaty tome *The Mastery of the Pacific* across my knees, and my hair was slowly rising on my head as I read his lurid account of the untamed head-hunters of Formosa. I read one sentence aloud:

> The savages, however, far from being subdued, have so far as one can learn, been rather more troublesome of late years.

It was like waving a red rag at a bull, and Gil closed his book with a bang. "Go on," he said, leaning forward with that keen glitter in his eyes, which I knew meant that he was already longing for fresh worlds to conquer.

"There will be plenty of time to assimilate the scanty facts and meager, though thrilling account, which this book gives, later," I observed. "The present point is, where is it?"

"An island off the South China Coast, somewhere."

"Full of wild-eyed head hunters, the book says."

"And primeval jungles and snakes!"

"Terra-incognita to tourist and globe trotter."

"When shall we start?"

"By the next boat."

"Leaving?"

"There is one tomorrow from Ching-wan-tao to Shanghai."

"We're off!"

We had a rough, but not unpleasant trip down to Shanghai, on the little coasting steamer Kaiping. The captain, chief officer, and chief engineer, were talkative Scots, and we had four other interesting companions. The only

event of the trip was the picking up in mid-ocean, of a small ship, whose propeller had been smashed in the same typhoon which had rolled us out of our bunks the night before. The sea was still running very high, and the first small boat we put off, to take a cable across to the disabled ship, was swamped, and two men drowned. The captain was much chagrined when he found the ship was of the same line as our own – the China Steam Navigation Company – which meant there would be no salvage money for him. We had a busy, pleasant two days in Shang-hai, "doing" a few sights, going through a silk factory, and visiting friends; and then took another tramp steamer, the Luksang, which, after threading her tortuous way through the beautiful Archipelago fringing the southern coast of China, 'neath smiling skies and over blue summer seas, landed us in charming, gold-and-green Foochow. Our three days' enforced halt here, until a six hundred ton Japanese cargo vessel could bundle us over the Formosan Straits, was a precious windfall. Its beauties

No skald in song had told
No saga taught me

or in other words, not being a tourist stamping-ground, it had never been "written up" in guide books. It was virgin soil, and we felt, as we inspected the college, gazed fearfully into the half-choked baby tower, poked about the sleepy old Kushan Monastery, which clings like a cliff-dweller's porch (did they have porches?) to the steep rocky side of Kulian Mountain, and palanquined through the crowded narrow streets, throbbing with the humming population of the third city of China, that Mr. Cook and men of his ilk had never herded their hundreds over its greasy paving stones.

Diana heralded us into the "Beautiful Isle," and cast her silvery veil over the shimmering waters of the bay, the sentinel peaks that guard it, and the dark jungle-clad hills behind, which seemed to hide we knew not what of mystery and adventure. Like knight errants, we

stepped ashore, eager to flash our maiden explorers' swords in a land, most of which had never been traversed by white people. No finger-posts told us where to go, there were no "Sights," a year or two ago I might have said, no railways, but already Japanese energy and enterprise were handing on their own gift of western civilization to this, the youngest colony. Things were primitive enough, however, to suit even such carping critics as Gil and I had already become. And now for a few hard, unromantic facts culled from ex-U.S. Consul Davidson's comprehensive volume on the island and its people.

Formosa – the Beautiful Isle – has been the battle ground for the contending powers of Holland, Portugal, Spain, China, and Japan, since early in the sixteenth century, but passed definitely into the hands of the latter by the Treaty of Shimoneseki in 1895. The Dutch were driven out by the notorious Chinese free-lance and naval hero Koxinga, in the middle of the seventeenth century. It lies off the coast of Fuhkien Province, China. The island is two hundred and sixty miles long, and about sixty broad. The Aboriginees are of two distinct races – the Pepuans, who now inhabit the low cultivated western half, a Mongoloid people supposed to have migrated in early days from China, Borneo, Java, or the Philippines; and the head-hunters (several distinct tribes) some sixty thousand of whom are left, and have never been driven from their jungle fastnesses among the high mountains and precipitous cliffs of the eastern shore. These latter are distinctly Aryans, and had their origin long ago, either in the Philippines or the Malay Archipelago, a fact which the absolute ignorance of modern geographers and anthropologists concerning them has left still unsettled. The Japanese have completed (except for a gap of about ten miles where service is maintained by a temporary man-propelled trolley system) a railway, connecting the northern capital, Taipéh, with the southern, Tainan. The port towns are Keelung, Tam-sui (where we landed), An-

ping, and Takao. The trade, entirely in the hands of Japanese coasting steamers and Chinese junks, is, exports: mainly green tea, camphor (seven-eighths of the world's supply comes from Formosa), skins, and tin, though there is abundant unexploited timber wealth; imports are: rice, hemp, cotton goods, opium, and tobacco.

Well, after a few lazy days of drinking the waters of Lethe at Hokuto, a Japanese health-resort, where we splashed in warm waterfalls and played with the children, we donned collars and ties and paid a call of courtesy and queries upon our pleasant consul, Mr. Julian Arnold and his wife – to whom we had letters from mutual friends in Peking (Haskins and McCormick) and messages from Baker, of Foochow. A day's outing together made us quite chummy with him, and on Friday, at tiffin, he made us the proposal to go with him and Mrs. Arnold and Irving Hall (Harvard, '04) on their consular tour of explorations, to study the natural resources of the country, and the opportunities for development. The first part of this trip comprised a two week's tramp through the head hunters' country of southern Formosa, an ascent of Mount Morrison the highest mountain in the Japanese empire, and a visit to the head office of the Fugita Lumber Company, situate in the heart of the magnificent redwood forests on Ari San [mountain]. It was for this first part that we were invited. Now as the wildest dreams of our young lives had really soared no higher than penetrating as far as one of the frontier blockhouses, whence a glimpse of Mount Morrison (Ni Taka Yama – new highest mountain) might be obtained, and something seen of the gentle head-hunters, it did not take us long to give expression to a rapturous assent to his offer.

On the morning of Saturday, October twenty-sixth, therefore, we packed sweaters, heavy socks, and a few other necessaries, in my great canvas duffle-bag, and leaving the rest of our baggage in charge of the obliging

manager of the Shotoyen Inn, we left Hokuto, and ran up to Diatote (Taipéh), a short six miles by rail.

We put up at a very comfortable inn at the capital (the Choiyungo, where they give you wonderful little *cache* with your tea) and spent the day in buying such needful things as blankets, oiled paper, *waraje* [straw sandals], and chocolate, and helping the Arnolds pack. My experience in outfitting hunting trips in Canada and New Brunswick enabled me to discourage Mrs. Arnold from taking the whole of the vast number of tins of meat, soup, vegetables, etc., which were arrayed upon the consulate floor, and we finally got things all boxed, or sacked, and neatly tabulated in a note-book for re-packing later.

Half past five of a cold drizzly Sunday found our little party busy at the railway station checking our eighteen pieces of baggage, provisions, and a box with the two little terriers, "Peanuts" and "Doosybus." Hall, had in addition to his three large wicker baskets of clothes and blankets, a bag of books, but they all proved useful later. Our young interpreter, Mr. Immamura, over-slept and had to catch a later train, but none of us realized then what a blessing it was to be without him for one whole delightful day. Mr. Nagao, however, chief of the Public Works Department, and a most kind and courteous gentleman, was with us as long as we were on the train (his destination was Tainan – still further south) and we were a most jolly party, if a bit sleepy at first. The monotony of the long day's ride was happily broken by frequent attacks upon the A's ample tiffin basket and the numerous changes we had to make. First, into a narrow-gauge road through some hills, and then into a so-called trolley line for about ten miles, where the railroad was not yet completed. It consisted of box seats on little flat cars which were pushed over temporary tracks by flying coolies, and was quite exciting at the corners and down grades. This is the universal form of trolley on the island.

The scenery all day was entertaining and, to Gil and me,

novel. The constantly ascending mountains towering away to the eastward, in the foreground the foothills with their great palms, frondes, ferns, bamboo forests, vines and creepers forming an almost tropical jungle overgrowth (in fact some time in the afternoon we did pass into the tropics), while to the west was a narrow strip of flat cultivated land and then the sea.

At four we reached Toroku and after a few moments wild confusion, managed with kind police assistance to arrive, bag and baggage, at an inn. Here the officials met us, and after tea and a bath, we worked out our daily itinerary through them (Arnold and Hall speak Pekinese as well as the Foochow dialect) cutting it down so as to enable Hall, Gil, and me to get back in time to catch the Hong Kong boat on the tenth. Immamura arrived during the evening and after a Japanese supper and a stroll, we turned in very tired.

In the morning we found we had to take the train back a little distance to Rinai, a small place with no hotel, but where there is a trolley going a little way into the interior. The hotel people said the first train left at six, so we appeared ready at the station a few minutes beforehand on cool, dewy, Monday morning only to find that it had gone at five, forty-five and the next one didn't leave till nine, forty-five. We had planned for two days work to-day and this was a bad beginner, but we had to make the best of matters and took a stroll to help kill time. We visited a slaughter house and were surprised at the cleanness of the Chinese methods. Then the others took to their books while I taught Mrs. Arnold piquet on the station platform, till the nine, forty-five for Rinai appeared.

The trolley ride from Rinai to Rinkiho (about nine miles inland) was interesting but very warm. We arrived about one to learn that the twenty or thirty coolies whom the police were to have ready for us had been allowed to go because we had not arrived by the first train as we telephoned. The police said it was useless to go

further to-day as it would take a long while for us to get ready—to re-adjust our big bundles to sizes which the coolies could handle, to get tiffin, to find coolies, etc., while the road was so long that we should not arrive until long after dark. This is the regular Japanese point of view; if any difficulty presents itself they must slowly and carefully straighten it out before they go on; time is no object, and they have no conception of pushing on in the face of obstacles or springing into the breach and patching matters up the best way you can. I verily believe that if we had submitted to their verdict then, the whole trip would have taken four or five days longer, but our first display here of American energy made a tremendous effect and afterwards they were quite willing to hurry whenever we wanted. Mr. Immamura was about as silly and useless as he could be, but Arnold finally made the police understand that if they would please get some coolies we would be ready to start as soon as they, and we didn't care when we got there so long as we weren't delayed till tomorrow. Mrs. Arnold and I made some soup of beef extract, tea and toast, and this with pumaloes and sweet chocolate constituted our lunch. While we were doing this the others were making the necessary changes in our luggage, and at about half past two the coolies appeared. We tied on our *waraje, tabi*, and gaiters; thanked the police and took their pictures in a group (which always tickles the Japs) and set out. I bought, for two cents, a great straw coolie hat, as the sun was hot and I had no helmet.

The first hour and a half was level, a little track runing through paddy and tea fields, but quite near the jungle-covered hills. Only thirty-four per cent of Formosa is cultivatable but on it is grown the finest green tea in the world. The terraced paddy fields are irrigated by little canals into which water is pumped by tread-mills. About three we had a thunderstorm which freshened and cooled the air. At four we stopped for a moment for

tea at a police station and then turned sharply into the hills, leaving behind us for good and all the cultivated lowlands of the west coast. The whole world seemed changed the moment we had penetrated into the mysterious gloom of the forest. Great creepers swung down from the trees like snakes, or caught at our feet as they writhed across the trail, the sword grass cut our hands as we caught at it in steep places, vines hung down and brushed our faces and the broken sunlight seemed to populate the thick rich depths on either side of us with strange wild creatures. We carried Mrs. Arnold over many streams, some more than waist-deep, we scrambled up little cliffs and over great logs, we came upon villages in the clearings and dodged the water-buffalo, who, hating foreigners, would have charged us, and finally a little before six we arrived at another station. The beautiful tropical night descended suddenly upon us here, and the stars seen through the dark outlines of the tall betel-nut palms made a new and beautiful effect. We had to wait so long, however, for the rest of the party, the cook, coolies and Lu, to catch up, that our policeman guide began to fear they were lost and sent out men with torches to search. They had in fact taken some wrong track, probably at the last village, and were not brought in until seven-thirty. The circumstance reminded me of an episode in Mongolia, when we were also separated from cook, provisions, bedding, and baggage, only in that case it had been by a snowstorm and for two days.

Well, we started on again by flaring torchlight (the torches are made by saturating a sort of wood pulp with kerosene and putting it in a hollow bamboo rod). The remainder of the journey was most picturesque, being up a steep and roaring river bed. It was a very painful process for me, as shortly after starting I lost both my *waraje* and had to go the rest of the distance over a very sharp and stony trail in my *tabi* (stocking feet). Luckily we didn't have to ford the stream much. I shall

never forget some of the pictures the torches revealed that night; the heavily laden coolies crawling along the narrow path built in a cliff with a waterfall roaring below, or some of the party crossing a narrow bridge of saplings that swayed at every step. It was ten o'clock when we arrived at Gueonroka (one thousand five hundred feet) the police station where we were to stop, and we were dead tired though it is only called eighteen miles from Rinkiho. By the time we had a hot bath, a change, and dinner was ready, it was midnight, so that we didn't turn in till one, with our sore feet, full stomachs, and contented souls. Full moon.

After such a tiresome day we decided to sleep late so it was nine o'clock before we had finished our porridge, bacon, and coffee and were ready for business. The trail started with a will, and led us up, up through a thick overgrowth which kept out any breath of cool air, for a panting dripping twelve hundred feet or so (by aneroid), and then, after a brief halt to cool and enjoy the view, we had to plunge right down again till we reached the bottom of a beautiful valley which lay on the other side. This valley at first reminded me of the Doone Valley. It was narrow, shut in by high, steep, densely wooded hills and had a beautiful stream running through it; but presently it turned and debouched into another and much broader valley where the river bed was wide and stony and the sun very hot. All morning the track lay up the course of this stream, and as our feet were still puffed and sore from our first experience with *tabi* and *waraje* the day before, the going was very painful. It was a pleasant relief to cool them by walking along for a time in the stream. We stopped at twelve-thirty beside the stream and cooked tiffin—how good the cold pumaloes tasted! We peeled them and held them for a while in running water. After tiffin things were a little smoother—the rocks got bigger and didn't hurt so much—while about three we left the river bed and plunged bravely up a hill. On we went, top-

ping rise after rise through a beautiful jungle growth, till our twenty-fifth mile and four, forty-five o'clock in the afternoon brought us to the lonely police station of Namakama (two thousand eight hundred feet). Here we could really begin to see the high mountains towering ahead of us, and here too, our savage coolies met us, for this is the frontier post of the savage country and no Chinaman can be induced to enter its dark and mysterious depths. In fact we tried to bribe one of our Chinese coolies to accompany us for the rest of the trip in the capacity of cook's assistant (Lu being utterly worn out at the end of every day and absolutely useless during the entire trip) but in vain.

As we approached the station the savages, about fifty men, women, and children, who were all of the one tribe called the Namakama Ban (tribe) living part in a village close by and part at one called Tumpo we passed later, regarded us in sullen silence. Although they had never seen any white people before there was no talking, whispering, laughing, pointing, or even exclamations. They were before strangers and on their mettle; later we got more chummy. There had been two policemen with us so far besides Lieutenant Kobiyashi, sub-prefect of Tomku Province, and two more were to join us here; one a splendid looking savage of this same tribe, and the other a man who had been up Nitakayamma (Mount Morrison) on two of the earlier Japanese expeditions. These five (most excellent, kind and courteous men) were with us during the entire trip, and three more with some savages had been sent ahead a couple of days to make a path for us, put wires on the steep places and build sapling bridges, etc.

A word about the savages. They are a fine, strong race with no signs of disease about them at all as have the Chinese and Pepuans living along the coast, but their arms and legs showed numerous scars. Four of the strongest men used to take turns carrying Mrs. Arnold on

a little shelf arrangement, and I have seen one of them, old "Ariman" take her for an hour and a half up and down places so steep we could hardly get up with the help of a wire or creeper. They wore a sort of hide coat (and some of them overalls of hide), the rest of their costume consisted of a few bright colored cloths, beads, and bone necklaces and the ever-present sword, slung under the left arm. As the coat and also the tight fitting hide hat was usually left off when working, they presented the appearance, especially from the rear, of being practically naked. The soles of their feet and the skin of their legs are so tough that I've never seen any scratches that drew blood. Their hair is long and black and matted, their eyes dark, and their skin coppery. Their teeth are very white. While on the trail, their fare seems to consist almost entirely of a sort of white grain which they boil in a big kettle into a pasty mass something like farina, scooping out big chunks with their hands to eat. In the villages, however, they have besides, yams, sweet potatoes, venison, fruit, and nuts. They seem to have little or no religion though we passed several strange, simple little shrines. Davidson in his book says they have a sort of simple nature-worship—each village worshipping a spirit supposed to dwell in some great rock or tree. The women and girls are very affectionate and playful—I was struck on first seeing them with the graceful way in which they sat or stood watching us, with their arms about each other. Some of the girls have the finest carriage and swinging walk I've ever seen. They carry loads proportionate to their strength—very big for girls they seemed to me, and work generally as hard but not harder than the men. They are no drudges. Of course these savages cannot begin to carry the dead weight a Chinese coolie can on his carrying stick—they carry with the tump line like the North American Indians—but they can go on trails the Chinaman can't, can go much faster and of course are natural born woodmen.

The old custom of marriage by capture, which anthropology teaches us all nations and peoples employed in their primitive state, is still in vogue among these savage tribes in a modified form. The young braves, friends, and relations of the bridegroom go to the house of the bride upon a mutually prearranged night and carry her off. Resistance is offered by her family and a formal battle undertaken. Should any blood be drawn in this rather stagey affair, it is taken as a good omen. It is interesting to compare this with our own custom of throwing old shoes and rice after the departing couple, for good luck, a survival of the old barbaric ceremony.

We entertained as many of the officers at dinner as we had extra knives, forks, and plates for (as we had done also the night before), and had the rest for breakfast. Later in the evening as we were redividing and repacking our stores and baggage for the convenience of the savages, two splendid looking fellows stopped in front of the lighted doorway and made us low and graceful bows. Half in light and half in shadow they looked very formidable. We caught a gleam from their murderous looking sword-blades. The blade is only about eighteen inches long, but very heavy and combines in use the sword, knife, ax, and hatchet (the wooden sheath only covers one side – metal strips holding it in place on the other) and over their shoulders were slung the net bags in which they used to triumphantly carry home the heads of their foes – trophies of the hunt; now, however, the bags are used to carry any and everything. Although these southern tribes have been nominally quiet for several years, there is often more or less trouble and bad blood between themselves, and only last year a decapitated Chinaman was found within a hundred yards of this station. We saw several human skulls, among those of wild boar and monkey and other trophies of the chase, piled in rows on shelves in a hut set aside for the purpose in every village of the savages, which we visited.

The next morning we saw a very interesting sight. Money is, of course, of no use and therefore has no value in the jungle, so our tribe was lined up by the police, each had his load assigned, and then they were paid in the presents we had had brought up for them – yards of colored cloths, sashes, shirts, grain, and rice. They had been given some great cans of diluted saké the night before, and we arranged to have some more brought to Hosha, the place where they were to leave us, so that all should be in good spirits at the parting. Poor as these presents were (they only cost some sixty-five yen, altogether) they delighted the tribe, who started off with a will.

The trail wound almost immediately down the sheer side of a narrow gorge, whose foaming river we forded, and which joined the main river valley we had been in yesterday. As we toiled up the other side, the back trail presented a striking and barbaric appearance; our wild looking followers in their gaudy garments, and the lack of them, bending under their loads but hurrying down the steep track of the romantic gorge as swiftly and surely as leopards. Gradually we worked away and down from the bluff or plateau we were upon, down to the level of the main river valley. We didn't stay here long, however, but soon turned up a tributary valley, dark, as the sun hadn't yet gotten in there, and up this we defiled all morning. About noon we turned into still another side valley, the path leading us through a dense growth of jungle grass above the river bed, and gradually worked up more and more steeply till we came out upon the little village of Tumpo (four thousand two hundred) situated upon a bluff about five hundred feet above the river. Here we had tiffin, both our own people and the village savages crowding around the cook as he worked over his little clay stoves, in a way which made me sympathize most heartily with him, for the smoke of an open fire is bad enough in itself when one is cooking. This cook, by the way, was a remarkable

man; every day he did as hard work as the rest of us, tramping over the rough trails, fording streams, scrambling up the steep places, packing and unpacking the provisions and his pots and pans; the first man up in the morning and the last man to bed at night, but in addition to all this, whenever we struck camp or stopped for tiffin, it meant a rest for us, but his real work just began. I really believe that man was busy all the time we were out, and yet he was always ready with his smile and seldom lost his temper.

After tiffin we had a steep pull up a sheer hill which towered above the village. The sun was hot, the trail hardly worthy the name and we found it stiff work. In breasting a slope like this the savages give tongue like a pack of wolves. Some old man will throw back his head and send out a couple of booming cries like the beginning of a wild chant, and the man or woman next ahead will take it up and so it will work up and down the line, besides individual exhibitions on the side.

At one time Gil and I got entirely off the trail and tried to work up the sheer and slippery (because of loose stones, and lack of foot and hand holds) face of a landslide. Finally we could go no further. I was nearer the edge of it and managed to work my way across to the jungle and so to the trail, but Gil was stuck and had to be rescued by a savage.

At about six thousand two hundred feet we found a little level spot and from here the trail wound along the steep shady side of the hills for a mile or so and then plunged straight down to the river again. It was not the same river we had left, however, but still another tributary. A great dark pool with suds of foam tempted Hall, Arnold, and me for a plunge, and we all agreed it was one of the finest things we had ever done.

Four-thirty found us at Laka Laka (four thousand eight hundred feet) in the rain, which proved to be simply a place sufficiently level to put up a few huts. There were

"About noon we turned into still another side valley"

AT THE VILLAGE OF TUMPO

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tremendous boulders scattered about as we were still in the river bottom with the mountains rising about two thousand feet sheer on either hand, with a patch of sky in the middle. The tall jungle grass had to be cut away, but everyone turned to with a will and we put up a piece of canvas the police had provided us with, as a tent. Dinner was cooked and eaten under difficulties that evening, and as it continued to rain all night and our shelter leaked most wretchedly we all got pretty wet. Morning showed no signs of clearing, and as the river had risen considerably our police guides advised us not to go on, as we might get caught in that narrow valley by a dangerous flood. We found, however, after breakfast, that there was another savage village in the hills above us, and here we decided to go and spend the day, as it would probably be rain-proof, comfortable and more interesting than rather desolate Laka Laka. Accordingly Arnold, Gil, and I set out with Kobiyashi and a couple of guides to explore and see if it would be a suitable place for Mrs. Arnold. The trail was the steepest and narrowest we had yet been on and the growth so thick that we couldn't see ten feet ahead. It made me realize the difficulties the Japs must have experienced in trying to conquer the island – and our troops in the Philippines must have had, I imagine, much the same sort of conditions to contend with – impassable jungles defended by a cunning and unseen foe. I should hate to have had to lead an expedition against that village. A couple of men with rifles (and not only have the savages plenty of rifles smuggled in by the Chinese who, hating the Japs, are only too glad to make trouble for them, but they are splendid sharpshooters) or even with long spears could keep a young army at bay, selecting some point on the trail where a misstep or a touch from a spear, making one lose one's balance, would mean a fall of a couple of hundred feet. A half hour's scramble through the rain brought us to the level cleared place where the village was situated, some

dozen houses and sheds altogether. They were dry, there were fires, plenty of room to move about in and a spring near by, so Arnold and Kobiyashi went down to bring up Mrs. A., Hall and the baggage, while Gil and I, after being crowned with chaplets of marigolds by the young bucks, went in and squatted around the fire in the main house and were regaled with huge baked sweet potatoes and nuts.

Although it cleared off towards noon, we all felt that this was too good a chance to study the savages, and spent the whole day loafing and poking about the village. Our own savages (after bringing up our luggage and provisions) and the policeman staid down below, so that we had this new Laka Laka band all to ourselves, and our kindly sympathetic treatment of them was so different from what they were accustomed to from the Japs, that they thawed out and blossomed like the rose. Their curiosity concerning and delight in such things as kodaks, binoculars, the process of shaving, watches, etc., was childlike. Their hospitality, generosity, and good humor, unflagging. Mr. and Mrs. A. had a fine, large, dry shed in which we rigged up the tent and Mrs. A.'s cot, and Hall, Gil, and I with Lu, and the cook slept in another. They were constantly giving us little presents of fruit, flowers, nuts, and potatoes, and we in turn gave them safety pins, which they pinned on and wore as a sort of badge of honor, handkerchiefs, and towels, and also doctored up all the bad cuts and sores which were brought to Gil and me as doctors of the party. A couple of them took me off into the woods and showed me how they made charcoal, by smothering with wet grasses and reeds a fire made of acacia saplings burned down to a bed of coals. Gil tabulated quite a list of words which we gleaned from them, with their meanings, during the course of the day.

Gil, Hall, and I took a hand at beating up their grain into flour in the peculiar pestle and mortar-like grist mill, which the women and girls operate. The women do most

DIFFICULTIES IN OUR PATH

WE ARE MADE WELCOME BY THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF LAKA LAKA

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R L

of the housework though the men are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and of course supply the larder by hunting. We bought a chunk of smoked venison from them besides a couple of chickens. That evening as we sat or lay about our fire after dinner, the whole village came and squatted around in the darkness. To amuse them Gil and I sang songs for over an hour—rollicking college choruses, soft negro melodies, and quaint love songs of long ago. It was fun to see their childish delight and how they would join in some of the more catchy refrains. When we left the next morning it was only after many courteous and hearty invitations to surely come up and stop with them again on our way back. So much for the Savage Head-hunters.

The track down to the river again seemed even steeper than that by which we had come up, and where the trail joined we found those of our party, who had not come up for their loads, awaiting us. It was a glorious day and I think we all enjoyed this morning's tramp thoroughly and physically. Our day's rest had put us in fine fettle and Hall, Gil, and I, with Sergeant Humpo, and half a score of savages, went on ahead at a fine swinging pace. We simply followed the bed of the stream up, leaping from rock to rock and constantly fording its swift current. In these cases the dogs had to be carried as they were unable to breast it, and we once nearly lost them over a fall. The gorge up which we were working was beautiful, the stream came down so steeply that it was practically nothing but a succession of waterfalls and pools, and being in such fine trim we found as the morning grew warmer that we could drink as deeply as we wished from these cold, sparkling basins without its seeming to effect our wind in the least. Sometimes the river would fill the entire width of its bed and we would have to take to the steep jungle covered slopes, scramble over great logs or crawl along the face of a great cliff, using

cracks and minute rocky projections as footholds; or else it would go plunging down in quite a considerable fall, or go foaming through an impassable bit of rocky gorge and we would have to scramble up and around as best we could. Some of these steepest places had been wired, or the loose end of a creeper hung conveniently down from a tree by the pathmaking party two days in advance of us, but even with these helps we found it difficult and exciting work. The way the natives with their loads, and especially the savage carrying Mrs. Arnold, came up these places was marvelous.

We had gotten an early start this morning, six-fifteen, and so stopped for tiffin at eleven-thirty. The stream by this time was only about two feet across and was coming down almost perpendicularly in a series of leaps and terraces, so that there being no wide, or level place where we stopped, we looked like a party camped on a long narrow flight of stairs. Almost immediately after tiffin the trail left the stream and started straight up one of the bordering mountains. The trail was steep, narrow, slippery, and dangerous, in almost any place a false step meant disaster, and one had to be steady and cool not to take that step. Sometimes a couple of saplings, lashed together, would be thrown across a narrow gorge or tied along the face of a cliff. It was on one of these latter sort of half bridges, that a girl just in front of me slipped on the wet sapling and lost her balance. One foot went over the edge and her load slipping off her forehead, dropped some fifty or sixy feet on to the tree tops below. Just at this minute I grabbed her shoulder, not having yet set foot on the causeway, and luckily, having a firm foothold, jerked her back to where I was. She immediately dropped to her knees and began whimpering, partly frightened, I suppose, and partly afraid that she would be punished for losing her load, for she peered down over the edge and evidently wanted to try and go after it. One of the policemen, however, held her back and sent an

active lad down who recovered it intact in about twenty minutes.

About three o'clock, we suddenly came up to a level spot, a sort of high tableland, grass, rocks, and great gnarled pines, reminding me very much of some high Alp in Switzerland. Crossing this (the most level spot we had found since leaving Rinkiho), we found a cold spring in a fine grove of old twisted evergreens on the farther edge of the little plateau. The natives called the place Hotzugon, and here it was decided to camp and make our dash up Nitakayama on the morrow, since it rose from the range of mountains of which this plateau was a part. The glass registered nine thousand two hundred feet, and it was bitter cold, but the savages put up a substantial hut for us in a sheltered place, and the cook had plenty of time to bake hot biscuits and gave us a fine hearty supper. The hut was small, but as the wind whistled through it in a way which made us think of Lieutenant Peary and his troubles, we felt that we should be warmer if crowded so Mr. and Mrs. Arnold packed themselves into one end and hung a sheet down the middle as we had done at Laka Laka, and the other three of us squeezed in at our end, which was open to the night blast. The land was lumpy, stony, and cut on the bias, but we slept like lords, and as the dogs nosed their way into our blankets, I expect they helped to keep us warm.

It was just getting daylight and the frost lay white over the wiry heather-like grass, when the cook (who was going to stay in camp that day with Lu and all but a few picked savages) announced breakfast. In that clear, early mountain air everything stood out clear-cut as a cameo, and we felt that we had seldom been in a grander or more beautiful spot. The browns and dull greens of the grass and heather, the brighter greens and dark boles of our friendly old pine grove, the bright golden light of the morning, the clear blue and cloudless heavens, the deep valley falling sheer away on either hand from the

small plateau of our encampment, the great rocky peaks rising grandly all about with lordly Nitakayama, which we now saw for the first time towering over all, to say nothing of our wild barbaric followers in their skins crouching about the fires, combine to make a scene unique and strikingly grand. The crisp, cold mountain air was like a tonic, and the glory of what lay about us acting as a sort of inspiration, we set out at a fine pace to climb the highest thing in sight.

The policemen and savages who had gone ahead "to make our way straight" had waited for us here at Hotzugon, and one of these savages, an old man, blind of one eye, but of splendid physique, had gone about two-thirds up the peak yesterday and blazed a way for us. He led the way for us this morning, "The Pathfinder" we called him, and the rest of our party consisted of our seven policemen, the Chinese soldier (who had joined us two days earlier), four stalwart savages to alternate carrying Mrs. A. and a couple more to help them in carrying our tiffin and some bottles of water, which was made into light loads.

The trail first crossed the tableland, dipped across a shallow valley, and then for several miles struck along the steep side of a mountain which had been recently burnt over. Finally we plunged down five or six hundred feet to a river bed which we followed up abruptly, leaping from rock to rock and getting such slippery footholds as we could, till it brought us to the base of the mountain mass proper, from which rose the three peaks of Nitakayama. Here we found the dried-up course of a small tributary stream, and followed it up as best we could. After half an hour or so the blazes left this stream bed, and turned up the steeply wooded side of the mountain. This presently grew so very steep that it was a marvel how the trees could grow on its rocky side, but grow they did and thickly, giving us welcome shade, for the sun was well up by now, and affording us splendid

foot and hand-holds. And truly during the next hour we used our hands and arms far more than feet and legs, practically pulling ourselves up after our guide. This brought us in due time out into the open, and we toiled up through a sort of stubble grass, recently burnt over, and affording fine foot-holds, but under a blazing sun. Half an hour of this brought us to some woodland where we found a cold and welcome spring, and where the glass registered eleven thousand feet. Here also we found a quantity of wintergreen leaves and blossoms, but no berries. These woods lasted only a couple of hundred feet higher and were mostly live oaks and dwarf pines, then we came out on the bare rocks, steep, shaly, and forming a sort of narrow crest or spine leading up to the peak, which towered ahead of us in full view. On either hand, but especially on the side opposite to that which we had come up, it fell away in great precipices thousands of feet sheer to the narrow valley below.

We scrambled up the remaining fifteen hundred feet to the summit of our peak (a couple of hundred feet lower than the highest, but as there was no connection between the two it would take a couple of days more to fix a trail and climb to it) and reached it in the following order: the guide, Arnold, I, Hall, Mr. Immamura, a savage, Gil, etc. We found a brass ship's bell on the cairn of rocks which had been left there by the Japanese expedition of the preceding year, and this we rang vigorously to encourage Mrs. A. who was half a mile or so behind us. Hall and Gil were somewhat affected by the altitude (the highest ever reached by any of us, thirteen thousand five hundred and forty feet) and developed severe headaches. The view was glorious; a sea of mountain peaks, many of them nearly as high as we, lay all about us; I had had no idea the island contained so much highlands, or in fact was cast in so large a mould. While it was still clear (it clouded over before we left), we could see the ocean to the east and the Formosa Straits to the west. Mount Morri-

son lies almost in the middle of the island, which is here about sixty miles wide. We lighted a fire in a sheltered place and I heated up three tins of corned beef and some boiled potatoes in a frying pan, which made a most palatable hash; we also had crackers, chocolate, and pumaloe, which we washed down with Tansan and claret. My binoculars were in constant demand from twelve-thirty till two o'clock in the afternoon (the time we were upon the summit), when, having left our names in a bottle in the cairn, we started down again.

The going down was a deal more difficult business than the going up, though not, of course, such hard work physically. We had no ropes that day as we should have had, and found the picking of footholds down some of the sheer drops risky work enough. Once, I remember, as we were slowly taking turns down a bad place, Mrs. Arnold was just ahead of me and at the foot of it, I was nearly down, Arnold behind me, and Gil just at the top, when the latter suddenly started a large loose stone with his foot. It plunged past Arnold, missed me, and struck the wooden shelf on which Mrs. A. was sitting within a few inches of her head, glanced off and went bounding and crashing down far out of sight and sound. Luckily old Ariman who was carrying her, had both good foot and hand holds at the time; he never quivered an eyelash or said a word, but seeing that there were no more stones coming, went quietly on down.

The sun was behind the mountains when we reached the river bottom, so we made our best speed here, up the hill side and across the steep burnt slopes, where we all felt so tired that we found it hard to keep our balance. The clouds also swooped down upon us so that we travelled through a sort of misty wetness. There was no sword grass here, but if you put your hand on to the high bank beside you to steady yourself you were pretty sure to strike thorns or nettles. Night was setting in as we filed heavily into camp, worn out but thoroughly satisfied with

"The Trail took us on up the river valley"

MOUNT MORRISON

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the glorious day's achievement. A good stiff drink all round, and a hot and bounteous supper restored us to heart once more, and we sang a few songs around the fire before turning in.

I was very loath to leave this beautiful spot next morning; it had a peculiar charm of narrow surroundings and broad outlook which I can not hope to describe; but after we had fairly dropped over the edge of the plateau and were hurrying along the steep down trail, I found myself shouting gleefully with the savages and sending on the marching chant as it passed me to their great amusement. We all seemed to feel remarkably fit and sure-footed this morning, leaping down from rock to rock and from tuft to tuft with never a slip, and often plunged along at a headlong pace where the interlaced grasses prevented our seeing where to step, but always landing catfooted and safe. We certainly made remarkable time that morning, passing the place where we had had tiffin coming up in an hour after leaving Hotzugon, and reaching Laka Laka shortly before twelve (four hours and a half); and yet I do not think we missed any of the splendor of the morning, or the wild beauty of the narrow valley down which we were racing. This going in a different direction in fact revealed new charms, hidden or unnoticed before, and besides, we remembered all the old places, and the spots where this or that had happened coming up.

It had been our plan to go up to our village and spend the night there as we had promised our hospitable friends, but a savage met us half way, bringing a message from his superior to Sub-prefect Kobiyashi, saying that there had recently been, since we left, fresh disturbances in the northern and central provinces; that it was feared this tribe might be affected and they, therefore, thought it safer for us to leave their territory as soon as possible. We accordingly had tiffin, and Arnold and I a swim at Laka Laka, and then pushed on up, over and down the

steep mountain behind Tumpo, and arrived there about four o'clock to spend the night.

A couple of special huts were run up for us, but this village was not quite so clean as the other; there were pigs and chickens sleeping next to us and things generally looked slack. Here, however, we first began to do a little trading, and Gil and I each got hold of a sword and a wooden belt, with which the young bucks lace themselves tightly, thereby causing themselves to look even more "chesty" than they are. Here also we procured a couple more chickens which proved a welcome addition to our larder. Immamura whom we dubbed "Stephen" among ourselves because of his total lack of sense, manners, heart, and usefulness, had fallen into the pernicious habit of eating first all he could at the policemen's mess, which being simpler was ready first, and then coming over and "chowing" with us. It being the Mikado's birthday that night we sent over some tins of meat and a couple of bottles of wine to Kobiyashi and the policemen, with our very best wishes.

We got an early start in the morning, wound down the first river valley into the second, and then crossing the stream, where Gil had a slight misadventure, worked our way up over a spur of the hills and so crossed into the main valley where the station of Namakama was, coming down to the river level at the village of Hosha (three thousand two hundred feet). This is considerably farther up the valley than the junction of this with the one we had left. The village of Hosha is just on the border of the Namakama Ban's territory and here, accordingly, they were to leave us, as there had been bad blood formerly between them and the Hosha Ban, who were to see us safe on the rest of our trip. As they entered this village of their ancient foes, our men at once ceased all their laughter and talk, their easy familiarity with us, and assumed their stolid dignity; their faces became calm and expressionless, and, after depositing their loads in the

open place in the centre of the village, they all went and sat down by themselves at one side. The young braves of the Hosha Ban were lolling in proud but graceful ease on the raised platform of the largest house, which, having no walls and being centrally situated, commanded the entire village. They were many of them crowned with chaplets of flowers, and seemed a finer set of men both as to looks and physique – taller, more lithe, and keener-looking fellows. They looked coldly upon our party as it filed in, but when we broached four or five big cans of saké as a final treat for our men, some of our leaders went forward with their full bamboo goblets and shared them with the braves of the Hosha Ban, so that they were presently all drinking together. It was a strange sight to see two grizzled old warriors, the Namakamas with their beads, and the Hosha's with their eagle's feathers fastened to their hide hats, drinking cheek to cheek from the same cup. After tiffin the loads were redistributed and we bade farewell to our loyal friends. After arranging with the police to give them slips of paper entitling them to some seventy-five yen worth of cloths, shirts, etc. as *Koomsha*, and paying over this sum to the police who agreed to arrange the matter for us, we set out with the Hosha Ban, our objective point being Mount Ari and the Fugita Lumber Company, which Arnold had been asked to visit.

The trail took us straight on up the beautiful river valley, and as the sun was warm, pool after pool tempted us to stop and plunge in. We kept on however, till four-thirty when we decided to camp (three thousand eight hundred feet). We were rewarded by finding a splendid great pool here, in which we four refreshed and disported ourselves, while the savages cleared ground and built our huts, and the cook prepared supper. Gil and I sat around the savage fires until what was quite a late hour for us (we had been turning in as a rule soon after dinner) listening to their songs, for these Hoshas proved to

be distinctly a musical tribe. They were much more good natured and full of fun and jokes among themselves too, though also more sophisticated than the Namakamas. Several of the men spoke Chinese, and one of the girls (and a very pretty one by-the-way, with a splendid carriage) had picked up a little Japanese lullaby, at one of her visits to the posts, I suppose. We slept well that night, in spite of a spit of rain, and were off betimes in the morning. Gil, Hall, and I raced on ahead with some of the young bucks, the trail following up the course of the river till it became a mere brook, across which one could step. Here we waited for the rest of the party and then all turned and plunged into the thick woods and up the steep side of a mountain. From this time till the end of the third day we were in the woods constantly, and a more beautiful forest country I have never seen. It combined the thick tangle of undergrowth, the ferns, frondes, palms, giant creepers, and grape vines, great swinging orchids, and rich blossoms of all sorts – the beauty and luxuriance of the tropic jungle – with the splendid trees of the northern woods, great pines, cedars, live oaks, oaks, redwoods, and ash. The trail was very steep for the next three hours, but the woods were so beautiful with the sunlight filtering through and great orchids hanging down in mid air, that we were constantly tempted to stop and enjoy it more, and this kept us fresh and enthusiastic. The trail was so narrow that often there was but one place to put your feet, a rock or tuft of grass, clinging to the steep slope. Once Gil, just ahead of me, put his foot on a rock like this, and had lifted the other foot to step forward when the rock gave way and he suddenly shot down some twenty or thirty feet. Luckily he went feet first and caught on a tree before getting very far, so that he was able to scramble up again none the worse for his little experience. He said afterwards that it gave him the sensation of starting suddenly down from the top of a high office building in an elevator!

About noon, finding a little spring and a spot sufficiently wide for us all to find seats, we decided to have cold tiffin as quickly as we could, and then hurry on over Ari San to the Fugita Company's establishment, where we knew a fine hot bath would be waiting for us. Accordingly we stowed away cold boiled potatoes, crackers, jam, and chocolate and after a pull at our pipes or cigarettes set out again.

Although we had risen considerably since morning, the work had not been consistent, now up, now down, or round the side of a hill, so that we had crossed several peaks and now found ourselves once more in the midst of a very mountainous country, but far better timbered than that about Nitakayama. After tiffin, however, the trail went abruptly up for a long hour and a half, as hard a pull as we had had at any time, and finally brought us out of the woods to the bare grass-covered summit of Ari San, where the glass registered eight thousand five hundred. Here we found a couple of great pools of water and all rested for an hour or so, sprawling about in the heather and enjoying our tobacco. We distributed among the savages a case of cheap cigarettes which we brought along, hoping they would prove of more value than they did for trading purposes.

We had scarcely gone half a mile from our resting place, the path sloping gently down from the summit, when we were met by a party sent out by Mr. Goto, head of the Fugita Company's forestry department, to welcome us. They brought tea, which they now proceeded to make over a fire, cakes, candy, and cigarettes, so we sat down again for another little rest and refreshment. They then led the way down to the company's buildings, and we soon struck a good, made path two or three feet wide, by far the best we had had since leaving Rinkiho, which led us through a splendidly timbered country for three-quarters of an hour or so to the Fugita Company's office. Mr. Goto, himself, met us here, gave us some tea and a very

warm welcome. He explained the present situation and plans of the company, and took us down to see the giant redwoods, one of which is seventy feet in circumference. They have about forty thousand acres of good timber land and figure on about a billion feet of white pine and cedar, and about the same of oak and redwood. A narrow gauge railway which they are planning to build from Kagi, the nearest station on the main island system, will not be completed for four or five years, nor do they intend to begin cutting before that time, although they expect to be sounding the market, getting contracts, building camps, and planning carefully their lumbering campaigns. The place they are now located in is seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and as Kagi is practically at sea level, the building of their private line will be seen to be quite an undertaking.

We had a hot bath, and oh! how good it did feel! also a table and chairs at which to operate upon the wonderful dinner the cook served up. We were quartered in the newly built hospital of the company, a comfortable building of some four or five rooms. We slept like lords that night and didn't get away till nine the next morning, Arnold with some samples of wood which Mr. Goto, with an eye to business, had given him. The road was splendid, solid log bridges over all the streams, and for the most part down hill, so that swinging along at a four mile pace we covered about twenty-six miles altogether. All day long we traveled through splendidly timbered mountain country, with little underbrush, the giant trees towering up into a cloudless sky, but affording us in the cool green depths below, a most comfortable shade. The morning woods were beautiful – we were constantly getting vistas and glimpses, ever changing, down into the deep narrow valleys below, or out into a broad, hazy plain. There was water everywhere, pretty little brooks, pools, cataracts, and the forest was alive with pheasant and wood-cock which we were constantly putting up, and rich

"The Trail . . . finally brought us out of the woods to the bare grass-covered summit of Ari San"

A Brave of the Hosha Ban

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with many colored flowers which glowed in the checkered patches of sunlight. About twelve-thirty we came upon a coolie rest house, belonging to the company, and here stopped and had tiffin. The afternoon continued as beautiful as the morning had been, though in a different way. Dark storm clouds began to roll up and envelope the tops of the surrounding mountains. The valleys were half filled with mists like great deep mountain lakes, and long arms of it came writhing in through the giant trees above us. The dark forest took on a new, mystic, and almost terrible appearance; looking back from near the front of the line, our savages seemed uncanny, spirits hardly real as they flitted through the trees on silent feet. Many pictures, clear and striking, of that afternoon remain fixed in my memory, moments in some forest glade or widening of the path, times when the trail wound round the edges of a ravine and all, or nearly all, of the long line was visible, twisting through the misty half darkness; or else up past a bit of clinging cliff or over a great log where only two or three of the wild, steel girded figures were in sight.

Instead of beginning to go consistently down as we had expected, we found ourselves working over more and more wooded peaks and apparently getting no nearer to the great seaboard plain where Kagi lay, our ultimate goal. Shortly after four it began to rain, gently, mistily, at first, but presently harder, pattering against the leaves and causing us to hurry along, for our guide, a new policeman of this district, said we were almost to another branch of the Fugita Company where we could spend the night. About half past four, in fact, we came upon it, in a level clearing, some four or five buildings, whose shelter we very gladly sought. Mr. Goto had told us he would be very glad if we would stop there. We accordingly had another hot bath and added some Japanese "chow" to both our evening and morning meals.

The altitude was still considerable (five thousand feet) and we found it quite cold that night, especially Gil and

I, who had traded some of our blankets for swords, necklaces, etc., which, however valuable they might have been as hard-won curios, did not help to keep us warm. The rain seemed to have washed everything clean and bright, for the next day dawned clear and blue as befits weather in the mountains. We got off early, as we expected a long day ahead of us.

The trail at first took us up a hard thousand feet or so over the top of one of the peaks which had shut us in the night before. As we were resting in a little glade at the top, our guide told us that from here there would be practically nothing but down hill work to Kagi, which caused us all considerable pleasure, for though the first soreness and swelling caused by the new foot-gear had worn off and our feet were getting hardened, still we all had numerous cuts, scratches, bruises, festers, and blisters on our pedal extremities, which we were glad to ease by going gently down hill on a good path.

We first followed the bed of a river down for an hour or so, taking cooling draughts from occasional pools, and then came suddenly upon a little Chinese village in a clearing. It was the first we had seen for many a day and told us we were fast approaching civilization and the end of our journey. The great dark forest began to change to light green groves of the slender and graceful bamboo. We passed several more villages now, and began to meet coolies on the path. About half past ten we came upon a considerable Japanese and Chinese settlement, up in the hills three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, called Bamboo Head from its location on the brow of a hill covered with a forest of bamboo. Here a representative of the Fugita Company, who had been telephoned to, met us and escorted us to their pretty little branch office, built over-hanging the deep valley and commanding a beautiful view. We were regaled with tea, cakes, cigarettes, ginger ale, oranges, and bananas, and here too, we decided to have tiffin as we found we

were now only some eight miles or so from this end of a trolley line belonging to the company, running to Kagi, and which had arranged to take us and our baggage there that afternoon. There was considerable delay about tiffin, as the faithful old cook didn't put in an appearance for about an hour and a half after the first of us arrived at Bamboo Head. One of the savages had left his load, a box of tins, which the cook, who always took a last look around in the mornings, discovered after everyone else had gone on and nobly undertook to carry himself. We were quite worried about his nonappearance and wanted to send some savages back, fearing he might have missed the road at one of the villages, but it was a long time before we could induce our interpreter "Stephen" to arrange this for us, as he preferred taking his ease and his tea with some of the Japanese in this office. At last, however, all was right again, we had tiffin, and set on about one o'clock after hearty thanks to our kind hosts.

A new and very energetic policeman joined us here, with red cuffs, evidently determined to make a name for himself in the short time he was to guide us through his territory, from Bamboo Head to Kagi. He accordingly set off at a terrible pace, Hall and I close behind and Gil not far distant with the rest trailing. We went up a short distance to the top of Bamboo Head Hill, and from there it was a straight plunge down (under the hot afternoon sun which beat in through the bamboo groves) about four thousand feet to the great seaboard plain which we could now plainly see, stretching out below us. Down we went, practically running, the short legs of our sturdy little leader seeming fairly to fly as he sprang down from rock to rock. We did the whole in less than two hours, and yet, with it all, got some splendid views of the mountains we had left and of the great, rich fertile lowlands below. It was, however, too fast a pace for a pleasure trip and we missed much in our mad dash through those sunlit woods, which a more leisurely mode of travel would have reward-

ed us with; also it made us very lame for sometime to come – Gil and I both festering old sores, which eventually deepened to abscesses and bothered us considerably. At last we arrived breathless and drenched with perspiration at a little village actually on the great plain, and here we regaled ourselves with fruit till the others caught up. From here dates the beginning of what Gil and I have since alluded to as the "Great Debauch," for not having had as much fruit on the trip as we desired (very little grew in the savage country) we arrived once more in civilized parts, where it was easily to be had, with a great craving, and this we foolishly proceeded to satisfy during the next two days by eating such inordinate quantities of pumaloes and bananas that we quite lost our taste for them for fully a month after. From here on we had a fine, broad wagon road to the trolley, about three miles, and our advance through the country and the Chinese villages (first the squad of about ten armed and uniformed police, then we five Americans, and then the long line of half naked savages, with their great knives slung conveniently under the left arm-pit and all looking the worse for our tattered ten days in the wilderness) was somewhat in the nature of a triumphal progress.

The savages, keeping to the impenetrable jungle and mountains and being an unconquered race (though now they are becoming friendly with the Japs through trade) are always an object of more or less terror to the peaceful Chinese tillers of the soil, who never venture beyond the lowlands. This the rascals knew full well, and it was the delight of some of the gamesome young bucks ever and anon to leap into the air with horrible cries and gestures as they flitted through some sleepy village, frightening the women and children half to death and even sending the nerveless men scuttling back into their houses. Nor would the policemen interfere but considered it a good joke, as indeed did all the tribe; and nothing more was meant by it. However, it gave one an inkling of

what their tigerish mode of attack would be, if once the dogs of war should be unchained.

We arrived at the village where the trolley began in due season, and after being handsomely entertained with tea and cakes by heavily bearded local officials and bidding a fond farewell to our tried friends of the Hosha Ban, many of whom, as with the Namakamas, we had come really to know, understand, and like, we embarked with our goods and chattels and a goodly store of pumaloes and bananas upon the dinky little trolley of the kindly Fugita Company for a last wild coolie-helped dash to Kagi. We enjoyed this ride through tea plantations and rice fields. The sun sank behind a palm fringed hill in mild glory, the clear blue sky shaded into purest amber in the west, which gradually faded to a pale lemon color. Twilight and sunset glow is only of a few minutes duration in the tropics; night stole swiftly and softly down upon us. The evening star twinkled out, and presently the whole heavens were ablaze with light—Cereus sparkling cold in blue and green flashes of diamond light, Aldebaran in crimson fury and all the rest of the brilliant host. Soon too the slender crescent moon, low-hung in pale graceful glory, showed above the palm trees. By this time we were in Kagi, however, and took proud jinrikishas to the hotel, scorning to foot it longer; and what a hotel! Kagi is quite an important place in Formosa, and the hotel large, new, and with every comfort and convenience in the best Japanese style from electric lights down. How good the tea and little cakes tasted; cold beer seemed to hit the right spot too, and oh how welcome the hot bath was, and the rub down we got afterwards!

We had invited the five policemen who had not already started back to their posts with the savages, to a banquet with us that night, also Mr. Isam, the representative of the Fugita Company in Kagi. Mrs. Arnold dined alone on European fare, but the four of us and "Stephen" made a jolly little company of eleven, who sat down cross-

legged on our *futans* and pitched into the innumerable dishes placed before us on the diminutive lacquered tables. It was an *Ichi ban* A No. 1 affair, for we had telephoned on ahead, per Stephen, to have it especially arranged for. The saké was brought in early to make things "go," and we were soon pledging each other and politely passing around our saké cups. Presently Kobiyashi, Humpo, and the others would leave their places to come and sit down beside or opposite one of us, and while offering us their warm, brimming goblets, tell us, through "Stephen" or Mr. Isam, how much they admired our pedestrial powers and our strange but energetic desire to undertake such a trip. We told them in return how much we had appreciated having such splendid fellows with us, how much we felt indebted to them for all they had done to make matters easy and comfortable for all of us, especially Mrs. Arnold. They spoke in high terms of Mrs. Arnold's spirit and mountain climbing abilities, and toasted her frequently as the first lady to set foot on Mount Morrison. They promised that the next expedition to climb Nitakayama should take up an American flag and leave it on top in honor of our ascent. We told them how much we respected them for the good work they did there on the borders of a wild and savage land, and for the dangers and excitement of their lonely lives. Later we had geisha dances and all the policemen waxed quite mellow, so that we broke up the closest of friends; and this merry party at the end served to leave us pleasant memories of the whole trip, and especially of these, our hardy companions of many a stiff day's march.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, in continuing their six weeks trip about the island, were going to take the train for Tainan the next afternoon where other friends were to meet them. "Stephen," they paid up and dismissed after the banquet, expecting to be able to pick up an interpreter of some use in Tainan. Hall, Gil, and I, anxious now to get to Hong Kong as soon as possible, took the early train

next morning for Daitoté, after profuse thanks and long good-byes to the jolly Arnolds. Lu had regained a little of his dignity and confidence and showed some slight signs of life, when he heard there was to be no more walking, that our crazy trip into the terrible mountains was really over, and that we were once more headed for civilized parts. He was delighted and I think not a little surprised to find us all alive and well, now that he began to take notice of things, and regarded himself both as a martyr and a hero. Kobiyashi and the others were on the train with us as far as Rinai, where we bade them God-speed on their tramp back to their lonely jungle posts.

The long ride back (six in the morning to eight in the evening) was a pleasant one, there was the scenery of this picturesque island not yet too familiar to us, the break of the trolley ride, reminiscences of the trip, Hall's library (I was deep in *Anna Karenina*) and frequent discussion of tea, cakes, rice, and fruit. We arrived at our journey's end therefore (Friday night) not too tired, but glad to be back at our good little Choi Yunga hotel.

The next day being King Edward's birthday (Saturday, November ninth), we were entertained and treated by the English residents, who duly marvelled and exclaimed over our trip, which they frankly declared they hadn't thought would succeed; "But then," as Consul Chalmers put it, "you Americans are so energetic! No one but Arnold would have pulled the thing off." Sunday Gil and I embarked on the Dayin Maru for Hong Kong (via Amoy and Swatow) after bidding farewell to Hall (detained by an unexpected increase in his tea business) and other friends, and taking a long and affectionate leave of Fair Formosa, the "Beautiful Isle."

In conclusion I should like to say this about the trip: firstly that it was entirely successful, at least from Gil's and my point of view. We had come to the island hoping to be able to see and learn something about this out-of-the-way place, and, if possible, to penetrate as far as

some of the frontier posts and see a little of the savages and their life, and also of the Japanese methods of handling them by trying to make friends of them and induce them to get into the habit of coming to the posts to trade and visit. Not only were we able to do all this, but we penetrated far beyond the frontier into the confines of the savage country itself, lived with the savages, ate, and slept with them, visited their villages and got to know them, with the opportunity of studying their customs and mode of life at first hand and, so to speak, through a microscope. We saw a great deal more of the island than we had hoped, and besides all this, made the ascent of Nitakayama, a rare event and one which we had never dreamed of. The particular peak (thirteen thousand five hundred and forty feet), second highest point on the island, whose summit we reached, had been climbed the preceding year by a Japanese party, and that is all. The highest peak (thirteen thousand eight hundred feet) has been climbed by one German party and two Japanese. Two other expeditions, both English, set out to climb this mountain but both failed. One from the Royal Geographical Society on account of much bad weather, and one under Captain Goodfellow because he, getting off the trail into the jungle, stepped into a savage man trap and was laid up for some time. Morrison, the young British naval officer, who named the peak after himself, never even undertook to climb it. He saw it from afar off, outside the savage country, in the winter, when its towering snow-clad summit reared itself in cold glittering glory above the great mass of lesser peaks in the mountainous central part of the island.

These facts are undoubtedly correct, since before the Japanese occupation (by the treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895) and their partial subjection and partial establishment of friendly relations with the savages, no man had even undertaken such a thing, the Chinese caring nothing for mountain climbing and moreover being mortally

afraid of these untamed denizens of the highlands. And since the Japanese occupation and exploration of the island, no expedition has started without their knowledge, consent, and invaluable aid in getting savages to act as bearers – since no Chinese coolies can be made to undertake it: and the distance to the mountains being so great, a considerable amount of provisions, blankets, etc. must be taken. The climbing of the mountain itself we may therefore consider a considerable achievement to say nothing of the interest and pleasure of the trip.

Secondly: that we owe the opportunity as well as the success of the trip to the four following factors:

First, that we happened to the island at exactly the time we did, just as Arnold was about to set out upon this expedition, for which he had been planning and arranging for nearly a year.

Second, that we got to know him as quickly as we did (through mutual friends, interests, etc.) and that he was kind enough to ask us to accompany him.

Third, that we were shown so much kindness and got so much valuable assistance everywhere; from the high officials at Daitoté (Mr. Mioshi, secretary of foreign affairs; Mr. Nagao, director of public works, and others) from the policemen and prefects through whose territory we passed and who went with us, and the excellent work of the savages themselves as guides, path- and hut-makers, and porters. All this, of course, as far as Gil and I were concerned, we had to thank Arnold for, his friendship with the Daitoté officials, and his energy in pushing things along in spite of delays and "Stephen," and getting everyone working with him.

Fourth, the good weather we enjoyed. In a country where lack of paths makes travel largely a matter of river-beds, the question of long and steady rains is a vital one. Also we had a splendid day with fine views on the summit.

For all these helping hands we are deeply grateful,

since they gave us an experience unique and never-to-be-forgotten. A strange land and a strange people and the opportunity to become familiar with both. What Japan will eventually make of Formosa, I don't know; the country is rich in many ways, agriculturally and minerally, and they are doing a good work there; handing on the best civilization to her of that which they learned from the western nations. All the blessings of the railroad, telegraph, broad clean streets, modern cities, a good system of roads, excellent police, courts of justice, schools, sanitation, and trade are hers. Her tea and camphor command a splendid market. Our hopes, therefore, for thy glorious future, Oh fair Formosa, are as bright as the memories we have taken away with us of our pleasant sojourn on thy shores.

BATAVIA, DECEMBER 6. . . No Europeans live in the old city of Batavia, which, from the frightful mortality of its early existence, is known as the "Graveyard of Europeans." Staunton, who visited Batavia with Lord McCartney's embassy in 1793, called it the most unwholesome place in the universe. Its position in the midst of the swamps was unhealthy, in the first place, and the system of canals and low roofed, heavily built Dutch houses which the Hollanders introduced, made the death rate so appalling as to seem incredible. Dutch records tell of eighty-seven thousand soldiers and sailors dying in the Government Hospital between 1714 and 1776, and of one million, one hundred and nineteen thousand, three hundred and seventy-five dying at Batavia between 1730 and 1752, a period of twenty-two years.[7] The banks, business offices, godowns, warehouses, and the shops of the Chinese and Arab merchants, are in the old town, but the Europeans leave it before the unhealthy vapors of evening arise, and betake themselves to Weltevreden, the new

[7] See Sir Stamford Raffle's *History of Java*, Appendix A.

residential suburb. You drive up through the crowded bazaars and streets, and along the line of the white canals where children splash in and out of the water, women beat the family linen, and men go to and fro in tiny dug-out boats. "A strange travesty of the solemn canals of the old country." Native life swarms along the streets and canals of this part of the town, and it is a bright picture which the gaily attired little folk present under the betel-nut palms and bananas. The Javanese are the finest people of the Malay race, a people possessed of a civilization, arts, and literature in that golden period before the Mohammedan and European conquests. They are a small, artistic people, the Italians of the tropics, and there is more of inherent dream and calm here than in other lands of the lotus. An elaborate system of native etiquette is kept up, and the "dodok" or Javanese form of respectful salutation is paid to the white man with the same unquestioning loyalty as to their own native rulers. The national costume is the *sarong*, or skirt, which is worn by men and women alike. It consists of a strip of cotton two yards long and one deep, which is drawn tightly around the hips, with the fullness gathered in front, and by an adroit twist made so firm that a belt is not necessary. The men wear, in addition, the *kam kapala*, a square handkerchief tied about the head like a turban. Both this and the *sarong* are of what is called *battek* work, patterned in curious designs that have been distinctive of Java, time out of mind. The *battek* also appears in the *slandang*, or long shoulder scarf of the women, which used to match the *sarong* and complete the native costume when passed under the arms and crossed at the back. It is still worn knotted over the mother's shoulder, as a sling for a child, but its place as an upper garment has been taken by the *kabaia*, or long, thin, tight fitting jacket of fancy pattern. Life is made very simple and easy for these children of nature, rice, with a little curry, chili, or pepper, and a bunch of bananas is all they require. The

Chinese are a great element in Java, and in all banks and business houses are heard the rattling of the abacus of these keen-eyed Chinese compradors. There are over two hundred and fifty thousand of them in Netherlands India, found mostly in the cities. When the Chinaman gets to a foreign land, whose government, no matter how rapacious, cannot squeeze him as his own did, he blossoms out in a splendor which would make the hair stand upright on the head of the tax collectors of China. His costume is the first to go, and he adopts either the native costume of the land, or a modified European one. His manners and mode of life alter materially, and the pigtail shrinks to a mere symbolic wisp. Their Malay wives are loaded with diamonds and jewels, their children are well educated, and the sleek Celestial may be seen any afternoon driving up the Nordwijk in his victoria. The Dutch government has several times attempted to prohibit Chinese immigration, but somehow or other, in spite of the massacre of 1740, in spite of the Exclusion Act of 1837, the Chinaman is there, daily gaining influence and position. Batavia is a city of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand, of which about a tenth are Europeans, and about thirty thousand Chinese.

Weltevreden might be easily called the most beautiful city of its kind in the world, and certainly earns the title "Queen of the East," not because of any commanding scenic location, or because of its extraordinarily fine buildings, but because of its green parklike beauty, and practical adaptation to tropical surroundings. The broad avenues are lined with tall shady tamarind and waringen trees, there are parks and open squares galore, and every house is set back in its deep, cool, shady garden. The houses themselves are mostly high, one-story bungalows of stone, with marble floors, broad piazzas, and fountained inner courts. The clubs and public buildings are all of marble, and in keeping with the rest of the town. Flowering trees, flowers, ferns, palms, and vines are

everywhere, and the whole city seems like one perfect park. The life led by the Dutch, which gives them two days in every twenty-four hours, is also calculated to avoid the tropic heat of noonday. One gets up between six and six-thirty, and takes a cup of coffee and some fruit, which is followed by a bath. Business men go to their offices about seven, and have a nine o'clock breakfast brought there. Mere loafers like ourselves employ the interval by a drive in the park or a stroll through the native quarter – the interesting bazaars, and the passars, bright with flowers and fruit. At twelve comes the riztaefel, a substantial dish which forms an ample tiffin in itself. It is composed as follows: upon a substratum of rice are heaped a variety of hashes, croquettes, vegetables, salads, fish, shrimps, and other sea food, bits of chicken, fruit, chutnies, chili, peppers, dried cocoanut, banana fritters, etc., and over all is poured a thick pungent curry. After this formidable affair has been stowed away, all Java takes its siesta. No half-way measures here, but everyone goes to bed as deliberately as if it were night. At half past three or four, one again rises, has tea and fruit, and another bath, and begins another day in the cool of the afternoon. Business is usually over now, and the time is spent as one pleases till clubland calls, or a concert or recreation at seven. Batavians dine at nine, after which boulevard life, or calls, until the eleven o'clock supper which precedes bed. But there are other respect in which the life of the Dutch in Java differs from that of the white man in India or other places where British conventionality and social order hold sway. The Dutchman does not waste his perspiration on tennis, golf, polo, or cricket, or in any outdoor pastime more exciting than horse racing. He does not waste his sheckels upon well ordered and expensive dinners, though he dines late and dines elaborately; but the great charm of the social life in Batavia is her musicals. Most clubs run on the British plan are owned and used exclusively by the

men. They form attractive centers for sport, social gatherings, and congeniality, but they are an isolated part of the community as a whole. In Java, on the other hand, everyone enjoys the clubs. At any time of the day you may find women and children in that part of the building which is allotted to them, and at the bi-weekly concerts of the Harmonie and Concordia clubs of Batavia, the women and children are more in evidence than the men.

Batavia is not what may be called a show place. There are very few sights: the park, the spiked skull of Peter Elberfeld (the half-caste rebel against Dutch rule), the old town hall, the Stadkirche and the Koenig's Plein, which is the largest parade ground in the world and the Museum of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences which ranks among the best of the world, and is second only to that of Calcutta and Cairo in the east. There is a complete and wonderful exhibit of Javanese antiquities and art works, of arms, weapons, implements, ornaments, costumes, masks, basketry, textiles, musical instruments, models of boats and houses, examples of fine old metal work and of all the industries of these thrifty people. The locked treasure room is heaped with gold shields, helmets, thrones, boxes, heavily embroidered state umbrellas, salvers, betel and tobacco sets of gold, jeweled daggers and krises of the finest blades patterned with curious veinings. Tributes and gifts from native sultans and princes display the precious metals in other curious forms, and there is a fine large cocoa-de-mere, the fabled twin-nut of the Seychelles palm, supposed to have been grown on a mysterious isle of the sea gods. There are rich ornaments, necklaces, earrings, headdresses, seals, plates, and statuettes of gold and silver from the ruined temples and the abandoned cities of middle Java. Another room is filled with bronze weapons, bells, tripods, censors, images and all the appurtenances of Buddhist worship, which characterize the Greco-Buddhistic art. A central hall is filled with bas-reliefs and statues from

these ruins of famous Buddhist and Brahmanic temples, in which the Egyptian and Assyrian suggestions give one ideas to puzzle over in this far away tropical island. The society has a valuable library of scientific and art publications from all over the world, as well as rare old documents. The consul room contains the state chairs of native sovereigns, and portraits and souvenirs of the great explorers and navigators who have passed this way since the days of Captain Cook.

Although we met a great many men and one or two ladies, we saw nothing of Batavian society beyond the musicals at the clubs, and the informal Santa Claus carnival, but it has the reputation of being very brilliant and formal.

DJOKJOKARTA, DECEMBER 11. . . Although the rule of the Dutch, to judge from the present condition of the country, is as successful from the Dutch point of view as that of any other colonizer in the world, it presents no future to the Javanese. There is no chance of their ever securing any more freedom than they have at present. It has not been Dutch policy to allow them to look forward to a time when things will be different. Until within recent years they were not allowed even to learn Dutch, and there were practically no schools on the island. No missionaries were allowed to enter, and even now there are very few workers in this large field. Not that the people are ill treated nowadays; in fact I have never seen a happier or more completely provided-for peasantry in my life. There are no beggars. They have enough to eat, a comfortable house to live in and justice at the hands of their rulers, but to all intents and purposes, the bulk of the thirty millions of people who inhabit Java are the slaves of some one hundred and fifty thousand whites. It may be said for the Dutch, however, that their system is as safe as any, in the long run. They are neither going to the extreme of altruism, as we are in the Philippines

and Cuba, promising the people freedom, spending a great deal of money upon insular improvements, and doing all we can to educate and uplift the Filipinos, nor are they playing the dangerous middle-game that England has been trying in India, giving the people all the benefits of civilization, and in fact teaching the people to desire liberty, without the hope of ever securing it. The English are trying to substitute loyalty to the empire for the love of freedom. It is still an open question whether the peoples of tropical lands brought up in the lap of luxury, without the energetic and self-reliant qualities which a more vigorous clime brings out, are not destined to be always ruled by a superior race. Those who advocate this theory assert that its proper solution rests only in the selection of the nations most suitable to do this governing – those who will give their dependents the fairest and best treatment. Spain, Portugal, and France have failed, more or less; England and Holland have succeeded, and now Japan, Germany, and the United States are trying their hands, each from a different point of view. Japan is following England's lead, with the advantage of having no color problem to deal with. Germany uses her colonies simply as trading centers and places for her restless sons to exhaust the energy which the fatherland is not in need of, while the United States, with the pardonable pride of a young country, is trying to bear the white man's burden. The only present exception to the law of the temperate zones ruling the tropics which I can think of, is the little kingdom of Siam, and she is girt about by hungry vultures. It was only England's manly generosity which prevented her being absorbed by France in the comic-opera war of 1893.

Holland realizes, as well as anyone, the importance to her of the vast wealth of Java. Without her East Indian possessions, Holland would be almost impoverished. She is therefore playing her game cautiously, intending to allow no repetition of the Great Indian Mutiny to

threaten her administration. As private enterprise could not make the Java trade even what it had been, and to what the Dutch hoped it would attain, Governor Van den Bosch instituted in 1830 the so called "Culture System." This has become so famous that I shall give an outline of its growth and method. The governor was granted power from the home government to advance sufficient cash credits to private individuals who would assist him in developing the sugar industry. Sugar mills were erected and the government maintained them and the colonists until, by the sales of their products, they were enabled to repay the capital and own their mills. The old national obligations which the natives owed to their sultans were transferred to the Dutch government, and the natives were obliged to plant one-fifth of their land with sugar cane, which they sold to the mills at fixed rates, and to give one day's labor in seven to tending crops. The mill owners sold one-third of the finished product to the government, paid back each year one-tenth of the government's cash advanced to them, in sugar, at the same rate, and were then free to ship as their own venture the balance of their sugar to the Netherlands Trading Company which held the monopoly of transport and sale of government produce. Enormous profits resulted to the government and mill owners from the sales of such sugar in Europe, and during one prosperous decade the crown of Holland enjoyed a revenue amounting to more than five millions of dollars from Java sugar alone. Actual slavery ceased in Java in 1859 by royal edict, but the "Culture System" continued to work with such success that the government decided to employ the method on other crops. Great enthusiasm for Java was aroused in Holland, and the best class of men were secured as colonists: education, cultivation, and birth were made essentials, and it was known that no absenteeism would be tolerated. Those who came to Java, came with the idea that they would give the best years of their

life to the work. By providing military bands, orchestras, and subsidizing an opera, by establishing a library and fostering the Museum of the Batavian Society, by providing its officials with a purse for entertainment and the encouraging of social life within the colonies, the home government helped to make life very tolerable in the far away tropics. Tea plants and seeds had been brought in from Japan and China as early as 1826, but their cultivation was not a success until the discovery of the hybrid bush obtained by grafting the wild Assam tea plant upon the Chinese plant. The rise of the coffee culture, however, threw the tea trade into the background, and coffee soon became "the pivot of the Netherlands' colonial régime." In 1879, the year of the greatest production of the government plantations in Java, seventy-nine thousand four hundred tons of coffee were shipped to Europe. Indigo, cinnamon, pepper, cinchona, and cochineal were all grown by the natives in the same way, under official supervision, and delivered to the government for a trifling price. In contrast to the British in India and the Chinese in Szechuen, the Dutch have always prohibited poppy culture in Java, although the natives are greatly addicted to opium smoking. Salt works and tin mines have always been profitable government monopolies.

The "Culture System" as an experiment in colonial government and finance, proved one of the most perfect successes the world has ever seen, as well to the island and the people as to the colonists and the crown of Holland. Great stretches of jungle were cleared and brought under cultivation, and more money was paid to the natives as wages than the natives paid to the government in taxes. The Javanese acquired better homes, more personal wealth, and improved in all the conditions of living. The population increased enormously during the fifty years that the culture system was in operation, and the attention and envy of all the nations of Europe was

drawn to this new departure in colonial government. A great deal of abuse was poured upon the system from various sources, the abolition of slavery was forgotten, and in editorials, speeches, books, pamphlets, and even novels, the Dutch were spoken of as rapacious tyrants. The sugar production began to fall gradually and Java now ranks second to Cuba in this respect. In 1879, the blight attacked Java, and one by one all the plantations of the choice Arabian coffee trees were ruined. Only a few of the tougher Liberian plants were proof against it. As in Ceylon, many of the estates were burned over and planted with tea, and the government began to lose its grip upon the island. The opposition from the state's general of Holland gradually got the upper hand, and it was left to private enterprise and natural means to continue the development of the island's resources. It is to be regretted that the Achinese War swallowed up so large a share of the system's profits so that less money was spent on railways and public improvements than would have been desired. Now that time has given men a saner view of things, the culture system is seen to have been an inspiration of genius, the fortunate epoch of the island's existence. Even if its benefits were limited to the class of men it sent to Java as colonists, the ideas of systematic labor which is inculcated amongst the natives, and the amount of waste jungle land which it cleared and cultivated, its value would be incalculable. The Dutch did not pose as philanthropic friends of the natives, they do not come there preëminently to make their life more agreeable, and they are quite frank in stating that they regard Java as existing for Holland's especial benefit; but, with it all, they have given the Javanese better homes and better conditions to live in, and have nothing to fear for their loyalty. If other countries in the tropics prove that they are capable of ruling themselves, if they can keep up with the march of events and give their people as happy and well provided an existence as the Dutch do the Javan-

ese, it will be time to think of higher education. The Dutch rule in Java may be epitomized as a perfect form of paternalism.

DJOKJOKARTA, DECEMBER 17. . . The umbrellas, or *pajongs*, which are carried abroad behind persons of consequence in this native principality to declare their rank, are among the most unique and interesting sights of Djokjokarta. There are twenty different styles of *pajongs* which belong to this court, and they are the oldest insignia of royalty in all the east, for we found them pictured on the walls of the Baruboedoer through all the centuries sculptured there. From the sultan's own golden *pajong* with orange border, the gold bordered *pajong* of the Crown Prince, the white *pajongs* of sultans and their children, and of concubine's children, down to green, red, pink, blue and black *pajongs* of the lesser officials and nobles, all *pajongs* are exactly ordered by court heraldry. Strange accompaniments these for a sultan who plays billiards at the club, and a sultana who takes a hand at bridge!

BATAVIA, DECEMBER 20. . . Since starting on this trip I have been as much interested in the dramas and dramatic dancings, songs, etc., of the countries I have visited, as in anything else, and in Java I have had the opportunity of seeing three different kinds of plays, several dances, and of hearing a good deal of native music. The highest type of dramatic entertainment in Java is the *topang*. This is always delivered in Kawi, the classic language of the country. It is a survival of the old court plays of earlier days, and usually deals with historic or legendary plots. The costumes which have been handed down for generations, or modelled upon old ones, are said to be absolutely correct, and are not the least interesting part of the performance as showing how the Javanese of eight or nine centuries ago, looked. Some companies of *topang*

players which are kept up by rich men or princes, like the sultan of Djokja and the Susunhan of Solo, own robes and jewels of tremendous value. In the old days courtiers and men of the best families in the land composed these companies, and Java is today practically the only country in the world in which there is not the slightest opprobrium attached to the stage.

All the Kawi books (which language is related closely to Sanskrit and Pali) as well as the Indian Classic Myths, the Ramayana and Mahabharata (known in Java as the epics of Kandas and Tarvas), the Arjuna Vivaya, and the Bharata Yuddha are familiar to the Javanese, through their frequent presentations with Javanese settings and names, in the more common *wayang-wayang* or shadow-plays. Although there are many *Books of Wisdom* and religious writings in Kawi literature, there has never been the slightest attempt, so far as known, at religious or morality plays in Java; sentimental and dramatic poems, war tales in verse, and romantic chronicles of the loves of imaginary princes and heroes supply the beautiful and graceful characters of the Javanese drama.

The lyrical dramas and stately dances form the most classic and most refined presentations of the *topang*. Wonderfully dressed women go through elaborate posture dances with all the theatrical poses, sweeps, and gestures of devitalized arm and wrist. Dark-robed attendants (identical with the mutes of the Japanese drama) crawl about upon the stage behind the principals, arranging costumes and handing *pajong* and weapons as needed. Heroes in gorgeous armor go through long combats to slow music, graceful choruses dance, and there are recitatives by the *dalang* or manager. The last act is usually more or less sanguinary, when the hero, stripped to the waist, fights furiously and skillfully in the old style. Of course the plot is conventional, and the mythical hero or demi-god invariably triumphs over all his foes.

The common *wayang-wayang* of the people is a modification of the same thing, enforced by the stern dictates of Islam. The Mohammedan creed forbade the representation of the human figure, and the puppets had to be so distorted that the priests could not possibly call them human. Even then only their shadows are thrown on a screen. Hence the exaggerated heads, beaks and noses of the wooden and cardboard jumping-jacks which, pulled by unseen hands, serve to entertain and interest the common people in the national history and legends, and, by preludes and lines in classic Kawi, preserve acquaintance with the literary language. There is a form of *wayang-wayang* half way between the puppet show and the real drama, in which the actors show themselves, but wear distorted masks; but the plays deal with modern times, are usually comical farces given in the common dialect, and the manager often improvises his lines as the play progresses, to suit local conditions. With these popular dramas there ranks the performance of the graceful *bedaya* [dancing girl], whose tightly folded *sarong*, floating scarf ends, measured steps, outward sweep of the hand, and charming play of arm and wrist, live again in the sculptures on the recording walls of the Baruboedoer. Passing through a little village in the country one day, I came upon one of these winsome ladies, dancing to the accompaniment of her *gamelan* or native orchestra, in the midst of a highly appreciative circle of peasants. She was an extremely pretty, chic, and graceful *bedaya*, and I hope the picture which I snapped will do justice to her and to the scene.

The love of the drama in the form of the *topang* and *wayang-wayang*, had become so ingrained in the very life and breath of the people, that the Mohammedan conquerors decided not to suppress these popular national amusements and customs, insisting simply upon a few scrupulous modifications. The Dutch were also wise enough never to interfere with these harmless and taste-

ful pleasures of the people, the greatest distraction and delight of the sensitive, emotional, refined, and innately æsthetic Javanese, who will sit through shadow plays half the night, and are moved to frenzy and tears by the romantic and martial exploits, and the tender love passages of their national heroes.

SINGAPORE, DECEMBER 26. . . There are few towns of equal importance in the world, whose mere street-life is so interesting as this great commercial crossroad of the world. There is no other port quite like it. Before it was ceded to the British by the Sultan of Johore in 1819, there was, to be sure, a small Malay village of the same name on nearly the same site as the modern city, but it had to be built on stilts, for the country was a swamp, almost impenetrable even to the natives, a breeding place of fever and disease, inhabited by snakes, insect pests, wild beasts, and pirates, and unapproachable by trading vessels. It is owing to the Pax Britannica, to British energy and enterprise, that the nations of the world may today safely do business in what was once one of the most deadly corners of the world. It was built primarily with the intention of attacking the Dutch trade in the archipelago, and it ended the mercantile existence of the flourishing Dutch port of Malacca. It has eventually become a city of nearly two hundred thousand, the capital of the Strait Settlements, and the mother of most of the Federated Malay States (Penang, Province Wellesley, Perak, Selangor, Sungei Ujong, Negri Sembilan, and Pahang). In the city itself the busy commercial Chinese predominate almost to the exclusion of the lazy pleasure-loving artistic Malays, who form the bulk of the provincial population; but that small island, hanging from the tip of the Malay Peninsula, is as much of an ethnographical exhibit, a Congress of Nations, as the Midway Plaisance of a World's Fair. Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Malays, Javanese, Burmese, Cingalese, Tamils,

Sikhs, Parsees, Laskars, Malabars, Malagasy, Andamanise, Arabs, and sailor folk of all coasts, Hindus, and heathen of every caste and persuasion, are grouped in a brilliant confusion of red, white, and brown patterned drapery, and of black, brown, and yellow skins in her streets. Behind them, sun-bleached and pallid, in pith helmets and white clothes, are the English who have made this wilderness a possible home for white men and the representatives of other nations who are doing business in this great mart. The Great *Maidan* (a Persian word signifying an open place or park) where football, cricket, tennis, and polo are played, the parks, the botanic gardens, the miles of excellent macadam roads, the palm and tamarind fringed streets, the comfortable clubs with their iced drinks, the large airy public buildings, and the cool bungalows of the residents combine to make life in Singapore very pleasant, and far different from the perspiring, languid existence with which it is usually credited.

As the letters from here on are much more full and detailed, there are correspondingly fewer extracts from the diary used.

CALCUTTA, JANUARY 29, 1908. . . This is India, the land of mystery, sadness, and romance. Mystery, because one never knows what may happen in India, with its wonderful jugglers and fakirs, its terrible thugs and dacoits, its astral bodies and sub-conscious beings, and its mighty rajahs and princes. News travels here in strange unaccountable ways – secrets told in confidence behind closed doors in southern India, become the common property of the street *bhistis* in far northern Lahore the next day. India is the home of secret societies and mystic brotherhoods, of the occult college of Pundits, and the dwelling place of many living incarnations of the Hindoo gods. Sad, because the people never smile here; they are too

weighed down by the dread of famine, cholera, and plague. The damp, heated air breathes fever and the jungles are full of tigers, leopards, and deadly snakes, which yearly kill off thousands of the people. Then, too, India cannot forget that she was once the mightiest and most splendid empire the world has ever known in the days when the Great Moguls ruled half the east, while now she has become a mere dependancy of England. Romance, because so much of India's great poetic past may still be seen and enjoyed in her ruins, her splendid forts, palaces, temples, and mausoleums. Because, too, so much of barbaric splendor, pomp, and circumstance still clings to the somewhat tattered robes of the native Indian nobility. There are a good many of them, these princes, rajahs, nizams, gaekwars, maharajahs, amirs, and heaven knows what other outlandish titles—who still rule their own semi-independent kingdoms. Some of the kingdoms are pretty sizable little states too: Heyderabad, for instance, is larger than Holland.

CALCUTTA, FEBRUARY 17. . . You can hardly pick up a paper here in British India without reading an account of some bomb-throwing, shooting affair, or mob outbreak. The fact that these treasonable acts (for they are practically all directed against Englishmen by Indians) are not only so frequent but so widespread, would at first blush lead one to suppose that nearly all of India was on the verge of rebellion. But I think this is a great exaggeration. It is probably true enough that there is a large and well organized revolutionary party eating like a cancer through the body-politic of India. They collect and secret arms and ammunition, make bombs, hold largely attended meetings, and even appear in print in pamphlets and a few ill-conditioned papers. But though widely scattered through southern and central India, they are limited, geographically, and even more so racially. Here again, as in China, is a country so large that the

thin hawk-faced talkative Hindoos of the south can not properly be called country-men of the sturdy, bronzed Buddhists of the northeast, nor yet of the fierce whiskered fighting Sikhs and Mohammedans of the northwest. There are four main religions in India: Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Parseeism, and ten or a dozen small ones. There are thirty or forty native states still existing, and the various peoples of the vast country speak a hundred different languages and dialects. The sun-descended Rajput princes of central India, whose ancestors were too proud to allow their daughter to marry the mighty Akbar, look down upon their Tamil and Bengali co-religionists almost as much as upon the Mohammedans. The fighting Gurkas of Nepal and Bhutan would like nothing better than to cut the throat of a cultured Hindustani whom they hate more than an Englishman. That there will be trouble there seems little doubt, but as long as it is confined to the cowardly though well-educated Babus it can be put down successfully and provided that there is no half-way policy about handling it. The viceroy ought to be given full power and the right to sentence those caught red handed without a civil trial: if necessary, have authority vested in some military court or committee-of-public-safety. Nothing appeals more forcibly to the oriental mind than prompt, forceful action. If a malefactor is allowed to stand a regular trial, with the long delays which it necessarily involves, even if he is convicted in the end, it hardly seems the same thing to them. They have lost sight of the justice of the thing and see only pusillanimity. The disaffection must not be allowed to spread, if England intends to rule India along the lines which have guided her policy since the days of the East India Company. Of course England has a difficult part to play in the Far East. Her ideas of colonial rule are different from those of other nations. Her very altruism in giving the Indians the greatest benefits of civilization is proving a

thorn in her side. In fact the education of the clever Babus is a two-edged sword, and the bringing up of native princes as English gentlemen is by no means an unmixed blessing. Many of those young bloods are sent to Eton or Harrow, and later to Oxford or Cambridge, and while in England are treated as equals. They are welcomed by society and the exclusive London clubs, entertained everywhere, and treated very graciously by the British ladies. They speak of England as "home" and are keen about English sports, manners, and mode of life. All this is very attractive but does not fit them for the life which their birth and environment intended for them. When they come back to their own land they are not put on the same footing by the Anglo-Indians. Except at official functions the color line is pretty sharply drawn. People you meet in Calcutta will say in speaking of some well-groomed young prince whom you may meet at the races, "Oh I dare say he may be quite right, but I don't care to have my sister associate with a native." The Indians naturally feel this, and those of them who are not strong-minded and broad-minded enough to see things in their proper light, accepting the status quo and going quietly ahead to do the best they can for their own little state, are apt to get bitter. They fall in with a lower set of people, a cheap fast crowd of hangers-on, who curry favor with them for pecuniary or political advantage. Many of them drop down the ladder pretty fast. Others fall into the hands of designing people and get mixed up in intrigues against the government. That means the end of them and often of their country, for there are always tale-bearers ready to sell information to the government officials. When she can, England is very ready to let a native dynasty handle its own affairs, as long as they justify their rule by doing as well or better by their people than England herself can do in those provinces and presidencies that she immediately rules. The Gaekwar of Baroda, for instance, is a very enlightened

and up-to-date ruler, and in the way of schools, roads, sanitation, and famine administration is ahead even of the provincial governors. But where things are neglected, and the revenue wasted for the riotous pleasures of the rajahs, the English resident gradually takes a larger and larger share of control and ultimate absorption becomes the goal. I have heard the opinion expressed that the present outbreak of the Zakka Kheels on the northwest frontier is very significant, in that it shows that an understanding has at last been reached by the Hindus of the south and the Mohammedans of the north, and that the latter are acting in concert with the Bengalis. I have also heard it said that should this war prove at all successful or require a large part of England's Indian army to cope with it, a general uprising all over India will be the result. Military men, however, say that this is all tommy-rot, the two things are merely coincident. I think myself that the Zakka Kheels may have been shrewd enough to have chosen their opportunity for a little lark (for fighting is their natural pastime) because they knew things were rather unsettled in India, but do not think there is any understanding between them and the Bengalis. These and other tribes are always breaking out in little wars and frays—"shows" as Tommy Atkins calls them—not because they find British overlordship galling or because they expect to gain anything, but purely from the love of the sport. They send their women, children, and worldly goods to inaccessible fastnesses in the hills, and have no end of a good time "snipeing" the British soldiery and their Sikh or Afghan cousins. They suffer very little from a "war" of this kind, their mud villages are quickly rebuilt and when the British get the upper hand (as they always do—trained as their troops are to this sort of fighting), they come in and manage to get very fair terms from their conquerors. I spoke to Colonel Dunlap-Smith and Captain Denham White about the chances of my going up there with one of

the regiments and seeing something of the fighting, but they seemed confident it couldn't be done, even if I posed as a correspondent for some home paper. Only a couple of English pressman accompanied the party and no guests went at all to this "week end war."

BENARES, FEBRUARY 19. Hindoo, as well as Mohammedan women of the better class, never permit their faces to be seen by men. The hard working coolie and peasant women are, of course, not so particular. They are all, however, fond of bright colors in their dress, and go flaming by in scarlets, oranges, purples, greens, and blues which fairly startle one. Nearly all wear brass, or silver bracelets and anklets, which clash faintly as they pass.

. . . What has interested me fully as much as the wonderful bathing and burning ghats at Benares have been the gods, the nautch dancers, and the jugglers. There are apparently a great many gods, incarnations of Vishnu, Krishna, or Shiva, alive and worshiped today in India, and Benares is the best place to find them. These people are Brahmins who have become so exceedingly good and holy that one of the gods has consented to come down and dwell in their bodies for a time. The Hindoo believes this as firmly as we believe that Christ lived on our little world as the son of a carpenter nineteen centuries ago. They not only believe in many gods, but they believe that each of their gods has the power to assume as many different shapes or incarnations as he chooses. These gods, of course, do not consider themselves bound by the same limitations as we ordinary beings, for they believe there is something of the divine spark in their souls. I have certainly seen them hold live coals in their hands without seeming to be burnt, recline apparently at ease upon a bed of upright nails, and bury their heads in sand with no visible means of breathing for ten minutes at a time. Truly India is a land of mystery, for just how they manage these deceptions it is impossible to detect.

The nautch girls, though they wear beautiful, highly colored dresses and fairly glisten with jewels, and are usually lithe and graceful enough, do not seem to do much real dancing from an American or European point of view. Nothing like our idea of a wild, whirling, oriental dance such as that of "Little Egypt." A jangling orchestra plays a monotonous tune, someone chants a long poem, or the story of the wars, or loves of some old prince, and the girls go through a lot of postures and make gestures of a dramatic sort, but the dancing, though graceful and suggestive, is not very spirited.

As for the famous Indian jugglers, they are clever enough to be amusing and mysterious enough to be very interesting; but I have yet to witness the famous rope trick which, though in my heart of hearts I despair of, I am nearly as anxious to see as anything in India. Though very few of these dabblers in the occult ever attain to that degree of skill which is attributed to them, yet as a class they are quite a remarkable set of men. They never require the remote stage-setting paraphernalia and mechanical devices of our own prestidigitators, but will perform on the drive in front of a bungalow, on the porch or in your room with equal willingness and equal success. Judging by the two examples I have so far seen in Calcutta and Benares they are simply very clever sleight-o-hand wizards, for I have not been treated to anything which savored of the other world, though some of their tricks are absolute mysteries to me. I have seen the Mango trick and the ring trick, besides many others more or less miraculous, and a battle royal between a mongoose and a cobra.

AGRA, FEBRUARY 21. . . In 1568 Akbar, the greatest of his extraordinary family, swept down from Kabul and reconquered in about ten years not only all that his father Humayun had lost, but more besides, building up a vast empire out of what is now India, Afghanistan, Baluchis-

tan, Turkestan, Burma and Assam. Not only was Akbar one of the world's greatest conquerors, and the skillful uniter of many warring elements into a strong, cohesive whole, but he was an ardent builder. Everywhere he went, fortresses like footprints marked his path, and the most splendid of them all and one of the most impregnable is that which guards his capital here at Agra. It has a double wall and a great moat and is built entirely of red sandstone. The moat was in latter days usually left dry in order that Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, might amuse himself by having gladiatorial combats and fights between wild beasts in it. The sluice gates by which it could be filled from the River Jumna, which further protects its eastern face, are now silted up and the moat itself grown with trees and shrubs. The fort is on a hill overlooking Agra, and part of it is now used as a barracks and parade ground by British troops. It is of tremendous extent and contains within its massive walls some of the most beautiful buildings in the world; mosques, zenanas, halls of public and private audience, mirrored baths and marble swimming pools, bazaars, halls of justice, sleeping apartments, and recreation rooms. Part were built by Akbar, and are typical of that strong, iron willed ruler, being plain solid red-sandstone. Part were built by his pleasure loving and more artistic grandson, Shah Jehan—and these are the most beautiful. The famous Pearl Mosque, built entirely of pure white marble and lying like a lovely pearl inside the rough shell of Akbar's fort, is typical of the contrasted styles of architecture. From the Jessamine Tower, which, with its delicate carved marble casements, hangs like a bird's nest from the top of the high east wall, there is a splendid view of that face of the fort with the moat below, the broad Jumna lapping its base, the level countryside, and the glorious Taj, dim in the distance.

FATEHPUR SIKRI, FEBRUARY 23. . . Akbar for a long

time had no son to inherit his throne, and began to get despondent and morose. One day a very pious and learned man, who lived at Sikri, told him that if he would come out and live in that holy place he would have a son. Akbar felt that it would be beneath the dignity of so great an emperor to live in a small village like Sikri, and so he caused a great city to be built there with walls, temples, palaces, and public buildings, and moved out with his whole court. His prayers were answered in the course of time, and the great Emperor Jehangir was born to him. In gratitude, Akbar made the learned man, Salim Chisti, a personal friend and the tutor of his child. The good Chisti died at length, after a life rich with pious and charitable works, and was made a saint. Akbar built over his grave at Fatehpur Sikri a beautiful mausoleum of white marble. The delicately carved marble screens and windows of this mausoleum are the most perfect of their kind in the world.

AGRA, FEBRUARY 27. . . Today we went out and saw the rich yet simple and dignified tomb of the great Akbar himself. The sarcophagus of pure white marble rests in a pearl-like room whose sides are formed by more lovely pierced screens. This room forms the center of a noble red sandstone building, which in turn lies in the heart of the beautiful green park at Sekundra. A fitting resting place for the bones of so great a man. To properly appreciate the value of Akbar's life to India and to the whole world, we must think of him not only as a great conqueror, not only as the creator of the vast Mogul Empire, not only even as a wise and just administrator of policies and laws, but as a man whose life was an example and an inspiration to all his countrymen since. We must realize that he lived at the same time that Bloody Mary was ruling England, that Philip II was terrorizing Spain and the New World with his barbarous Spanish Inquisition, and that the horrible massacre of

THE TOMB OF SALIM CHISTI AT FATEHPUR SIKRI

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St. Bartholomew's Eve was staining the fair name of Francis II of France. All of the most Christian sovereigns of Europe were trying by the cruelest means to force their subjects to worship in a certain prescribed way, yet Akbar was so just and sane-minded in his way of looking at things that he tolerated all religions in his empire, and used to gather together the learned priests and elders of many faiths, Hindoo, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Christian, Confucian, Parsee, Sikh, etc., to discuss in a friendly spirit what were the best elements in each, the points of contact, and the underlying truths.

DELHI, FEBRUARY 28. . . Here at Delhi, with its bullet-riddled Kashmir Gate and the ruins and memorials, marking the British position on the famous "Ridge," one is being constantly reminded of the Great Indian Mutiny. In conversation with Anglo-Indians, in books and newspapers, pictures, and places, one is almost hourly running across allusions to it—much as we at home, more unconsciously, would find constant reminders of our Civil War. In addition to the countless stories one hears, I have recently read Malleson's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, and Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, and it seems as though there were hardly a page in the world's history which contains so many stirring adventures, bloody battles and sieges, hair-breadth escapes, and brave and daring deeds as this same mutiny. England throughout all her history seems to have been peculiarly gifted with the ability to produce the right man for the critical hour. Led on by such heroes as Nicholson, Havelock, Roberts, and Colin-Campbell (her troops, many of them fresh from Europe and unaccustomed to the tropics, and her whole army outnumbered nearly ten to one), she not only held her own but completely reconquered the whole land, increasing her territory and gaining a firmer hold than ever before. But at what a terrible cost can only be realized when one sees the residency at Lucknow, which

has been left standing exactly as it was when the British army finally fought their way through and saved the garrison. The wife of a British official who was recently ordered to Cawnpore said "I dread living at Cawnpore. I shall always be thinking of the Well!" When Cawnpore was stormed the men of the little garrison were all killed in the hand-to-hand fighting which followed: but the women and children were shut up in a room in the governor's house. Then four Indians went in, locked the doors behind them, and murdered them all in cold blood. There were over a hundred and it took a long time. When their arms got tired or their swords broke, they went out and rested and got new ones. The English army of relief got there several days too late, and the room was then a perfect shambles of blood, severed hair, scraps of dress, and gashes low down on the wall, showing where the women had cowered and been killed. The Indians had thrown the bodies (some probably still alive) into a well, and over this well the British government has erected a beautiful Memorial Chapel with the marble figure of an Angel of Mercy bending over it. There are soldiers constantly on guard, even now, and no Indians are allowed inside the park which surrounds it. If a white man, and more particularly an Englishman, goes in here, reads the inscription and the story of the horrible massacre, and realizes the significance of that tender and beautiful Angel of Mercy, the result, should he chance to meet an Indian outside before his passions have had time to cool, are apt to be disastrous for that Indian. Unfortunately there have been many innocent and unoffending Indians maltreated through just this cause. While there is little danger of there ever being so large and general an uprising again, yet the terrible memory of the mutiny and the dread of its recurrence is always hanging over the white residents, making India more than ever a land of sadness.

DELHI, FEBRUARY 29. . . Today at noon—which is

the hour of prayer—we went to the great Mosque of Jehangir—the Jama Masjid. Climbing a tower, we looked down into the vast open square court and saw that it was nearly full of devout Mohammedans. In the centre was a tank where they washed and purified themselves, and in the western wall an arched portico facing towards Mecca. Presently two robed figures went up a little flight of steps to a stone pulpit in front of the arch and, turning towards the holy city, shouted in ringing voices "*Allah il Allah*"—God is God and Mohammed is his phophet. Everyone in the vast assemblage took up the cry and fell upon his knees. After this, passages from the Koran were read and responses recited by the people; and prayers were offered; but there was no singing.

RAWALPINDI, MARCH 2. . . Up here in far northern India it is cold, and the country has taken on a bleak, rugged aspect, different both from the hot arid plains around Agra and Delhi, and the green deltas of the Brahmaputra and the Ganges. The tribesmen hereabouts are of a different sort from the cowardly but well-educated Babus of southern India. They are tall, strong, fierce, bearded Mohammedans, usually travel armed, and simply dote on highway robbery and fighting. It is said that many of the Afghans who form part of that famous white-officered regiment—The Khyber Rifles—which keeps the pass open and safe two days out of the week, are the very men who will take a shot at a stray traveler or small caravan on the days when not on duty. It is to Peshawur and Pindi that the rich caravans from Kabul, Merv, Samarkand, and Bokhara, come, toiling over the famous Khyber Pass. This pass is the gate to India from the north; it is the way Tamerlane came in when he conquered India. Mahmúd of Ghazni, Babar, Akbar, and all the other conquerors, save Alexander, used it; and England is afraid that Russia will try to come in at the same back door. It is strongly fortified along its entire length, how-

ever, and there are ruins of forts dating from Akbar's time.

Just at present this town is full up with troops mobilizing for the war against the Zakka Kheels. The cantonment, in fact, was so full, that we considered ourselves lucky in getting hold of a tent to sleep in. It is very cold to-night and there is snow on the passes at Murree and beyond. We have made arrangements with Dahnjiboy and Son (who carry the royal mail) to take us over to Serinagur in three days by tonga—vide Kipling's *Clank of the Tonga Bar*. This is very expensive, as it is a trip of over two hundred miles and means a relay of ponies every six miles. We shall be the first people into Kashmir this year. I'm sorry Gil is not going to take this trip with us. I hoped he would change his mind at the last, and that I should meet him with Purdy at Lahore.

JEYPORE, MARCH 22. . . Easily one of the most interesting cities we have yet seen, Jeypore presents some strange contrasts. Built in quite an old-world style and yet along modern lines, it is laid out in an up to date manner, with broad regular streets and buildings of the same general style. No one is allowed to build in the city unless they use pink marble, pink sandstone, or at least paint the structure pink. The effect, as may be imagined, is very striking, and for this reason Jeypore is often called "The City of Sunset." With its brightly clad women and men, who still carry swords, it has a splendid barbaric flavor. Of course many of the poorer people have to use stucco and have façades much larger than their actual houses, to be in keeping with the general style of architecture—but one tries not to notice these little discrepancies. Some of the pink marble gateways with carved balconies look perfectly scrumptuous—good enough to eat. The Maharajah's palace, while a splendid modern building and very beautiful and interesting with its gardens, fountains, and walks, and its sacred turtles and

AMBER, THE CITADEL, ACROPOLIS, AND ONE OF THE RESERVOIRS

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crocodiles (which Purdy and I saw being fed), makes one nevertheless regret that the prince didn't continue in his old, uncomfortable, but highly picturesque capital at Amber: for Amber is just the sort of place you have always imagined you would find in India. The Maharajah lent us an elephant upon which to ride out to this ancient city. The ride was interesting, as we saw a couple of temples and forts on the way, but hot and dusty, so that we had to refresh ourselves with a cold "peg" at the rest-house just within the city walls. Amber is set in a sort of a gash in the savage hills and was very strongly fortified. We wound slowly up a steep zig-zagged stone causeway, and under half a dozen ponderous, port-cullised gateways, to the great acropolis or fortified palace, which crowns one of the hills above the town. It is full of beautiful rooms, state apartments, halls of judgment, corridors, temples, stables, and everything necessary and adequate to a brilliant court. Jeypore was a very important place in the old days, and its Maharajah one of the most powerful and warlike of the Rajput princes. When Akbar, in his career of conquest, laid siege to it, the Maharajah simply turned the common people out to take refuge in the hills (they were safe enough as Akbar never bothered with them), and with his gay court and a veteran army of about ten thousand prepared to resist the emperor. His walls were high and strong, all the hills round about the city were covered with forts, and the great stone reservoirs, which supplied the garrison with water are intact and full to-day. So the old chieftan sat tight and held high revel in his sumptuous palace. Music and dance and song held sway and the hostile army battering at his gates was laughed to scorn. But Akbar was not a safe man to laugh at, he never relaxed his hold—provisions grew scarce, sorties were repulsed, outlying forts captured, and finally, after a siege of nearly a year, the great city was stormed. With its fall was crushed the back-bone of the Rajputana resistance.

The Palace of the Winds, the royal stables, the splendid observatory with its gigantic stone and bronze instruments, and the beautifully carved tombs of the sun-descended ancestors of the present dynasty we found very much worth while. But I think Purdy and I enjoyed as much as anything our visits to rug-making and brass-hammering factories, the dealers in old armor and weapons, and the entertainment we received there. I remember one many-coursed, formal dinner which was spread before us by crimson and gold turbaned servitors in a great dim palatial room from whose carved and traceried windows we could look down upon the kaleidoscopic street-life below. Our host, a wealthy rug merchant, sat cross-legged on a divan opposite, toying with fruit and wine and Russian cigarettes and talking volubly while he picked the silken rosettes from his pointed Turkish slippers carelessly to pieces.

AHMEDABAD, MARCH 23. . . What Ahmedabad is particularly noted for, are her great religious festivals, the famous windows in Sidi Said's Mosque, and the beautiful carvings of her Jain temples. We visited half a dozen of these, and the detail of the carving is simply marvelous – every available inch being chiselled with exquisite nicety. The bas-reliefs – illustrative of scenes in the early religious history of the Jainas (a secret offshoot of Buddhism which combined with Brahminism) – almost rival those of the Baruboedoer in Java. Later we went down to the river, a branch of the Sabarmati, and watched the great crowd of religious bathers. Although it was not a festival day and we were rather late, yet there were a couple of thousand dark figures still dotted over the broad sandy bottom of the river, and several hundreds in the water. We paid our respects to several large and imposing mosques, and finally drove up to the small plain-looking one which all the world knows about. The windows were carved from solid slabs of stone about six

DETAIL OF THE OLD PALACE, AMBER

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inches thick, but so thorough has been the piercing that from a distance it looks as filmy as a cobweb. The design of a vine, with twisted interlacing stems, is as graceful and unconventional as a bit of Japanese embroidery. We spent the afternoon poking about the crowded bazaars, where the cloth merchants and bronze dealers expose their gaudy wares. It was intensely hot in the narrow crowded streets, but we had an interesting time, and I secured some good snapshots and a dainty Hindoo scarf. We leave this evening for Bombay, where there is a good hotel with civilized bath-tubs and iced drinks!

Colombo, May 7. The Portuguese, during their brief but widespread period of supremacy on the high seas, were the first to gain a foothold in Ceylon—as in most other eastern dependencies now owned by England or Holland. Though they never controlled the whole island they were the dominant power there from 1507 to 1656. Then the Dutch, who had already driven the Portuguese from Java, and Malacca, succeeded them also as masters of the seaports of Ceylon. Jaffna and Point-de-Galle were the chief marts in those days, the former, indeed, dating back to the days when Greek and Roman argosies lay in its roadstead, and Ceylon was known as the Island of Taprobane. The chief reminder of the Dutch occupation are in the form of old forts, such as one finds at Jaffna, Galle, or Kalpitiya, and in names—Van Orm, Van der Geest, etc. Dutch blood seems to make a better mixture with native stock than that of any other white race—a hardier, more honest, and independent type of half-breed. This is true everywhere, but so much so in Ceylon that those Eurasians who have Dutch blood are put in a class by themselves called Burghers. The Portuguese left a deeper impress on the manners, customs, and beliefs of the natives, and the Catholic faith has survived wherever it was introduced by the early Portuguese Franciscans and Jesuits. There are several old Portuguese churches on

the island, and many natives, bearing noble names such as De Silva, Fernando, Pereira, still wear the golden crucifixes and rosaries which have been handed down in their families since the days when Portugal held the coast land. In 1796, the English "beat the Dutch," took possession of the maritime provinces, and after a good deal of friction and mutual illwill declared war on the Kingdom of Kandy, the only really formidable power on the island. The Kandyans were brave and well-led, and the country in which the fighting took place very difficult for an invading army – high sheer mountains, deep valleys, gorges, and the whole covered, at that time, with a dense tropical growth. It was a terrible struggle and the few British troops suffered several defeats, but finally, with the aid of other native tribes (who hated the overbearing Kings of Kandy), and sepoys from India, the mountain clans were conquered and the supremacy of England established over the entire island in 1815.

The Kandy of today is not only among the supremely beautiful places of the earth, ranking with Nikko, Myajima, Taormina, Granada, and Lauterbrunnen, but it is one of the great Holy Places, on a par with Jerusalem, Mecca, Benares, and Lhasa. Here in the hill country of Ceylon is the famous Temple of the Tooth, containing one of Gautama's canines in a jeweled casket. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims from all over the Buddhist world – Japan, Mongolia, China, Thibet, Bhutan, Nepaul, Sikhim, Siam, Cambodia, and other countries – come yearly to "acquire merit." At the great annual festival when the tooth is exposed to view and there are elaborate ceremonials and devil-dancings, the crowds are almost unmanageable. It is one of the queerest buildings I have ever been in, this temple of the Tooth. Purdy and I had been out driving through the hills one afternoon with a chance English acquaintance, and stopped to have a look at the celebrated building on our way back. We went in through a grotesquely carved portal, up winding passages

and down stone steps worn smooth by thousands of naked feet, and slippery with grease and filth. Our British friend commenced cursing the moment he entered and found that none of the priests could understand him, and kept it up with a vigor and variety which surprised us, until we were out into the fresh air and sunshine again. There were rooms where the reek of incense and perfume almost choked us, and there were courtyards where the heavy booming of the priest's brass drums fairly deafened us, and there were odors and sights which will never be forgot; but through it all, like the central motif of an opera, ran that steady undercurrent of purple profanity. After we had had a distant peep at the tooth and seen the temple treasures in a rock-hewn room with great bronze doors, we went into the library, a great, round, well-lighted room where a score of monks were busy reading and writing. The walls were piled high with parchment rolls and queer wooden-bound books in Pali, Sanskrit, Chinese, and Cingalese – sacred Buddhistic lore. This is one of the most valuable theological libraries in the world, and a good many hand-made books, original translations and copies, are done here by the monks. The Buddhist monasteries serve as the only repositories and transmitters of the learning and literature of the East, just as the European monasteries did for us during the Middle Ages. I bought from a priest who had just finished copying it, a long thin sheet of the Dhammapada – the Buddhist Canon – painstakingly printed in the beautiful Pali characters upon a leaf of plantain palm.

The drives about Kandy, many of them planned by Lady Horton, through vanilla, cocoa, and spice plantations, give one lovely views over hill and valley mantled in all the luxury of palm and fern, flower, and vine, and down into the lake through the tall palms which fringe its shores. Not far from Kandy and along a splendid bit of macadam road, lie the wonderful Botanical Gardens of Peradeniya, almost equalling those of Buitenzorg in beau-

ty and completeness. There were giant Bamboos, sacred Bo-trees, lotus ponds, rose gardens, the curious "Floral Fly Traps," banyans, miles of wild coiling liana vines, avenues of royal palms, and best of all a flock of flying foxes, and the most gorgeous and opulent orchid house I have ever seen. The housing and apparatus for research and experimental work, while perhaps not quite so complete as those of Java, are of very material assistance to the planters.

Colombo, May 14. Ceylon is a crown colony of England, administered for H. M. King Edward VII by a governor appointed by the crown. Ceylon does not belong to India either in a political or administrative sense, nor any longer geographically. The isthmus which once connected them has long ago been submerged to a mere chain of islets, and the island has developed along separate lines. In Ceylon one sees England "bearing the white-man's burden" at her best: no display of military force (there is only one British regiment for the whole island—artillery), few indications of an armed occupation, but everywhere system, order, neatness, respect for authority, perfect, smooth running machinery in all branches of public service from the quarantine stations and board of health regulation to government railroad, government telegraph, and post office: all admirably organized and equipped, and quietly and effectively administered. Whatever of friction or irritation one does feel comes from the petty officials, who, like small men the world over, are very apt to feel their oats. Just before starting for the low country along the south coast for a shoot, I called upon the lieutenant-governor (to whom I had a letter from a mutual planter friend), to see if I could get permission to go through the game reserve of the Yala Forest. He was very civil, but busy, and asked me to see one of his assistants. I accordingly went into this chap's office, whither my card and purpose had preceded

me, and got to the heart of things as quickly as I could. The rather washed-out looking individual at the desk raised his eyes languidly, as I finished, and murmured, "I know, my good chap, but I don't think I quite know who you are, do I?" I apologized and introduced myself and again stated my business. To which he again replied, "But I don't think I know really who you are." "It's very true," I answered, "that I may be a nobody, but then, you know, I may really be somebody, so perhaps you'd better give the matter your attention for a moment." "I don't think this comes under my department," replied my bored official. "Do you know whose department it does come under?" I asked, trying to keep cool. "I'm really afraid I don't know anything about the matter at all," he answered, with a poorly-stifled yawn. "As its too much to expect that you should know of anyone who does know anything about it, I shan't trouble you further," I retorted and stumped out. I finally got the permission I wanted through a very pleasant and sporting district commissioner at Hambantota.

Ceylon is another of those astonishing proofs of England's genius for controlling and uplifting oriental peoples: for in Ceylon the Englishman is teaching his fellow savage how to work, and in bossing the job, in directing the labors of his millions of dusky brothers, he is doing some good hard work himself. Even in the small rural towns or jungle villages of the interior, there is a regard for law and order which would put one of our civilized cities to the blush. Bullock-cart drivers, whom one meets up country and who have very probably never even been to Colombo, turn out and keep to the left-hand side of the road in the fashion dictated by the London "Bobby" on Piccadilly. I remember an evening I spent at Negombo, when there was a dinner given at the Dak Bungalow to the local prefect of police by his brother officers, on the occasion of his promotion to another post. They were all Cingalese but all spoke in English, and I, who was smok-

ing on the veranda overhanging the broad river and enjoying the moonlight on its ripples, could understand practically everything that was said. The usual royal healths were of course drunk and God Save the King sung standing, but what surprised me in addition to the good quality of the speeches was the keenness of these young chaps on their jobs. They were forever "talking shop" and seemed very much in earnest. It couldn't have been done for effect, for there were no Englishmen present and they didn't know I was outside. I never saw anything like that in India outside the regular army. Of course lots of the native troops are loyal and keen as can be, even there. Later this police banquet grew very hilarious in its enthusiasm, and in fact, after I had turned in, made so much noise that I was forced to come out into the dining-room in my pajamas and ask them to keep quiet. They looked as ashamed as a lot of schoolboys and presently slunk away, the more sober ones helping the less steady. I suppose they took me for a British officer in undress uniform. I turned in again quite mortified to think that I had put such a complete wet blanket on their innocent, if vigorous, loyalty.

Colombo is a city I shall always recall with a great deal of pleasure. I will have been there six times, including a short stop on my way back from Java in August, and though these last days have been rainy and depressing, and hot as it can only be in the southwest monsoon in the tropics, still the weather was clear most of the times. But it is not her weather, the blue skies and the generous golden light flooding everything, which makes Colombo so attractive, for after all it is a hot place, despite the ever present sea breeze. It is rather an intangible combination of things, incongruous enough and little in themselves, which go, however, to make up "atmosphere." Memories of drives up the long avenue of royal palms, through the parks and the Cinnamon Gardens; long afternoons in the bazaars and amazing jewel shops with a

friend, early morning rides down the green Negombo canal in a launch, long delightful swims in the tank at the Galle Face, views of the blue shining harbor crowded with craft of every size and shape, and showing every flag from the Star and Crescent of Tripoli and the White Elephant of Siam to the Black Eagle of Germany and the Stars and Stripes; the sun-soaked streets bright with gaily-clad native belles and flowering trees; five o'clock at the cricket field, with the chance to talk to a pretty, well-gowned white woman and drink a cup of tea; conversations with all sorts and conditions of men – Portuguese, Jesuits, Buddhist Monks, Y.M.C.A. men, jockeys, pearl fishers, planters, jugglers, native students, etc., and starlit strolls along the great Galle Face Promenade beside the surf-bombarded beach, where the long white wash of the Indian Seas comes rolling in under the bending palms – a dream of tropic beauty.

> I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
> And catch in distant gleams,
> The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
> And the islands that were the Hesperides
> Of all my boyish dreams.
> And the verse of a Lapland song
> Is haunting my memory still:
> 'O! a boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

Colombo, May 15. Buddhism is still the dominant religion of Ceylon, although but a small part of India itself, the birthplace of the Buddha, still clings to its ancient faith. The "Road to Salvation" was discovered and indicated by Prince Siddharta or Gautama, who lived and taught in northern India about five hundred years before Christ. The Cingalese were converted almost as a nation in the third century, B.C. Mahinda, the son of the great Buddhist King of India, Asoka, came across as a missionary to Ceylon and met and converted King Tissa and all

his court, who were out hunting, much as St. Augustine converted King Ethelbert, the Saxon. Although the king's will was law in those days, and King Tissa forced this new religion on his subjects, yet a great wave of religious enthusiasm swept over the land which has endured till to-day. The great religious monuments which sprung into existence as a result of the national confession of faith are still standing in the parched jungles round Sigiri, amidst the ruins of Anuradhpura and beside the dark lake at Kandy, their curious form and colossal projections an amazement to the modern world.

Anuradhpura, was once a great and flourishing city with walls twenty miles in circumference, but the jungle swallowed it up centuries ago, and little is left save a few interesting ruins which indicate its former size and grandeur. It was the capital where the great kings of the ancient Buddhist Kingdom of Lanka held sway in ages past, and it was stormed and its inhabitants were killed or scattered in the Malabar Invasion of 1200 A.D. Among the most beautiful buildings which have been unearthed is the queen's bathing tank, a structure of considerable size, sumptuously carved, with stone steps and platform around its edges. It was full of water when we were there and looked very cool and inviting. What it must once have been, when handsomely roofed from the glaring sun and shut off from the rest of the palace buildings, when slaves with fans and cooling drinks were springing hither and thither, only a vivid imagination can conjure up. A few carved pillars and the beautiful Moon Steps, are all that is left of what must once have been one of the most artistic monasteries in the world – the royal monastery. These famous steps – two in number – are semi-circular in shape, and have the Wheel of Life chiseled in high relief upon their broad tops. What the archeologists at first took to be high conical-shaped hills, proved eventually to be colossal dagobas or dome-like shrines, built over the sacred relics of the Buddha. They had

THE MOON STEPS OF THE ROYAL MONASTERY
ANURADHPURA

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been literally engulfed by the jungle. So much earth had in the intervening centuries collected itself about the base and all over the structures, that a heavy vegetation draped them completely from recognition. One of these dagobas was originally higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and equalled in mass the Pyramids of Giseh. Hundreds of trees are growing from the sides and tops of these temples, and their gnarled roots are fast completing the work of disintegration. In spite of the intense heat while we were at Anuradhpura and our uncomfortable quarters (the Dak Bungalow was crowded, so we slept in a thatched native cottage near by), we stayed long enough to visit the strange temples hollowed out of the high rocky cliffs, and were led by a yellow robed priest (who gave us his card at parting) into dark caves, where giant images of the reclining Buddha are carved in the living rock. Before another gilded image, in a small vaulted chamber where incense was burning and flowers had been arranged, there had been placed a considerable treasure of money, gold, silver, jewels, ivory, silk, bronze, carved wood, etc., offerings from pious pilgrims. From the top of one of these rock temples we had a splendid view out over the jungle, just as the sunset glow was turning the swaying palms into a sea of molten gold. We also found some restored shrines and modern temples, visited by pilgrims from all over Ceylon, India, Siam, and Burma. But the great tanks and reservoirs, as big as lakes, and the canals of that great system of irrigation, by which the ancient kings kept the now dreary plain fertile and smiling and productive, were perhaps the most interesting of all.

To visit a spot like Anuradhpura, is to realize the vastness of the gulf which separates us from the ages that have gone before. One can catch glimpses of a great and wonderful past, of which the outside world has no conception. We could see, in the long perspective of the vanished centuries, a Ceylon rich in all the splendor of a pros-

perous and powerful state, with a well developed art and architecture of its own, and a religion to which kings, priests and peasants were alike devoted, body and soul. The philosopher's dictum, "To travel is to possess the world," is as true of the imaginative as of the actual world, and only a peripatetic can go far enough behind such ruins, as those of Anuradhpura, and the temples in the hills, far enough beyond the experience of our own race and time to learn their lessons and grasp the mystery of their dead past.

Colombo, May 18. We didn't visit Nuwara Eliya, whose only claim to fame lies in its coolness—it is five thousand feet high and the hill resort of the residents—but pushed on instead to Bandarawela, the end of the railway line into the hills. Here we spent the night and started out the next day by coach for Passara to visit Stewart Taylor, a tea-planter who had asked us up for a few days at the instance of an M.P. friend of Purdy, who had written him. It was a lovely drive; all about us were the great plantations, for this is the heart of the tea country. In productiveness certain parts of Ceylon rival even Java, and in tea growing if anything it excels the larger island. Tea is easily the leading industry of Ceylon: there are tea estates wherever soil and climate are propitious, there are tea towns in the hills, tea railways and bullock-cart transit through the mountains, tea toilers on every slope, and tea millionaires—in England. Thousands of Tamil coolies from the southern provinces of India cross the straits to find work in the constantly increasing tea-industries of Ceylon and the new but promising rubber plantations, for Ceylon is by no means so densely populated as Java. In the early days, coffee was the great money-maker of Ceylon as of Java, but the same deadly fungus blight which ruined the Dutch planters appeared about 1875 in Ceylon, and spreading gradually from plantation to plantation finally

GENERAL VIEW OF ANURADHPURA FROM ONE OF THE GREAT RUINED DAGOBAS

(By permission of Messrs. Underwood and Underwood)

THE QUEEN'S BATHING TANK

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exterminated practically all the trees. The planters turned first to the culture of cinchona (from which quinine is obtained) and worried along for a while on that, but finally settled down upon tea as the sure road to salvation. Since that time "the tea industry has accomplished everything expected of it—except the winning of the American Cup!" Rubber, on account of the low cost of planting and tending the trees, is becoming tremendously popular with the planters, and will undoubtedly yield enormous profits if the market doesn't get overstocked; for nearly all the planters here in Ceylon, as well as in Java and the Straights Settlements, are "rubber-mad." Chocolate is another of Ceylon's important industries, for no less than forty thousand acres are planted with cacao trees. Though there are over seven hundred thousand acres of terraced rice fields in the island, a large quantity of this "staple of the east" has to be annually imported. Among the best paying plantations for the capital invested are the cocoanut. There are miles and miles of this picturesque and graceful palm whose only enemy is the typhoon. An enumeration of some of the practical uses to which the products of the cocoanut palm are put, will give an idea of how well it pays. The young, green cocoanut pays the most delicious dividend in its sweet, slightly acid milk, pure, cool, and refreshing, "the most satisfying drink that art or nature ever gave to man." Then there is the fine, white meat of the ripe cocoanut, and the big, nutritious buds that are made into preserves. From the dried cocoanut meat (called *copra*) is pressed the rich cocoanut oil which goes into soaps, hair restorers, and candles. The refuse makes *poonac*, a good fodder for cattle. From the shells are made cups and bowls, and those of inferior quality, when dried, make a smokeless fuel, and yield a very good quality of charcoal. The large leaves are used for mats and baskets; the stalks for making fences, brooms, yokes, and thatch; the timber for

houses, beams, and boats. The hairy outer husk becomes *coir* fibre for ropes, mats, and brushes; so that the cocoanut palm is something more than a mere decorative feature of the landscape, and the eight hundred million cocoanuts that annually cluster amid the feathery tops of Ceylon's characteristic tree, represent one of her most valuable assets.

We had two short but very delightful visits with Taylor and his friend Robinson, to whose bungalow we all three went over the last night. We saw a good deal of the tea industry and something of rubber planting, and envied them their carefree out-of-door life very much. There were stories to be told, books and comfortable chairs to lounge in when it rained, pleasant walks to be taken and much information to be gleaned. Taylor is one of the best gun shots on the island, holding the record for snipe. Besides horses and dogs, he keeps ducks and chickens. Robinson I was particularly anxious to meet, as he is the greatest hunter in Ceylon and famous as a "rogue elephant" destroyer. He gave me some useful tips, and several letters to officials and friends of his on the island, which helped me to have a bully shoot after Purdy left. He also wrote to a planter friend of his in Travancore (a native principality in southern India), named Pinches, who has in turn written very warmly asking me to come up and visit him at his estate in the mountains, and incidentally hunt ibex and bison. Robinson has some splendid trophies in his comfortable bungalow, and told us some thrilling tales of true experiences he or acquaintances had had with buffalo and elephant. Both his and Taylor's bungalows command splendid views out over the high hilly tea country of central Ceylon, down towards Batticaloa, dim in the distance. The hill country of Ceylon around Nuwara Eliya, Adams Peak, Bandarawela, and Badulla is the most beautiful part of the island, except possibly the palm-fringed beaches where the long white combers come rolling in. Up here in the hills they

A rainy Day in Passara

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hunt the stag "to the knife," run them down and bay them with dogs, and then go in with sheath knives in the good old fashioned way – the sport Henry of Navarre was so fond of. This gives the stag – more properly the *sambur* – a good fighting chance, and the planters say that a good half of them get away after goring hunters and hounds severely. One of the noblest sports still left to us!

Ceylon is so much more beautiful than India that it is hard to realize its age. In India, except for the "snows," the chief interest lies in the buildings and what they recall of history or romance; but though Ceylon has had a scarcely less splendid past and contains interesting ruins and indications of a mighty and splendid state of civilization, it is the exquisite loveliness of the island that appeals to one most constantly.

Oh Green Ceylon! What reck I of
Thy buried capitals,
Thy ruined fanes and palaces,
Thy crumbling moss-grown walls!
Thy grim and storied age hath been
By sweeter minstrels sung,
But in my heart thou'lt ever live
Smiling and fair and young.

The following section of the diary, which was kept from August 25, 1908, until November 28, 1908, being written up as it was every night, after a long, hard day's work, pretends to be nothing more than a rough log of each day's doings.

MOMBASA, BRITISH EAST AFRICA, AUGUST 25, 1908. Arrived in this pretty little harbor on the good ship Kanzler from Bombay, at 11 a. m. Got my luggage and guns through the customs and had the latter registered. Called on Smith McKensey (Smith McKensey and Company – *safari* outfitters, to whom I had written before from both Burma and Java) and was put up at the pleasantly situ-

ated little club, moving in at once, bag and baggage. Spent nearly the whole day with S.M. and Company, discussing plans, equipment, and *safari* details. Dined with Simms (Mr. Simms—head of the Mombasa branch of S.M. and Company) and Forbes, and met a lot of pleasant chaps during the evening: Lake, Denne, Walker, Pickering, Vineing, Parenti.[8]

MOMBASA, AUGUST 26. Spent the whole day in making out and buying my outfit, stores, and medicines, finding my Hunting Note-Book very useful. Am unable to buy any films here for my kodak! Got my game license, gun licenses, and made a deposit with S.M. and Company, receiving a check book from them to use for current expenses en route. Also made out and bought my *safari* outfit. Studied Swahili with my boy, who speaks a little English. Dined with Lake.

MOMBASA, AUGUST 27. Signed on the men for my *safari* today, who have been collected by S.M. and Company, and went over my *safari* outfit with the head man, who seems very capable. An American fibre-grower, named Pape, has kindly lent me his tent for the trip, which saves me the great expense of buying a new one—nothing of that sort can be rented here. Had Pickering and Forbes to dinner with me at the club.

[8] One of the two survivors of an exciting, but true Lion-yarn, which I first heard over a year ago in Japan, from Captain Worthington, with whom I dined at Myanoshita. A man-eating lion had been making a good deal of trouble around Kimas (a station on the Uganda R. R.) and had already claimed several victims, when Mr. Ryall (superintendent of police) and two friends, Huebner and Parenti, came up to have a "go" at him. As the lion usually came boldly up to the station, they decided to spend the night in their R. R. Carriage, keeping watch, turn and turn about. Ryall fell asleep on his first watch; the lion, silently negotiating the two high steps from the ground, entered the carriage, and with his feet actually planted on Parenti's chest (who was sleeping on the floor), picked up poor Ryall and sprang out of the window with him as the door had, in the meantime, slid to. The remains were found next day at some considerable distance from the carriage. The lion was eventually captured in a trap and killed.

THE OLD PORTUGUESE FORT AND THE HARBOR OF MOMBASA

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THE NARROW CROOKED STREETS OF MOMBASA

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On the train to Nairobi from Mombasa, August 28. Spent a quiet evening yesterday (after a busy day) and turned in about eleven, but was kept awake until after one by a mad revel in and about the club. The last thing I remember was hearing some chap singing Under the Deodars in stentorian tones. There was a double attraction in Mombasa today, a hanging at nine (four murderers) and a wedding at half past nine. Most people are taking in both! The bride arrived last night on the French Mail. Somehow it reminds me of the story about the man whose wife, visiting him in prison one evening, found him eating toasted cheese with great gusto. "How silly of you, John," expostulated she. "You know toasted cheese disagrees with you. Now you'll be complaining all day tomorrow." "Oh no, I shan't," replies John cheerfully, "they're going to hang me tomorrow at seven!"

Entrained for Nairobi at 11 a.m. with head man, two trackers or gun-boys, cook and assistant, boy, four askaris, fifteen porters (fifteen is, of course, not enough – I am taking these along to act as a nucleus, coast-boys being considered more reliable, and shall pick up the rest in Nairobi), and outfit and grub[9] for three months. Comfortable but rather dusty journey through plain and forest – country gradually rising.

Nairobi, August 29. Quite cool last night; early tea at Kiu. Sunrise over the beautiful Kapiti Plains. Saw considerable game (zebra, Thompson's and Grant's gazelle, wildebeest, and ostrich) mostly on south side of R.R., which is a game sanctuary (boundaries: Coast – Nairobi – German boundary – R.R.) Pleasant fellow traveler, Mr. Graham, who asked me to stop off and have a shoot at his camp, near Kiu, on my return. Reached Nairobi at 11:15 a.m., and presently met Mr. Tarlton, whom I had heard a good deal about as being a well known hunter, and the best shot in the Protectorate. We had a drink and a chat,

[9] See special lists.

and I took him up to tiffin with me at the hotel. There are no porters to be had now, but he thinks he will be able to get me some by Monday night, so I expect I shall have to wait. He is thinking of going out on *safari* himself, in a few days. I was a little doubtful as to whether I had enough flour and sugar in my commissariat and Mr. Tarlton kindly looked over my lists and confirmed my suspicions. Everything else seems to be right. I shall get a sack of potatoes and my shot-gun shells here prior to starting. Went out to Tarlton's bungalow for tea, and later we had a stroll around after pigeons, but no luck. I stayed for dinner, his pal, Newland, appearing, and we had some mighty interesting talk. T. has bagged seventeen lions, and elephants by the hundreds, as he was an old ivory-hunter in the Congo. He has some interesting trophies and pictures. Later, Boileau and Mr. and Mrs. Hirtzel dropped in; the latter one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. We spun a few yarns, and played bridge before a wood fire, breaking up at midnight. Tarlton kindly lent me a pony to ride back the two miles to mine inn, through the chilly darkness. Nairobi, being five thousand feet above the sea level, is very much cooler and healthier than Mombasa.

NAIROBI, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30. Slept wonderfully last night, in spite of a succession of lurid dreams in which I invariably ended by saving Mrs. Hirtzel from some furious lion or charging rhino. Rose and bathed lazily at eight, and spent the morning overhauling my personal kit, to see that nothing had been forgotten. Daily and assiduous care of my guns is getting them back into shape after their damp sea voyage. This little hotel, the Norfolk, although high priced (rupees, fifteen per diem) is far better than any in Mombasa – clean, good food, and fresh milk, which I haven't enjoyed for Heaven-knows-how-long. After tiffin, Tarlton came around, and we went out for a stroll, ending up at the club (on a little hill

back of the town) for tea. There is a magnificent collection of heads here. Tarlton evidently wants to come out with me and I should like mighty well to have him, as I expect I shall be a bit lonely before my return. Also, his knowledge of the language, country, and the natives, would be a great advantage, and probably a saving. However, as he is a professional ivory hunter, I don't suppose he would care to go where I do, and would probably expect high pay anyway. He seems like a good sort. Turned in early.

NAIROBI, MONDAY, AUGUST 31. Took a cup of tea and some bread and butter at five-thirty, and tramped out about five miles to the open plains (Athi Plains—which begin close to Nairobi and stretch for one hundred miles or so towards German East Africa), where there was a good deal of game, though very wild. My idea was to do some target shooting in order to learn whether my telescope-sight was still to be relied upon, as I found it very much hors-de-combat after being bashed about for five months in the bag of shooting duds which I lost in India, and I had had to re-adjust the lenses, etc., myself. After missing three gazelles (one of which I stalked to within one hundred and fifty yards), I rigged up a sort of sight rest, paced off my distances, and fixed up an old letter for target. About thirty rounds convinced me that the sight was not only useless, but beyond my power to repair. On the way home I luckily came across another gazelle—thompson—which I knocked over at one hundred and fifty yards, with flat sights. Rather nice head. Had another talk with Tarlton, and we have decided to hit it off together. I like his way very much, and think we shall get along well together, and that I will have a much better time. My five weeks of almost continuous seafaring have left me so soft that my five hours tramp this morning quite lamed me, and I am thinking seriously of buying a riding mule for at least part of my trip. I

should be able to sell him again without much loss. Nairobi is quite an interesting little place of about two hundred white inhabitants. At almost any hour of the day, parties of wild tribesmen may be seen filing through its dusty streets, in savage finery—feather head-dresses, beads, paint, bracelets, anklets, spears, and usually nothing else—perhaps a scant cloth over the shoulder. The town has generally the rough and ready appearance of all frontier posts—the picturesque sombrero garb which Frederick Remington so delighted to honor. There are troops here (all native, fierce husky beggars), so that the morning bugle and the sunset gun greet the ear, as indeed they have done in many of the British "Outposts of Empire" which I've visited. Instead of buying tents for my men I got them several rolls of Americani (a cheap sort of canvas), and am letting them employ this leisure time in making their own tents—(Foxy Quiller). Went over grub and general kit again this afternoon, substituting canvas for metal buckets, and generally lightening things a bit. Got fifteen more porters enlisted before dark, Kikuyu, Nandi, Wakamba, and Kavirondos. Turned in early.

Kiu River (Five Yards), September 1. Divided loads, settled final arrangements, and started the *safari* at 11 a.m. I weakened at the last moment, as did Tarlton, and bought a mule. We started after tiffin. Came upon a camp of two P.W.D. men (public works department), about four, and stopped to tea. Went into camp at this stream eleven miles from Nairobi at five-thirty. The usual bothers of a first camp. Turned in at eight, forty-five.

Indibugo River (Six Yards), September 2. Breakfasted at six and late start at six, thirty-five in a light drizzle. Stopped at eight for a cup of tea at a pleasant settler's named Heatly (friend of Tarlton), who has recently shot a black leopard. Uneventful morning, along the Fort Hall road. Tea, bread and cheese at

1 p.m. At two, T. and I branched off to get some meat. We each made several misses at distant gazelles who were still near enough to civilization to be very shy. T. wounded a hartebeest (*Bubalis cokei*) – so named by the Dutch or Boers, because they are so hard to kill, I judge – but it got away. We then separated. I made another miss then tipped a distant hartebeest. Lying down at four hundred yards, I succeeded by a lucky fluke, in breaking its two fore legs with my last cartridge. I had to run it down, a hard job, as though badly hit, it could still travel better than I, but it kept falling down, and then I would gain. It was now about 5 p.m. and instead of going for camp, perhaps four miles further on, and sending back boys for the meat, I decided to load it on my mule, which now came up, and tramp back, though I was a bit fagged from my three hours' hunt. The mule, however, turned wicked at the sight of blood, or the smell of it, kicked the syce, and broke away, so that we had to carry back the saddle, as well as the meat and guns, and turned in tonight (after a bath and a good feed) minus a mule. T. had meantime knocked over a female thompson gazelle, by mistake.

Smith's Shamba,[10] September 3. Uneventful morning along the Fort Hall trail for eighteen miles. Oh my poor feet! Five porters of the fifteen whom I engaged at Nairobi, ran away during the night, so we were short-handed and it was a hard day for the *safari*. About nine-thirty we came to the junction of the Chanya (twenty-five yards) and Thika (twenty-five yards) Rivers, where there was a beautiful fall of nearly one hundred feet. Later, rain. At one-thirty we reached the ranch of two settlers, Seth Smith and Thompson yclept – sturdy, bronzed, charming chaps, who gave us a warm welcome, inviting us to spend the rest of the day and to-night,

[10] Shamba is the Swahili term for cultivation, but usually has the meaning of any place where people are living.

which we did, enjoying muchly their phonograph and a hot bath.

PUNDA MALIA, SEPTEMBER 4. A most interesting day. We moved the camp early, down into a wooded hollow about five miles from Smith's Shamba, and pressed on ourselves to get some buffalo, as it is reported a good country for them. About 7:30 a.m. we sighted a herd of hartebeests, presently four giraffes within two hundred yards, and then six eland (all cows, or I should have tried a shot, despite the buffalo). Next, two female bushbuck, then two wild boar. At nine, we spotted a one-horned water-buck, and then, down to leeward, two rhino. We crept around them in a wide circle and came up within thirty yards of them on our windward side, but they had small horns, so we let them go; great lumbering, truculent-looking brutes they were, too, in their full war panoply. We scoured the country, but saw nothing more except cow eland until four-thirty, when I decided to get some meat for camp. I stalked to within one hundred and fifty yards of a distant herd of hartebeests, but the same long grass which had helped the stalking, hindered the shooting, and I missed three times. At last I just touched my bull on the run, bowling him over. Later I wounded another, who, alas, got away, and then I came upon another herd. I made a miss, and then knocked another one over with my last cartridge (I didn't know it at the time, thinking my gun boy had more, but they were with the other reserve-gun-boy, whom I had sent back to camp). Imagine my disgust when on going forward he got up with a broken shoulder and eventually got clean away. T. got nothing, as it soon grew dark. A snug camp. The search party sent out brought in my mule tonight. Oh joy, oh rapture!

LATER. The water here looked good, so we foolishly didn't boil it, with the result we were both sick tonight with a touch of dysentery.

PUNDA MALIA, SEPTEMBER 5. Saw considerable game this morn, but no buffalo (which we are laying for), nor any fresh tracks. Had a couple of shots at a water-buck at fairish distance, and banged him in the tummy. He went up a long steep hill of one thousand feet or so, and I stalked laboriously after, under a grilling sun, only to see him perched on another hill a quarter of a mile away. After a rest, I started after him again, but as he made off in good style, I was too utterly fagged to follow him long. I therefore rejoined T., and as it was twelve-fifteen, we looked for water and a place to lunch and noon in. Finding none, we made the best of a hot gully. About 4 p.m. we picked up the trail of a bull buff, which we tracked for some distance, and later saw three cows. Half an hour after, I again saw them, and what I took to be a bull. They were quite near, and while I was trying to make sure whether there was a bull, and if so, a good head, my Swahili tracker assured me they were all cows. A moment later they broke and dashed up over a side hill. On examining the spoor, we decided that there was a bull amongst them, so T. and I started after them up the steep hillside, circling so that they wouldn't wind us. Purple in the face, and puffing terribly, we topped the crest at last—no buffs—they must have turned back down the valley. Catching sight of a bushbuck nearby, with a pretty little head, I let drive with my express (T. and I having outstripped the boys with our light rifles). The heavy shock lifted him several feet through the air, and he fell in a tangled heap like a rabbit—stone dead before the boy could get to him to cut his throat. We had another unsuccessful look around for the buffs, and made camp at 7 p.m., moonlight.

SMITH'S SHAMBA, SEPTEMBER 6. T. not feeling up to snuff, decided to rest and move the camp back five miles to Smith's Shamba, incidentally getting meat for the boys, so I went out alone today. About eight, I spotted

a small buffalo herd. They winded us first, and made off, but I spotted the bull, and before they disappeared behind a clump of palms, made sure he had only a mediocre head.

The rest of the day was hard work, and uneventful, except for two small-horned rhinos we put up. One of them stuck to us for over an hour, and I thought we should have to fight, but we eventually lost him. A long day, bagged a water buck with rather a poor head. On reaching Smith's Shamba (where we again received a royal welcome) I found that T. had bagged a zebra for the boys.

Having thought the matter over pretty thoroughly during the day, I decided to send the mules back to Nairobi, sell them, and buy two ponies; then to strike north for the plains of the Gwasa Nyro River, where there are better heads, etc., than here (we have wasted three days, and seen nothing of consequence), and where ponies will be a tremendous help. While waiting for the ponies (which I figure will take a week), organize a flying column and make a camp in the heart of the buffalo country, and get one or bust. Turned in at the scandalous hour of ten, after songs and yarns.

I'THANGA RIVER (EIGHT YARDS), SEPTEMBER 7. Sent the syce back to Nairobi at dawn with the mules and a note to Newland asking him to keep them for me until I got back, using them as his own, and to please buy me a good pony and send it out here with bearer. Took a leisurely start, and moved the *safari* four miles to Swift and Rutherford's Shamba. Here we secured a nice pony for T. and had tiffin and a pleasant visit. Left eight loads here and pushed on six miles to the I'thanga River, where we made a snug side-hill camp. After tea, took a look around the hills until dark. Heard a lion roaring. Spun a few yarns (T.'s twenty-three lion story) and turned in early.

I'THANGA RIVER (EIGHT YARDS), SEPTEMBER 8. Early start in a fine rain, and a long hard day. Saw a good deal of game in the wee small hours, including later a fair buffalo, which I wish now I'd shot, but judged it not good enough at the time. I hope a good head later will exonerate my forbearance. It was a temptation, as we have had such bad luck so far with the buffs. I reckoned this one to have a head between thirty-six and thirty-eight inches. Some eland and roan antelope (not to be shot in Punda Malia section). About twelve got a bushbuck for *chakoola* [food]. We halted for tiffin and a nap, by a most charming water-lilied pool, in a rocky ravine, where we enjoyed grilled buck-liver after a plunge. T. petered out a bit before we got back to camp. It cleared off about five and we had a splendid rainbow. These Swahilis are ignorant beggars; my gun boy didn't even know the name for rainbow in his own language! Early to bed.

I'THANGA RIVER (EIGHT YARDS), SEPTEMBER 9. Early away, and a hard day; am beginning to feel very fit, and eating like a fiend. Bothered by rhinos a good deal in long grass this morning. Is there anything much finer than after tramping from six until twelve-thirty, the last two hours under a grilling sun, and mostly through long grass, to come suddenly upon an ice-cold mountain stream; there is a large pool, and you strip and plunge in, splashing, and drinking, and soaking? Meantime, the kidneys and liver of a delicious young reed-buck you shot half an hour agone, are grilling over a fire, and you come out and tuck in a meal that a viking wouldn't have sneezed at. Then you stretch your tired limbs upon the greensward, beside the tinkling waters, and let them croon you into a short but refreshing nap, with their mossy old legends of the woods. Bagged a cobus-cob during the afternoon. Rather an unusual buck in these parts. No sign of buffalo fresher than yesterday. A two-day-old leopard track. Early to bed. Tarlton—feeling seedy—stayed in camp all day.

I'THANGA RIVER (EIGHT YARDS), SEPTEMBER 10. Off at six, and kept traveling until two-thirty, when I came upon running water. T. turned back to camp at nine, and I took a tremendous swing around and out into the hot, thorny, open plain, which stretches away northwestward from these hills. No fresh buffalo tracks. Hit a water-buck, but he got away. Off again at three-thirty. At four, I potted a good water-buck through the lungs, but he gave us a chase for half a mile through thick bush, long grass, rocks, and deep running water, where we several times lost his spoor. Eventually I came up to him, far-gone, in a shoulder-high pool under a beautiful fall, where he had turned at bay – a beautiful picture, as he is a magnificent animal about the size and build of a Scotch stag, and I longed for a kodak. A very nice head of twenty-four inches. I had a most refreshing dip in the pool, after he had succumbed. On the way home, came upon a rhino, rather suddenly, some thirty-five feet away, in long grass. He charged, but as he didn't wind us for a second or two, I had time to slip in my steel cartridges and bowled him over like a rabbit as he came for me. Poor horn of nineteen inches – but what could I do? "The night was dark, and I was far from home." It was six, forty-five, and pitch dark, before I reached camp.

I'THANGA RIVER (EIGHT YARDS), SEPTEMBER 11. Although an early start, we saw no buffalo or other mentionable game – being allowed but one eland, I am waiting for a good one. About nine we came upon a beautiful little rocky glen, where we had a smoke, and T. dug up a lot of ferns and palms for Newland, his pal. Later, we saw two rather small-horned rhinos. I wished to avoid them, as I had already had to shoot one, and wished to wait and make the only other I am allowed a good one; but T. went up close and had to shoot at one which charged. It got away but the other made things nasty for quite a while, charging up and down in furious,

WATER-BUCK

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though futile attempts to locate our little party, which had taken refuge huddled together on top of a giant ant-heap. Back to camp at four-thirty, and had target practice and sight-tinkering with my mannlicher, which is out of kilter.

FORT HALL, SEPTEMBER 12. Broke camp shortly after seven and went in to Swift and Rutherford's Shamba, where we picked up the loads we had left, and pushed on to Fort Hall (fourteen miles further) a little settlement with five white men and a few native troops, which we reached at four. I walked all the way, but am hard now and it didn't bother me. The first people we met were three very pleasant German sportsmen[11] just returned from a successful go at buffalo, and an unsuccessful try for elephant. We had tea with them and a pleasant chat, and then (donning coats and neckties) went up to call on the district commissioner, Mr. Readdie, to see about getting permission to go through some hostile country north of Kenia[12] and generally to discuss routes. We had tea here also, and then went to call on a very pleasant chap named Ridley (a pal of Smith and Thompson) who was

[11] The Deutschenkreutzers – Dr. Berger, Captain Rothe and Mr. Van Dormer. They have a tent apiece, besides a dining tent, and small ones for their boys. They have one hundred porters, and boys, trackers, gun bearers, syces, and cooks galore, also thirty mules. Of course they are going to be gone longer than I, and are besides wealthy men and older, so that they are quite right in taking all sorts of comforts which I have omitted. T. says mine is the smallest *safari* he has ever seen two men out with for so extensive a trip (twenty-five porters) and yet I would scorn two-thirds of what I have, were I shooting in Canada. Some chaps take phonographs, wine-cellars, writing desks, dress clothes, and Heaven-knows-what-not on *safari*. Dr. Berger showed us a big cylindrical steel box in which he said he carried alum, and volunteered the information that it weighed sixty pounds (a full porter's load). On looking at the stuff, T. said, "Why the alum alone must weigh nearly forty pounds," to which Berger replied, "Whad you dink, I mean ze box, he veigh sixty pound by himself!"

[12] T. has been eighteen years in the country, and is well known by everybody. He has a fine reputation, especially for dealing with savage tribes in a skillful and peaceable manner, so that we may be able to go where others would be denied.

badly mauled by a lion about a month ago.[13] He was cheerful but a bit blue, as regards his future, so we cheered him up as best we could. As we were leaving, Mr. Readdie came in, and took us back again to his *boma* [stockade]. He has been eighteen years in the country, and has done a great deal of hunting. A very sound looking pony has arrived for me from Newland of Nairobi, together with a 22 winchester-automatic and ammunition for T. This is a bully weapon to shoot birds for the pot with, in a game country, as it makes very little noise. Discussed plans this evening.

SULTAN WAMBUGU'S, SEPTEMBER 13. Rearranged loads and overhauled supplies. Had another chat with our German friends, called on Mr. Readdie, explained our plans (Fort Hall to Nyeri, to Meru, to the Guasa Nyro), and got a special permit, thanks to T., for the Meru District. Called on Ridley, did some writing, and sprang upon our foaming chargers at twelve-fifteen, closely followed by our *safari*. Reached this lovely spot at seven-thirty, in total darkness, over eighteen miles of rough and lumpy country. To bed at ten-thirty.

NYERI, SEPTEMBER 14. A luxurious start at seven-thirty, after a breakfast which embraced fresh eggs and milk (a present from Sultan Wambugu, near whose village we were camped). Our ponies are doing very well. The country here is mountainous (Kenia looming up in all of the majesty of eighteen thousand odd feet on our right), well watered and forested, the valleys cultivated and populated with pretty little basket villages, half hidden by the greenery. We are constantly passing naked warriors, painted and bedizened, and armed with spear and assegai, with whom we pass the time of day, "*Neema Haru.*" The Kikuyu men are a set of dandies, wiry but slender; their women do practically all the work, carry very heavy loads,

[13] Three chaps have been mauled quite recently by lions, one tossed by a buffalo, and one has lost an arm in an encounter with a rhino.

A Kikuyu Village

Sultan Wambugu and the Ladies of his Harem

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and are proportionately thicker set and stronger than the men. They economize on wardrobe; and morals are very slack. Their worship is the propitiation of local devils. At ten we came upon a swift ice-cold torrent from the mountains, and had a dip, afterwards a smoke. At twelve, we rested for an hour, 'neath a huge, shady tree (off-saddling the ponies, as usual, for a roll and a graze), and had some Suchard's chocolate and cold tea – Thermos bottle. Pushed off into the jungle after lunch, and presently, coming upon a large natural clearing, saw a small hartebeest about two hundred and twenty-five yards off which I dropped in its tracks. At two-thirty we reached this little post, where there are only two white men. We called upon Mr. Piggott, the assistant district commissioner, a very humorous fellow, and a sportsman, and after a little visit, all went out together to get some meat. Piggott had some shots, but bagged nothing. After one miss, I drilled a water buck behind the shoulder, but lost him in thick bush. T. was the hero of the day, bagging a bushbuck, with a pretty shot through the head, cutlets from which we all enjoyed this evening. We got back to our prettily situated camp, after a long tramp, about seven, tired, cold, and wet through from fording mountain torrents. It is quite cool here tonight – five thousand, eight hundred feet.

Chanya River (Sixteen Yards), September 15. We got six extra boys (wild, painted Kikuyu tribesmen) to carry extra food (mealy meal at Rs. 4½ per load of sixty pounds), for our *safari*, and started, after some delay, with a sort of local guide, on the road to Meru. Met Captain Hickson, of the K.A.R.'s out of Meru, just back from a very successful *safari* and bound home. Among his trophies were three good elephants and a fine buffalo. As my pony is a bit restive, I find it rather difficult to mount him, rifle-in-hand, especially as he has no mane. The track led up and down over hilly country and through

thick, low, thorny woods. We are moving along the southwest spurs of grand old Kenia, of whose ice-crowned rocky peak we had some splendid views today. T. bagged some pigeon with his 22-automatic. We reached a nice camping ground by this mountain stream, about four, and after a swim, went out separately for meat. I got into villainous country and saw nothing except some apes. I knocked one of these out of a tree to try my gun – the first time I had used the 33 winchester in Africa. T. got a wart-hog, which charged him, and the incident made a good yarn for dinner.

Tagesa River (Three Yards), September 16. Made an early start, and after working up the wooded valley of our camp came out on a flat open veldt, with nothing between us and Kenia but a few miles of chilly atmosphere. The cold, windy morning made the men travel well, and we struck camp in a clump of Mimosa-thorn trees by this little stream at twelve, forty-five, after doing twenty-two miles. At four we went out to look for meat. T. saw nothing but a grant (which he secured), and I only a pack of wild hunting dogs – ugly looking brutes they were, too. Early to bed in a cold and windy camp.

By an unknown stream from Kenia (Two Yards), September 17. Jolly cold last night, and a cutting wind blowing as we turned out at five-thirty. The sun rose exactly behind the topmost peak of Kenia, a never-to-be-forgotten sight, and by eight, things were warm again. Our track today led over a flat high barren table-land (seven thousand feet high) destitute of game. At ten-thirty we came upon a small stream, and enjoyed a swim. At one, tiffin, in a pleasant grove. We had off-saddled the ponies, as usual, and today they repaid our kindness by wandering off for about a mile, whilst we were enjoying a smoke, and we wasted some time in tracking them over the hard ground and recovering them. Camp at four in a pretty spot, and we are off immediately for meat. T. saw noth-

Crossing the Chanya River

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ing, and I got only a zebra. There is a strange dearth of game here for a part of the country where the grass is so good. The boys say it is because of the hunting dogs. The boys are very fond of zebra meat, and use the tough hide to made sandals. Back to camp at seven-thirty in leg-breaking darkness. Cold again tonight.

UNKNOWN STREAMLET in the veldt (One Yard) about eight thousand feet high, September 18. T. and I were sick again last night. We made an early start, and the boys, having had a good tuck-in of zebra meat, shoved along right sturdily. We kept gradually ascending all day over rolling veldt and through scrubby groves. Saw no game except three distant grant gazelles, at one of which I missed a long shot. We made camp in this gully at four, and at five T. and I sallied out after some oryx, which we spied on the horizon. We crawled and wriggled for over half a mile, and only got within about three hundred yards at dusk. Two had nice heads, and after repeated shots, T. lodged a bullet in one, and I succeeded in banging another twice, but they both eluded us, thanks to the swift-descending tropic night. Cold this even.

A RUM-HOLE IN THE WOODS (no water), September 19. Reaching out of my blankets this dark morn, an hour before sun-up, I picked up a chunk of ice, which proved to be my left-hand boot which had gotten full of water during the night! Up still, and up, the track wound, till we reached the highest spurs of Kenia (over nine thousand feet). T. bagged a couple of bustards, with neat rifle shooting and I secured a grant at long range. From this high eminence we plunged down into dense equatorial forests.[14] Such places to take a horse through, I have

[14] One of the most beautiful bits of primeval, jungle-forest I have ever seen. Overhead, long thin wriggling branches, grape vines, lianas, and graceful creepers, interlaced in a thick but delicate tracery, which, heavily festooned with pendant moss, admitted only a pale green ethereal light. One can easily see where man got his first ideas of the vaulted chamber and the fretted ceiling. The great trees swelled aloft, sometimes as a single massy bole, but more often as a giant Gothic column, a mass of

never seen, over great logs, through dense thorn coppices, up and down steep slippery side-slopes, axes were in constant demand. T. and I were ahead, with the so-called guide, whom we had long suspected of being a fraud. He had promised that we should reach Meru by noon, but at four, in a beast of a place, he vanished, and dusk found us wallowing in a wind-fall – a tangled mass of fallen trees. We decided to spend the night in our tracks – to camp was impossible. Leaving T. to arrange matters, I hurried on to see what lay before. We had been off the trail for several miles. A hard half-mile brought me to a little clearing, and though there was no water, I hurried back and brought up the *safari* through the curse-productive darkness, leaving the horses (it being impossible to move them) in charge of two askaris. I promised the whole outfit a backsheesh of tobacco when we should reach the post at Meru, as it had been a very trying day. We do not know where we are. The so-called guide had told us we should get to Meru this morning, and this, combined with the decidedly eastern direction we have lately been traveling in, made us think we might perhaps be on an old overgrown trail to Embo. As the tribes between Meru and Embo are hostile, and permission to travel through that country can not possibly be obtained, this did not tend to make our bivouac any more cheerful. Rolled up in our blankets at ten.

MERU, SEPTEMBER 20. At dawn, some wild spearmen visited our bivouac, and not knowing of what tribe they were, T. impressed a wholesome respect upon them by some feats of gunnery, piercing empty milk cans in mid air. Presently, however, we discovered, through one of our men who spoke Meru, that this post was only four hours away. Our guide put in a bedraggled appearance,

slender, tall, and perfectly straight stems. There was a profusion of flowers, orchids, and flowering trees, thick hanging curtains of vines, and a bewildering profusion of trees, ferns of all sizes, and palms. Altogether, a capital place for "The King of the Dwarfs" to dwell in.

A Glade in the Equatorial Forests
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and we sent him back with an axe to cut out the horses, as punishment for deserting and losing us last night. Took a leisurely start for Meru at eight-thirty. Passed through numerous native villages and shambas, where we were greeted by the sultan and escorted by several hundred spearmen to the central village. Here we were entertained with sugar cane, bananas, pine apples, palm-wine, and raspberries. We had a talk with the sultan, and some Wanderobo[15] about elephant, and promised them a reward if they should bring us authentic news of the vicinity of any good tuskers. We then pushed on to Meru. Here we found Lieutenant Span, of the King's African Rifles, with eighty-six native soldiers, Horne, the commissioner, being out on a punitive expedition. As he knows more about this country and game than does Span (who has only been out three months), and as he is expected back tomorrow, we have decided to wait for him. We accordingly pitched camp near the *boma* [stockade], had a swim, and looked over the shamba with Span, with whom we dined and spent a pleasant evening.

MERU, SEPTEMBER 21. Horne came in this morning, as did Brooke (captain of K.A.R.'s). Horne is a keen, small,

[15] Wild bushmen living by ones and twos in the dim recesses of the forests entirely on products of the chase, fruit, and berries. They never form communities or till the soil, but are occasionally hired by villagers to drive away lions, rhino, elephant, or buffalo which have been carrying away people or destroying the crops. For this guard duty, they receive pay either in food or ivory. They horde the latter very jealously, burying the tusks, and are said to have vast stores hidden in different parts of the country. They kill elephants and rhino by means of poisoned dead-falls, using a vine or creeper as a trigger. We saw a great many of these traps later while hunting elephants, and narrowly escape setting some of them off. We also saw many of their deep, disused pit-falls. They are fine specimens of manhood, expert bushmen, and although silent and strange in their manners are usually very hospitable and willing to lend their assistance and knowledge as trackers to the white man. It is said that two of them, armed with spears, will, upon provocation, attack a lion or leopard; but I, myself only know of one such actual case, and this was a leopard who had carried off a child, the daughter of one, and the niece of the other, and whom they came upon asleep. They succeeded in killing the leopard.

young chap of twenty-seven, and decidedly one of the most energetic, as well as interesting men I have met. He spent eight years knocking about Wyoming and Montana, ranching and cattle punching. He has only opened this station for the government three months ago, but he has already done wonders: bringing in the natives, teaching them to work and to accept cash payments, building his own stockade, house, office, and enclosure, his military and police lines, a shamba for vegetables, etc., several roads, and best of all a splendid irrigation ditch of three and one-half miles through the hills—done, as he says "By guess, by God, and by spirit-level." He knows his people, their country, language, and ways,[16] and is "dead keen for work in the wilds," where there is no telegraph, and he can act on his own responsibility. It takes a month for him to get an answer from Mombasa. We had a long morning's talk with him about game, routes, condition of the country, etc., and arranged for fifty more local porters and *pocha* [food] to last the *safari* a month, so that we can go down and make a permanent base-camp somewhere on the Guasa Nyro River. We got rid of our false guide, engaged a new one, bought a sheep, and spent the rest of the day overhauling and repacking our outfit, and reading Horne's month-old magazines. In the evening, we five dined together in Horne's mud hut, and were a very merry party. Brooke is just back from a week's *safari* and has had rather fair luck. Horne, himself, has some fine trophies, one of his three elephants with tusks averaging one hundred pounds, and a thirty-two inch rhino! Span had some interesting yarns of Ceylon, and we reminisced about that beautiful isle, water buffalo, rogue-elephants, pearls, etc.

[16] Among the Merus of the Meru and Embo District there is a sort of society amongst the young bucks, called "The Guru," wherein they pledge themselves neither to wash, shave, know a woman, etc., until they have killed their man. This makes traveling, and even pacification, rather a ticklish job.

The hut was a small, low, three-roomed affair, with mud walls and a thatched roof. They didn't quite meet in places and you could see the stars shining through. The door had no hinges, and was simply a sort of fence or barricade pulled up in front of the opening. Horne only had a small table and four chairs, so he sat in a corner on a small-packing box, eating from another. I don't believe any of us had neckties, and of course no collars, yet like a true Briton Horne had taught his boys to serve the meal as formerly as the most polite table-cloth-simperer could demand. Cocktails were brought into the sitting-room before dinner, two kinds of wine served, and dishes always washed between courses, cordials and port placed before us after the cloth was removed, the king and emperor's health drunk standing (and President Roosevelt's also, out of courtesy to me), and coffee and lights brought into the other room when we had retired thither. The dignity of this incongruous repast was slightly marred when a couple of bold prowling hyenas scratched at the ramshackle door. Horne, T., and I jumped up, to the peril of the soup, snatching spears, assegais and revolvers from walls and hooks hoping to do for one of the marauders, but they got off, thanks to the darkness.

Turned in at twelve, after a delightful evening.

M'Gunga Lake, September 22. Up late this morning. Horne came over for a chat, and a cup of chocolate. Word of some elephants was brought in, but they proved to be traveling towards Embo, which is forbidden, hostile territory. By noon only five days' *pocha* had been brought in by the natives, so leaving some of our porters and loads at Meru in charge of two askaris, we decided to go up to Lake M'Gunga (twelve miles away) for a day or so, to look for elephants while waiting for the rest of the *pocha* to be brought in. Horne lent us a big ebony giant, armed with a seven-foot Grecian lance – the sort of thing that Hector and Sarpedon used to fling at Achilles

and Diomede with such fatal effect. Rather steep up-hill work, the last through thick but beautiful forests, brought us to this romantic spot at five. The tiny dark lakelet lies deep below in the hollow of an old crater, in the midst of forest and mountain. We have seen fresh elephant, rhino, lion, and leopard tracks, but though we prowled about 'til after dusk, we saw nothing else save a buck or two and we wished to shoot nothing but the above or a good buffalo, as we adjudged nothing else worth the almost certain risk of frightening away the elephants. Early to bed, in a cold, windy, and rainy camp.

Meru, September 23. Up at five, and off in a rainy mist to see if by lying in wait, we could surprise anything at its morning drink, but, except for fresh tracks, we saw nothing but a bushbuck. We then worked around the beautiful little lake, picking our tortuous way over its quaggy borders, inside the crater. There was a pretty little spring at the farther end, near which the whitened bones and skull of a big bull elephant attested to the better luck of some former Nimrod. Meanwhile the gun boys had been taking a wider circuit about the lake, also looking for tracks. They presently brought us in tidings, and by eight-thirty we were on a fresh elephant spoor. About eleven we came up with the herd; got, in fact, right into the midst of a bunch of eighteen or twenty of them, the jungle being so thick that neither party could see the other. We had taken the proper precautions and had the wind in our favor, but some fish-tail, or the fag-end of a puff, gave them our scent, and they were off before we could locate a good bull and get a shot. In spite of the fine morning's rain, the ground was so dry in the forest that even our big six-foot naked warrior, with his seven-foot spear, found it impossible to track them. It is remarkable upon what velvet feet an elephant disappears. The rest of the day was hard work, and uneventful, except that we found three fresh lion kills. We had left

word for the *safari* to get itself back to Meru in case we didn't return to camp by two. I am anxious to get into the game country of the Guasa Nyro as soon as possible, returning here for elephants after the middle of next month when the rains will be on, and our chances much better. I am getting rather worked up about our lack of luck with buffalo, elephant, lion, eland, etc., which, with kudu and sable antelope, are what I care most about. This is evidently a good place for elephants in the rains, as there are lots of old tracks and a great many fine tuskers have been taken out. We were pretty well done up when we finally reached the *boma* at seven-fifteen (about thirteen strenuous hours on our feet), but some of Horne's beer and a pleasant evening soon made us forget both fatigue and disappointment. Jolly cold tonight.

KEENYALEELA RIVER (TWO YARDS), SEPTEMBER 24. As the last of the *pocha* is not expected in until about nine a.m., we didn't arise until six-thirty this morn. T. doctored an ingrown toe-nail, while I patched up a few of the boys who had cuts, scratches, festers, thorns, toothaches, or fevers. We procured a guide to the Guasa Nyro country from Horne, an ex-jail bird (the guide, I mean), got thirty loads of matama flour which H. had been collecting by driblets from the tribes during the past three days, ten loads of rice from an Indian at the heartbreaking price of eleven rupees per load, and forty wild Meru porters, with the promise of ten more, loaded with flour, to catch us up in the next day or so. Our plan is to work across the barren, desert-like, intervening plains to the Guasa Nyro via its tributary the Lekiundra River, and establish a base of supplies for a couple of weeks at the Chanler Falls on the former. The *safari* got off at twelve-thirty, and we started ourselves, by pony, two hours later, after a pleasant tiffin with H. As there was report of no water farther on, we camped early at four, by this pleasant little stream. Enjoyed a bath, and went out on the off-

chance of a bird before dinner (no other game hereabouts, the country being too thickly populated with Meru, whose shambas are almost continuous). T. got a pigeon with his 22, and I a spur-fowl, with my paradox. Pleasant evening by the camp fire—I have taught T. Wasting in Despair, and Come Lift the Rosy Goblet High, and we elucidate a rich strain of harmony from these and kindred songs. Early to bed.

Head Waters of Lekiundra River (Two Yards), September 25. Off at six. Track winding through thick low mapani forest, where branches and creepers interlacing thickly overhead made a perpetual green twilight. Went ahead with my gun, but saw nothing. Later, on the dry open veldt, we bagged some baby-blue doves (nice eating), T. doing most of the work. We are still among the shambas, and shan't be in the game country proper until tomorrow's camp. As we have so many new porters whom we don't wish to discourage by overwork, and are anxious for the aforementioned ten to catch us up, we camped early today (shortly after noon) as soon as we struck the head waters of the Lekiundra River. Enjoyed our usual bath. We haven't been observing Sundays of late, but "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." After tea went out and bagged three brace of guinea fowl in spite of my villainous shells, which are crimped and old. T. did the like. Early to bed. Windy camp.

Lekiundra River (Two Yards), September 26. Bagged a couple of brace of guinea fowl each this morning, and sent half a dozen back to Horne by a runner. The local sultan, Ndaminuki, brought us in some eggs and milk, which we enjoyed hugely for breakfast. He still wears the battered white helmet which Neumann gave him, and has proudly borne behind him by a retainer an old Snyder rifle, which Neumann also gave him, but without any ammunition. We didn't get away this morning until six, forty-five. The track wound down over rolling, scrubby,

burnt-out plains, covered with sharp, loose stones, very bad for the horses' feet, and painful for the porters. As we are much lower (four thousand feet, I should say), than on the eighteenth instant, Kenia, though farther away, looks much higher. About ten-thirty, T. and I, jogging along behind the *safari*, espied a huge rhino ambling across the plain to windward. There was a very strong wind blowing and making a great noise among the dry thorn scrub, so that we rode up to within one hundred yards in perfect safety, he neither hearing nor smelling us and facing the other way. He seemed to have a very good head, and as T. didn't care about it, I decided to have a go myself. As I only had my paradox (soft-nosed bullets), I borrowed T.'s 350 Rigby-Mauser, a cordite, and walking up to within fifty yards, planted a steel behind his left shoulder. He gave a frightful snort and a stagger, but did not fall; in fact, being still unable to locate us, he started off at speed. I gave him another in the flank, and one in the buttock, as he turned away from us, T. blazing away with my paradox, peppered him with soft-noses in the hind quarters. Presently he stopped and faced around, looking rather nasty, and evidently feeling pretty sick, so I decided to wait for boys with the heavy guns. Armed with my 450, I cautiously approached the truculent bicornate, and, just as he started a final furious charge, tucked a steel into his right shoulder. He fell to his knees, and I was able to put another exactly beside it, which made him collapse utterly. Upon measuring, his horns proved to be twenty-three and three-quarters inches. These horns, though good, are not remarkable, but T. said it was the biggest bodied animal he had ever seen out of a total of say five hundred. In order not to make it too far for the boys to go back for the meat, head, feet, and skin, we camped two miles further on, in a villainous place, beside this muddy little stream. Miserable picking for the ponies. A strong gusty wind filled our ears, eyes, and noses with sand and ashes (the

plains about here are all burnt over), to say nothing of the food, boxes, and bedding. At four we sallied out to get meat for ourselves, and if possible a zebra for the boys, as their feet were in bad shape, owing to the rocky nature of the country. Luckily we came on a herd, shortly after leaving camp, and T. and I each hit one in the fore-shoulder, but without fatal effect. While following them up, I bagged a little stein-buck for ourselves (most excellent tack, they are, too), and I eventually polished off my zebra. As there was a rhino with a *toto* [young one] in the background, we had to guard the men while they cut up the zebra, and we then took a long swing around looking for lion tracks, as it seems a likely country, sending the men back to camp. We saw some tracks, but no lion, and got back to camp after dark, to enjoy a most excellent dinner as follows:

Savory
Fish on biscuit
Soup
A la buckhead
Roast
Onions, Guinea fowl, Potatoes
Relève
Sheep's brains on toast
Pudding
Tapioca pudding with apricots
Cocoa and Cheese
Bananas
Cigars

I administered twenty lashes to Jeramba, my second gun boy, for carelessness, disobedience, and sulkiness (only today he had broken the edge of our best axe by using it to chop bones with, contrary to orders). Very dirty in camp tonight.

Lekiundra River (Three Yards), September 27. Walked along ahead of the *safari* on foot this morning,

MERU PORTERS CURING MEAT IN CAMP ON THE LEKIUNDRA RIVER

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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till about nine-thirty (when I mounted) and saw considerable game—zebra, thompson gazelle, ostrich, duiker, and female impala, rather surprising in this desert region. About nine, saw a very fair oryx by himself, but the country was too open to admit of stalking, and the blighter already had our wind and wouldn't let me nearer than about three hundred and seventy-five yards, at which range I missed him, lying down, and he made off. Later I secured a rather nice grant gazelle and two brace of guinea fowl. At twelve-fifteen saw an impala-buck with some ewes, and stalking to within about one hundred and eighty yards, I drilled him in the tummy. He seemed hard hit, and left the herd, but could still keep out of my range. After about a mile and a half of gruelling work under a blazing sun, and over sharp, stony country, I espied three good looking buck oryx. I accordingly left the impala to his own devices, and tried to stalk the oryx. They caught sight of me, however, and started to move off, so I sat down on a stone and fired twice at the best one, a bit low, reckoning the distance at three hundred yards. Taking a little more fore-sight, I dropped him stone dead in his tracks, with a bullet through the base of the neck, and paced the distance off at three hundred and seventy-four yards (a thirty-one and one-half inch horn). There was a rhino in the near foreground, up wind, so made quick work of the skinning. A female grant strolled past, as Juma, my head gun boy, and I were hard at it, and passed the time of day with us. T. with the *safari* went on about a mile, and then camped, as I was going for the impala, and I reached them at two-thirty, with a very creditable thirst, attendant upon such hot weather, and quenched it with soda, claret, and lime juice (not bad swigging).

> O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
> Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country green,
> Dance, Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

The camp is near a great swamp, which seems a likely place for the wily *simba* [lion], more especially as we have seen fresh tracks and fresh kills nearby. Went out again at four-fifteen, but no luck. Beautiful fiery sunset, followed by a thin silvery crescent, hanging in a lemon-colored sky. Back to camp at six-thirty.

LEKIUNDRA RIVER (THREE YARDS), SEPTEMBER 28. Decided to keep the camp here today though the water is awfully muddy. T. and I turned out at five and prowled around till eight-thirty, on the lookout for the wily *simba*. We saw nothing but two impala, and they were wild and quite unapproachable in this bare, open country. After breakfast, some Masai[17] dropped in with a present of

[17] A great people scattered through German East Africa, British East Africa, Uganda, and Central Africa. They are herders of cattle, hunters, and warriors, and are held in as much awe and fear by the other tribes of Central and East Africa as are the Zulus in the south, and the Somalis in the north. They are a free, manly, independent race, hospitable and generous to strangers but absolutely untamable, being of too nomadic and roaming a disposition ever to submit to labor-laws or taxation. They have many strange customs, such as spitting in a stranger's face to show favor, instead of disgust; smoking their milk; and coming and going with no word of greeting or farewell. They are an intelligent, capable sort of people, and reported very brave. Two of them, armed with spears, will, it is said, tackle a lion.

The young men of this tribe who do most of the fighting and correspond to "The Braves" of our own North American Indian tribes, are called "Elmorani," and where they have gone on a war path large sections of the country are depopulated and returned to their jungle existence. Whole tribes – men, women, and children – are literally "stamped out," to use their own expression, and the cattle driven off to swell the Masai herds. It is only within the last ten years that white men have been able to penetrate their country and establish friendly relations. They have learned to feel a very wholesome respect for rifles and machine guns, but there is no fear or cringing in their attitude to the white man, whom they regard as equals, not masters. A few days before I left Nairobi a planter was killed by some Masai, in German East Africa, for trespassing on their domain to procure honey. Their custom of burying is a queer one, repulsive to us, but in reality, and when looked at from a broad-minded viewpoint, as sensible and practical as that of the Parsee "Towers of Silence." The bodies of the dead are placed outside the "kraal" by the friends and relations, and as darkness descends, the shadowy wolfish forms of the ever-ready hyenas come slinking out of the jungle with their horrible nerve-trying wails

some smoked milk in leathern jugs. They are the finest chaps physically I've seen in Africa. T. presented the chief with our extra file and a buck which he had shot yesterday. T. felt a bit fagged and stayed in camp all day. He lost one eye-piece of his binoculars a few days ago, and being a remarkably handy sort of a chap, busied himself in making a very serviceable new one out of a section of an old impala horn which he picked up. I went out alone and tramped about from ten until two, but was unable to get within anything like range of anything, though I saw an impala and one nice oryx among a lot of zebra, oryx, granti, and giraffe. Finally got my impala. It has been awfully hot the past few days, as we are getting lower all the while. I managed to get cool this afternoon by taking a bath in a windy place, and changing into pajamas. Our extra ten men, with *pocha*, arrived today, in charge of another petty chief. All these wild Merus seem anxious to bolt, as they are not accustomed to carrying loads nor educated up to appreciating money. We will have to keep a careful watch tonight. Went out again at four-fifteen, and sat down in some reeds at the edge of a swamp until sundown, but nothing came up to drink which was worth shooting, except a very tidy grant, whom I laid low. Beautiful balmy evenng. Our guide and interpreter, the ex-jailbird, reports that the second chief or head man (he who came with the ten extra Merus) is breeding mutiny and sedition amongst the others. Early to bed.

GUASA NYRO RIVER (THIRTY YARDS), SEPTEMBER 29. T. had a most remarkable dream last night about knife-

and hideous laughter, to devour them. These living tombs are the undoubted foundation for the legends of the Ghouls, which curdle one's youth. The Masai are also very fond of drinking the warm blood of their cattle, and that there undoubtedly are tribes in Africa who drink human blood (the warriors opening a vein in the back of the neck of their wives) substantiates the vampire myth.

Some of their chiefs own thousands of head of cattle and sheep and goats. They would be accounted rich men anywhere.

throwing, which heralded in a rather interesting scene. At six, just as we were about to start, we found that our Merus were in open revolt. We tried both threats and cajolery, but they were too untamed or too obstinate to care for our offers of backsheesh, and replied to our threats that we might beat them as much as we liked, but that they wouldn't carry farther for us. One chief started leading them off, the other seemed neutral; in fact, rather desirous of sticking to his contract, if he could do so without too much loss of prestige in the tribe. It looked like a fight, and of course, if we had shot one or two, as they ran off, it would probably have had the desired effect upon the others; but aside from many other excellent reasons, dead men cannot carry loads, and we wanted them all, if possible. Now the Masai chief, with three of his men, happened to be in camp, having brought over some delicious fresh milk for us, and it occurred to T. to let slip these dogs-of-war. He therefore pointed to the vanishing Merus, and said, "*Leeta!*" [bring]. A slow smile dawned upon their strong expressive faces, as who should say: "Will you really allow us this little bit of fun?" The Masai chief gave a shout to attract the attention of the Merus, and then those four tall warriors strode towards the fifty mutineers, brandishing their spears. It was like letting loose Achilles amidst the rank and file of the Trojan army, or Iroquois braves upon Delawares. Although the Merus all had spears, and either knives, assegais, or clubs, whereas the Masai had only spears, yet they remained waiting in a huddled, helpless mass, and allowed themselves to be driven up to us like so many sheep. The spell of the great Masai name was upon them. They hadn't the pluck to *fight*, and they knew that if they tried *flight*, the swift-footed Masai could easily run them down. As he came up to me, the Masai chief grinned and tapped me on the shoulder, and then slapped his own broad, bare chest as much as to say, "We are men, the white man and the Masai, but as for these

cattle, bah!" and he eyed the flinching Merus, and scorn was in his eye. We disarmed the malcontent chief, tied him to one of our askaris, loaded up the Merus, and started off. The Masai helped themselves with childish glee to some discarded milk tins, and silently took themselves off. We told the Merus that now we had their chief, they might run away, if they liked; but that, in that case, we'd give him a bully good hiding, and tell Horne to make it three for them all when they got back to Meru. They stuck to their loads, so we reached this river at noon. After tiffin we paid off the Merus, and sent them back to the Meru Post with some trophies and a full explanatory note to Horne, which expressed a hope that he would give the old scalawag of a chief a good hide-warming. They absolutely refused to go to Chanler Falls with us, or indeed any farther, unless we forced them; so we thought best to make our base-camp here, and let them go, as we did not wish to stir up any trouble with the natives for Horne in his district. It was blisteringly hot all morning, across flat, sandy, thorny plains, we must be quite low now. The Guasa Nyro is a swift, muddy, waist-deep stream, which, fringed with palms, coarse grass and euphorbias, flows through this barren desert. While camp was being struck I took a stroll down the shore and shot a crocodile, basking on a sandy islet. Horrible, deadly creatures, they are! Fished with moderate success until four-fifteen, when (T. feeling slack) I went out in the hope of a gerenuk.[18] I saw what I thought was one, made a careful stalk, and dropped it dead in its tracks at one hundred and forty yards. Imagine my horror at finding it to be a female grant! Got back to camp at six, forty-five – crescent moon – having seen nothing more but zebra and giraffe. Weird beasts, these latter, especially when they leer at you over the top of a tall Mimosa.

[18] A rare and very shy little gazelle, with a small lyre-shaped horn, and a long neck. Its genus name is, I think, Waller's gazelle. The Swahilis call it *tweega kidogo* – small giraffe. It feeds on the leaves of the aloe tree, standing up on its hind legs to get at them like a goat.

BASE CAMP, ON GUASA NYRO RIVER, OCTOBER 1. Yesterday, just as we were starting for Chanler Falls, leaving about twenty-five loads of *pocha*, cachéd here in charge of an askari and a porter (temporarily laid up with festered thorn-wounds in their feet), one of the askaris reported that he had heard a lion roaring nearby during the early morning watches. We decided, therefore, to strike off in that direction, with a gun-boy apiece and the syce (although lions are such an uncertain quantity that we hardly expected to find them) joining the *safari* later en route for Chanler Falls. We struck fresh spoor about half an hour from camp, and they led us back to a dense thicket on the Lekiundra River, about three miles south of camp. Here we dismounted, finding very fresh droppings as well as the spoor. We poked about the edges of the thicket for some time, and finally went through a thin place and crossed the stream on a fallen log, working back on the opposite side to the spot opposite to where the spoor had entered the thicket. We were carrying our expresses, as although light rifles are preferable for lion in the open, where the chances are you will get a long shot, yet the thick thorny scrub here, and knee-high grass, made us wish to take every precaution. Suddenly a stick broke, and we faced quickly about. The lions had, of course, seen us long before, but had lain quiet until now, either in the hope of getting away unnoticed, or of making a neater job of us when we were almost upon them. There was a succession of roars, grunts, and growls, both in front of us and behind, and then they apparently broke cover; the first thing we saw being two lions. I fired at one, getting him in the fore-shoulder, and he disappeared. T. took the other, but I was too busy to notice. I heard him say quite coolly, "Well, I've got one, anyway." He afterwards told me that he had bagged his in the chest, and saw him fall over and kick, apparently in the death agony. All now became still, directly in front of us. As it was impossible to go down

and across to where we thought our lions lay without exposing ourselves to the attack of any more who might be in the thicket, we worked back again on our tracks to where crackling bush told us the others had taken refuge. I felt as though I were walking on exposed nerves, though T. seemed cool enough—he has already accounted for seventeen lions. Suddenly a terrible roar about twelve feet off in the bush at our left, made us whirl around and edge slowly backwards, as we expected a charge from the lioness. T. saw her first, but offered me the shot (a thing which we afterwards agreed never to do again in the case of dangerous game), and while I was trying to locate her vitals through the bush, she thought better of it and vanished. A minute later a half-grown cub broke cover, and dashed off across the stream. I threw up my gun, but T. said, "Help, we'll have the lioness on us in a flash!" so I let it go. We prowled about for a quarter of an hour, but put up nothing more, so returned to the place where we shot the lions. Here we found broken branches and clawed up soil, but no blood and no corpses. T. figured out that his lion had gone off to the left to die, and mine to the right. The syce had seen, from the other side of the stream, a lion and lioness and two cubs get clean off to the right, while another lion had come out, fallen down, and then made off to the left. Although we had but slight hopes, we poked about in the very heart of the thorny scrub for another half hour. The river bed was about six feet below the general surrounding level, and tangled over with an almost impenetrable mass of thorns, bush, osiers, euphorbia, and rank grass. Suddenly T. caught sight of a lion and lioness, just ahead of us in the tangle. He fired at both, killing the lion with a bullet in the head, and getting the lioness in the fore-leg. She was tearing about so that we couldn't get another shot from here, and as it was too thick to push in farther, we tried around the other side, where I finished the lioness off with a 450 in the body, and a final nine m.m. coup-

de-grace through the neck, at almost too close quarters. We spent another hour looking for the others, but no luck, so went in to skin these two, sending the syce off to bring back the *safari*. What was my joy to find the lion with another 450 in his shoulder. T. said it was the one I had first shot as he had only fired once at this one. Although he is a far better shot than I, I think it undoubtedly was mine, and felt very pleased, as it seemed quite a good one. The lioness was, of course, his, by the same sportsman's law of "First Blood." We skinned them in the thick scrub where they lay, so that the skins would not be injured by the sun. The greatest danger to skins in a tropic climate is the danger of sunburning, which blotches them, and makes the hair come off after curing. As we were finishing the lion, I crawled out to get a breath of fresh air and a drink. I saw a herd of oryx close by, and, making a careful stalk, bagged what I thought was one of the three best heads, at two hundred and fifty yards through the neck. Imagine, then, my disgust, on strolling proudly up, to find a female! I hit a big male in the tummy after following the herd for another mile or so, but he got up again and eventually got clean away. On the way back to the Lekiundra, I picked up a grant, with a rather neat shot through the lungs moving at one hundred and ninety yards, after first hitting him in the rump, and then scoring a miss. Meanwhile the ponies, who had behaved like bricks during the battle, had wandered off, and we were rather in a fix; as we had, as usual, off-saddled them, and what with all the guns, the syce's load of horse blankets, and the skins and skulls of the lions, we were heavily laden. It was now 1 p.m. and we spent until three-thirty on empty stomachs and under a hot sun, trying to find them. Then T. started for our last night's camp, hoping they might have gone back, as the grass there was very good (for Africa). I went back and got the two gun-boys, and we loaded ourselves up with the two skins and skulls, the grant's head, the blankets, sad-

dles, bridles, and guns, and followed T. into camp. We were mighty glad to find the ponies there, as I was afraid lions would get them; and then good-bye to Rs. 900, besides many a weary mile for us to foot in hot noondays. The *safari* had not put in an appearance and we had no food, and what was worse, no alum for the skins, which require most delicate handling and would be sure to go wrong if not treated speedily. I went off accordingly at five-fifteen, and luckily came soon upon a female defassa water-buck, which I gratefully shot and lugged a big hind quarter back to camp.

Today, we went out for buffalo, but being very tired with our hard yesterday, and finding no tracks very fresh, came back about eight-thirty to breakfast off grilled water-buck kidneys, and liver. T. made a fish hook out of a nail, but had no luck. We rested all day until four, loafing, fishing, shooting crocodiles, dozing, pegging out the skins in the shade, and even taking a bath in the shallows, despite the crocs. I was still footsore, so T. went out alone at three and bagged an impala. At four-thirty the *safari* turned up. The head man and some boys, with about twenty loads, stayed where they were, as per instructions, as we expect to go on down the river in a day or so, after curing the lion skins. From five until seven we were both out, looking for lion or buffalo. Fresh tracks, but no luck. Came in by moonlight feeling very faint, but a good meal bucked me up. Lions roaring again this evening.

The lion is an awful bore,
  Who loves to dabble in your gore,
And if, perchance, he wants a feed
  He'll bite your leg and make it bleed.
Children, when they say their prayers,
  Can hear him clumping up the stairs,
And though they scream, and call for nurse,
  It only makes the matter worse!

Base Camp, October 2. Very warm last night. The last five or six nights have been, in fact, unpleasantly hot, and the ticks, jiggers, fleas, and mosquitoes have been making their presence felt. Took a cup of cocoa and started off to look for buffalo at five-ten this morn, intending to come back for breakfast about eight-thirty. Came upon some lion tracks, however, so kept on. Lost these in rocky country, but later picked up fresh spoor of what seemed a large herd of buffalo. Followed these over the hot, stony plains, and through thick, devilishly thorny scrub, which tore us into tatters, trying to find a swamp or shady accasia grove where they would lie up during the heat of the day. We climbed trees and hillocks, scouring the plains with our glasses; we tramped the country flat, but all would not do. We couldn't travel as fast as they, and couldn't find their lying-up place.

At twelve-thirty empty, tired, dusty, and footsore, we started for camp, separating shortly afterwards—I going over the hills to try for a buck, and T. striking directly down to the river for a swim. Hardly had I left him when a big, lone, buff bull broke cover from an island in mid-stream and dashed off. T. (about one hundred yards off) hit him with a flying shot somewhere in the hind quarters. I heard the report, and ran back. There was enough blood to track, so off we went with our big guns at full cock. About three miles farther on, and across the river, we came upon him in a thickly undergrown palm grove. Just as he started to charge, T. hit him in the face, and I downed him with one in the shoulder. T. then finished him off, which required another in the shoulder, one in the tummy, and one clink through the heart! These great brutes take a lot of killing—more so than almost anything else in the world. He had a very pretty head, with a spread of forty-three and one-half inches, and measured five feet three inches at the shoulder. We sent a boy back for porters to bring us

LOOKING FOR BUFFALO

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ponies and much needed food, and to carry back the mighty head, skin, feet, and meat. We pushed on ourselves with renewed vigor to look for more, but a tempting sand bank, free of crocs, soon lured us to a delicious bath. Seeing no more tracks for three miles further up the river, I bagged a small wart hog who presented himself, with a raking shot through the fore-shoulder. We got back to the buffalo at 4 p.m., had a hearty *breakfast*, and rode back to camp which we reached at six-fifteen, moonlight. Enjoyed a hot soap-bath, and doctored my feet and some of the porters. Early to bed.

Base Camp, October 3. Lions roaring last night. Away at five-ten on a cup of tea – but taking along a loaded tiffin basket today, to which we did ample justice at eleven-thirty and three-thirty. Got on buff tracks at about eight. At eight-thirty came up with the herd in thick scrub. I covered a bull which I could only see indistinctly, while T. looked with his glasses to see if it was good enough to shoot. We each saw only one bull, but they unfortunately proved to be different ones, as there were two in the herd. T. said it was a very good one, and though mine looked small, I took his word and biffed mine in the chest. T. then fired also, but in the press and the dust raised by the stampeding herd, he missed his bull and killed a cow. By comparing notes we then found that I had shot the smaller bull, and so left him to his own devices, and followed the herd in the hopes of another shot at the big one. Blistering hot! Almost bumped into a herd of about fifteen giraffes upwind. The thorn scrub and euphorbias were so thick that neither party saw the other till we were within ten or twelve yards of them. There were a couple of good bulls, but I had made up my mind that I wouldn't shoot any giraffes – they look such nice people. It is true that they furnish the porters with lots of meat and good rawhide for sandals, but they are very easy to get in this thick scrubby

country and carry no mentionable trophy. We accordingly watched them bob about a minute and then clatter off in their ridiculous rocking canter which covers the ground, however, at a tremendous rate of speed. Later, as we were following the buffalo spoor, a young rhino charged furiously in thick bush, and almost got one of the boys, so that I was forced to shoot. I hit him in the lungs and he went over like a rabbit at about four paces distant. He was only half-grown with a six-inch horn, but being about the size of a steam roller, was, of course, quite capable of cleaning out our whole outfit. He frightened the porters half to death, and it took about five minutes to collect our five men around us again. Juma proved staunch. We left him to the jackals, hyenas, and carrion kites for his impudence. Eventually we lost the spoor of my buffalo, as the place was all tracked over with hundreds of old prints. About 4 p.m. we heard a lion groan about one hundred yards through the scrub, but he must have seen us first, for we never got a glimpse of him. We found the tracks, however, of four or five, and figured that they were also out hunting buffalo.

Got back to camp at five-thirty. I went out for meat, and soon came upon a female grant whom I bowled over at one hundred and fifty yards through the neck. While I was out, T. was fishing, with good luck. Broke the amber mouthpiece of my favorite pipe as a sort of grand climax to an unlucky day. Early to bed. Oh for the wings of a dove, or even for the pinions of a half-grown vulture, that I might see where my poor old buffalo lays his weary head tonight!

Base Camp, October 4. Off at five-fifteen. Decided to pay a call on the carcasses of our friends, young Mr. Rhino, and Lady Buffalo, on the off-chance of a lion still lingering over his breakfast there. We approached Mr. Rhino first, converging upon him from different points; but surprised nothing except vultures. We then pushed on

to Mrs. Buff, in the same manner. My line of approach brought me up first. When about twenty yards off, I thought I saw something on the body, and knelt silently down. The next moment the grizzly head of a big old lion rose from behind the buff and looked me in the eye. As he gathered himself for a spring I drove a soft-nose 450 through the center of his skull, between the eyes, and he fell over stone dead with his feet up. However, I gave him another for luck, remembering our experience with T.'s buff. He proved to be larger than the first, nine feet, three and one-half inches, before skinning. He was a villainous old wastrel, his teeth being well worn down, showing that he had taken his toll of life. As the Masai had told us that they had lost a man and a couple of children through lions during the past months, I think he was probably the offender. We skinned him at once, took it back to camp, pegged it out, and treated it with alum and arsenical soap, so as to give it no possible excuse to go wrong. On the way back a huge rhino, with a poor horn (perhaps fifteen inches), whom I took to be the bereaved father of our impetuous young friend of the day before, made himself rather unpopular with our porters. He had evidently heard us, but kept charging about, unable to place us, the wind being puffy and all rhinos having poor eyesight. Luckily we were able to get away without having to shoot. After breakfast, eleven, forty-five, and a delicious swim, I donned a silk shirt and lounged gracefully in the shade, making a new stem for my pipe. We have had the porters make us a grass *banda*, or porch, in front of our tent, which is much cooler than being under canvas. Read *Hypatia* until 3 p.m. when we had tea and some delicious cold buffalo tongue, and sallied forth to look for lions, the boys having heard some roar in the direction of the Lekiundra River. Decided to leave the buffalo alone for a day. Back at six, forty-five, with no luck, though we stoned or crept

through all the dense coppices for several miles along the stream. Early to bed.

Base Camp, October 5. Heard lions roaring at intervals, most of the night. Off at five-twenty, on a cup of tea. Approached the buff carcass (which we had covered with thorn bushes to keep off the vultures) in the same manner as yesterday. When about thirty-five yards off I stooped down and peered at it through the bushes. I thought I caught a momentary glimpse of something tawney, but Juma said he saw nothing but vultures and a couple of the beautiful maribou storks. On looking more closely I was of the same opinion, but crept forward none the less cautiously. At fifteen yards distance, a big lioness suddenly sprang off the body and dashed into the bush. As she did so, I threw up my gun and fired, aiming instinctively as one does at snipe, without drawing a bead. The bullet drilled through her hind quarters, breaking her back. She raised up on her fore paws and turned snarling towards me as I ran forward to finish her off. Then I heard T. fire, and a growl from my left showed me that there were more lions about. I put another bullet between the shoulder blades of my plunging lioness, and turned to see T. chasing another lioness off into the bush and long dry grass. He had hit her somewhere behind as she was making off. We chased her for about three hundred yards, when she decided that it wasn't good enough and suddenly turned and charged furiously. T. instantly broke her shoulder with a clean shot, which, however, did not stop her. She came on so slowly however that I simply covered her, letting T. finish her off, which took four more. I wish I could describe the splendid picture she presented—for, though crippled, she came on gamely and fiercely enough, and we longed for a kodak; as it would have made a magnificent and absolutely unique photograph. I got the full benefit of this thrilling spectacle as T. was busy pump-

ing lead into her, while I simply acted as reserve. The gun boys had not been able to keep up with us in our mad dash after the critter! T.'s sixth bullet, the last in his magazine, left her dead within three paces of us. The others, if there were any more, got away during the confusion. My lioness measured eight feet, two and a half inches, and T.'s seven feet, nine and a half inches. We skinned them and returned to camp by ten-thirty, after re-covering up the remains of useful Mrs. Buff.

The *safari* turned up at noon today. We sent for it yesterday, after I got my second lion, as the country hereabouts seems so good that it was unprofitable to push on down to Chanler Falls. Loafed in camp, attending to the skins, swimming, and reading *The Tale of Two Cities* until three-thirty, then went out and shot a defassa water-buck for meat (poor head, nineteen and one-half inches). At four-fifteen we tramped over and revisited our two lion baits, but found nothing. Got back to camp at seven in beautiful moonlight. Early to bed.

Base Camp, October 6. Away at five-thirty. Nothing at baits. A long, hard, hot, fruitless day after buffalo. Came upon a rhino in the scrub, and T. recklessly shied stones at him. Luckily he made off, being either unable to locate us, or else more timid than most of his kind. T. missed a water-buck for meat, but got a goose with his 22, and later an oryx (fairish head—twenty-six and one-half inches).

At midday I tinkered up a broken pair of boots with some wire nails, using a stirrup-iron as a last. Also made a fly brush for my pony out of a zebra tail. Came upon the skull of a crocodile, in a big swamp, we were beating for buffalo, and knocked some of its huge teeth out. They are about the size and shape of fingers. This particular swamp was formed by a beautiful mineral

spring, pooled in a limestone nullah. Back at seven-twenty by moonlight. Early to bed.

BASE CAMP, OCTOBER 7. Heard lions grunting last night, which shows they were feeding. They only roar when hunting. While we were washing, about 5 a.m. this morn, heard a buffalo bellow about half a mile away, and hastily swallowing some tea and porridge, we hurried out after him. He was gone, however, before we got to the swamp where we had heard him. We worked over to the Lekiundra, and stoned all the caves and thickets along it for a couple of miles, in the hopes of a lion or a buffalo. At one particularly thick place we fired the dry palms, which made a gorgeous spectacle but was barren of results. About eight-thirty we came upon fresh buffalo spoor and droppings, which led us over to the thorny country between the Lekiundra and another small tributary stream, farther up the Guasa Nyro. Presently T. heard the buffalo birds,[19] and leaving the boys, we two crept forward, slowly and noiselessly, upwind, to have a look at the herd. We had just made up our minds that we must be pretty near, when T. spied about twelve yards distant, and looking intently in the other direction, a huge lioness. He banged her in the ribs (a little too far back) and as she went down about six more sprang up in a whirlwind of roars. They had been apparently sleeping in the shade of a large accasia bush. In the hurly-burly I made out a lion at which I fired, but probably missed him, as he dashed off into thick bush. T. sloshed what he thought was another lioness, but she subsequently proved to be the same one he had hit at first. I dropped another before they got away, though it was only three-quarters grown, and then

[19] The so-called buffalo and rhino birds are a horn-billed variety, which feed upon the insect parasites living in the tough skins of these two animals. They almost invariably rise at the approach of man, or any other foe of their big friends, and give warning. Each thus mutually assists the other.

all was still. We dashed off in pursuit of the rest, but finding them clean gone, and no blood spoor, soon gave up the hopeless task and came back. As we did so, my small lioness, who had been playing "Brer Fox, he lay low" got up and came at me. As her head was down, covering her chest, I had to shoot at it, smashing the skull and rather spoiling the head skin. Though only five feet, ten and one half inches, she was very game, and quite capable of handling us both. T.'s lioness measured seven feet, five inches. It had looked a perfect mammoth when we first saw it. Later, we came upon another rhino, and T. again went recklessly close. Luckily she did not observe us. While stoning a thick thorny coppice, a big hyena broke cover, which put us on the qui vive again, as we at first thought him a lioness. He went the way of all flesh as I hate the sight of these sneaking scavengers, however useful. Intensely hot today, so we returned to camp by one-thirty, and looked after the skins. On the way back, I did rather a fine bit of work: having dropped the little eye-piece of my binoculars, I tracked myself back across the stony veldt for more than a mile, and luckily found it. Loafed in camp until five, enjoying a swim, etc., and then went over to a nearby swamp where tracks showed the buffs often came for water, hoping to catch one at his evening libation. By five, forty-five it was too dark to shoot, but by six-fifteen the moon (now nearly full) gave us good light, so we stayed until after eight, but no luck.

Base Camp, October 9. Rather an exciting morning yesterday. Started off at the usual time for a thick belt of reeds we had noticed near a dense patch of shade trees. It was about six miles from camp, up the Guasa Nyro, and beyond its junction with the small stream; in fact, nearly opposite the spot where T.'s buffalo had yielded up the ghost. It had seemed a likely place for them to lie up in, but we had been too busy to try it since. We no-

ticed fresh tracks on the outskirts yesterday morning, and accordingly dismounted, leaving the syce, ponies, and five porters, in the river bed, and started to work down the reeds with our big guns, and the gun-boys carrying reserve rifles. Scarcely had we started when a tremendous big, black, bull buffalo broke cover behind us, and between us and the ponies. As he dashed for the steep bank of the river bed, I put in a lucky flying shot at about one hundred yards, catching him in the ribs. The next instant he was in direct line with the boys and ponies, so we dared not fire. As he came out of line and dashed up the bank, we both fired, but I think both missed. I dashed up after him and got in two more as he went across the open flat towards a dense clump of grass and thorn trees. We rushed after him, but as he reached it, he stopped and started to charge. As he turned broadside, T. and I each gave him a couple of body shots. He went off at this, and we hastily reloaded and fired again. One of these shots, too low, broke his fore leg below the knee, which proved a blessing; for a moment later as we followed him into the high grass he turned and charged in dead earnest—head down and bellowing—a magnificent, never-to-be-forgotten sight! I gave him a right and left inside the shoulders, and T. one in the face, which took all the fight out of him; but we needed three more bullets before he finally succumbed. I was determined not to lose this buffalo through an economy of lead. We found fourteen bullet wounds in him—extraordinary vitality! His horns had a magnificent, corrugated boss, though they only spread forty-two and one-half inches as compared with T.'s forty-three and one-half inches; but he measured five feet, five inches at the shoulder. We sent back to camp for porters to carry in the head, skin (for porters' sandals), and meat, and to help us build a *machan* [platform], in a thorn tree under which Mr. Buff had conveniently died, as it seemed a good chance to sit up all night for a lion. An old grass hut of

Neumann's[20] which we found in the grove nearby, furnished the poles for the *machan*. We then went out for a short stroll to view the country beyond, and presently spied a herd of impala. It was now ten-thirty, so T. went back to superintend the *machan* building, while I started after the impala—a most shy and wily buck. I rejoined T. at one-thirty, after most gruelling tramp and unsuccessful stalk, having made a sad mess of things. I missed a good ram not being able to get closer than about four hundred and fifty yards on the barren desert plain. After tiffin we cantered back to camp—dashing through thorns and jumping over logs and stones—to collect our outfit for the night. We had a swim, and put down a good dinner of soup, goose, curry, and preserves, at four-thirty. Six found us back at our *machan* again. It was an awkward climb up with the guns, but we finally got there with the blankets, water bottles, ammunition, and a lantern (in case we wounded anything), and proceeded to try to make ourselves comfortable. T. took the first watch till midnight, and I from then until daylight. Nothing came to the carcass but hyenas, and I prefer to draw a veil over the discomforts of our ribbed couch—perched shakily some thirty feet above the ground, and nestled confidingly amongst the thorns. We didn't speak all night, but we might have said a good deal. I shall bear the scars to my grave! In addition, there

[20] See *Elephant Hunting in Equatorial East Africa.*

This is the same country over which this celebrated ivory-hunter ruled for so long a time, as the practical king of a million or so of savages. He is said to have buried a vast quantity of ivory somewhere in the Laurian Swamps. There are hundreds of head of his cattle all through this country, but as he left no will, and has no immediate relatives, the cattle have been left with his people. He is known by all the tribes about here by his native nickname of *Bana, Inyama Yangu* [Master, "My Meat"] from his constantly using this expression in reference to elephants which he wished left for him to shoot. Horne, Tarlton, and others knew him quite well, and he must have been a man of very remarkable personality. The natives do not believe that he is dead, hold their cattle in trust for him and not one of the many who must have helped bury his ivory, will tell where it is hidden.

were biting ants, and it rained towards morning; but enough—we climbed down at sun-up, stiff and sore, and empty-handed and sleepy. At six-thirty the boys appeared with breakfast, ponies, and our light rifles. At seven-thirty T. and I started back for camp by different routes, intending to try to pick up a buck on the way—preferably a gerenuk—and sleep during the heat of the day. T. got back at ten, with no luck, having missed a gerenuk. I made a wide circle and struck the little stream high up. Here I saw some impala and, making a careful stalk, bagged a fair head. Later, I stalked a very young impala ram and, thanks to the wind, got within forty feet. I watched it unobserved for half an hour or so and longed for a kodak. At eleven-thirty I spied some gerenuk. I made a beautiful stalk and got within seventy yards behind a bush, but was unable to fire, as their heads were down and I was unable to distinguish the ram. Later I got close again, but the ram was behind the ewe, so I didn't fire, and again they smelt me and made off. At last I got quite a fairish shot, but missed miserably twice, and got back to camp at 2 p.m. in a rage. Had tiffin and a swim and loafed until four-fifteen, when I went out for a couple of hours, hoping to pick up a dig-dig, or another impala. No luck—but coming home I knocked over with my first shot what I took to be a hyena, at one hundred and fifty paces. This made me feel a bit better after my misses of the morning, especially as he was galloping when I fired. On getting back to camp, however, with the skull and tail, T. said he thought it was an aard wolf, a decidedly Rara Avis, so I went back for the body. As I was coming in, the full moon rose in glorious splendor, through a notch in the distant hills, stained a brilliant crimson by the last rays of the setting sun. Ox-tail soup and delicious buffalo tongue for dinner tonight. Early to bed.

Base Camp, October 10. A good sound sleep last night

refreshed me after my yesternight's vigil. T. feeling seedy, decided to loaf in camp today, so I started out after oryx at five-thirty. In the gray light of dawn almost stumbled upon a rhino, not quarter of a mile from camp, but managed to get past without having to shoot. By sun-up, I was out on the open plains, east of the Lekiundra River, where I presently espied a small herd of oryx. I picked out the best head and knocked it over in two shots (the first a bit low, in the tummy, and the other through the thick of the neck) at two hundred and ninety yards. Beautiful head of thirty-two and one-half inches. I sent the pony and the porters, with the head and meat, back to camp, and with Jeramba (second gun-boy, as Juma is laid up with fever) took a swing around past the Lekiundra and the big swamp, in the hopes of an impala, but with no luck. After a cup of tea in camp, I started off again at nine-thirty, for the little stream, after gerenuk. Found a wild man here, a Wanderobo, I think, who has come down from the direction of Laikipia hunting. I hunted till three-thirty without luck. Had a flying shot at a dig-dig, but missed it (they are a rare little buck, about the size of a jack-rabbit, the record horn being, I believe, three inches long). I decided to give it up now, being tired, hungry and hot, so returned to the junction of the Guasa Nyro with the little stream, where I had left the syce and pony. I saw on the other side a sounder of wart hogs, and drilled the largest through the shoulder. It knocked him over, but he got up and made off with the rest. I hastily crossed the stream, (though it was waist high, and I had seen two crocs that morning) and soon picked up his blood spoor. As I was cautiously following this—cautiously, because wart-hogs are quite as savage as wild boar when wounded—I had a bit of hard luck. After hunting gerenuk so long, I almost stepped on one now in the thick bush near the stream. He was well within shotgun or pistol range, but one spring took him out of sight before I could shoot!

As I went after him, abandoning the more sporty for the rarer quarry, a big sod of a rhino who had got my wind, charged without warning from a patch of dense reeds and screw palms. I only had Jeramba with me, and he bolted like a shot. I dropped behind a bush and shoved a steel into my nine m.m., but he passed within five paces of me without seeing me, and eventually made off. I spent another hour in fruitless search for the gerenuk, and then came back to recross the river as it was getting dusk. Another rhino, with quite a good horn, came poking about and rather accelerated our selection of a crossing, with the result that I soon found myself up to my neck in a hole. It was not shared by a croc, luckily, and no harm done, except some "paradox" shells spoiled. I found that the pony had gotten away from the syce, (either asleep or careless) so tramped back to camp (7:45 p.m.) where he had fortunately preceded me. I had the syce given ten lashes (as he had no excuse, and there were plenty of lions about who might have nabbed the pony) both for this and several other little things I had been saving up against him. He agreed that it was quite just and took his punishment like a man. Afterwards, I gave him some quinine, as he seemed to have a bad cold. A certain amount of personal chastisement is absolutely necessary to keep so large a body of more or less wild men in hand. I believe in being very severe upon even slight provocation at the start, for the sake of making an impression and inculcating a wholesome respect. At the same time I always notice, commend, or if necessary, reward, any marked good work on the part of my boys, or particular application or evidence of interest. I never allow myself to punish anyone at the moment, or when my blood is hot, but wait until evening, when I hear both sides and try to give a calm, judicial opinion. It is necessary for all sportsmen in a vast country like this, where the ruling element is comparatively infinitesimal, to preserve the dignity and prestige of the white

man. I usually have a chair brought out before the tent for me on these occasions, therefore, and the accused is brought before the tribunal between a couple of askaris. There are numerous cases of petty theft or quarrels constantly going on in camp, and these it is much better to settle one's self out of hand than to trouble the district commissioner, which only bothers him and wastes both your valuable time. Furthermore, as the government makes each sportsman responsible for the men he takes out on *safari*, it is necessary to punish those who run away or get lost, so that it will not happen again. Invariably, if the punishment is just, the boys recognize it as such, never bear a grudge, and are usually more good humored and keener at their work afterwards. Juma is better today, as are all the men who have been having sore feet from thorns or festered jigger-bites. To cap the climax, T. had gone out at four-thirty to look for meat, and bagged a gerenuk, which he stumbled on at close quarters near camp!

Base Camp, Sunday, October 11. T. still feeling bad, loafed in camp. I decided to hunt gerenuk in the morning, and rest and observe Sunday in the afternoon. Started out at five-thirty feeling rather tired, as I didn't sleep well on account of the heat and mosquitoes. Missed a long shot (three hundred and fifty yards) at a gerenuk ram. Juma later pointed another out, which he said was a ram, and I dropped it at two hundred and twenty paces, (rather good, I thought at the time, for so small a buck, but subsequent events proved it to have been a fluke), but it unfortunately was a ewe. I worked hard until twelve-thirty, stalking an impala, but made a bad miss. This annoyed me very much, but a long drink of cold tea and a brisk canter back to camp restored my spirits. On telling my tale of woe to T. he examined my rifle, and found that the foresight had been bent so crooked that it would be impossible to hit anything upon which it was

aligned. We tinkered it up therefore, and I had some target practice, also repaired my tattered boots, read the *Gospel of Luke*, and had a swim during the afternoon. Our friends the giddy Masai appeared in camp during the morning, and T. went out about three, forty-five to shoot some meat for them. He got them a zebra, and himself a thirty-one inch oryx, also an aard wolf! My stomach has been out of order all day—as has his—and we attribute it to the water which we had been careless about boiling and filtering lately.

Base Camp, October 12. Both T. and I spent very bad nights last night—dysentery. I felt much weakened by morning, and didn't do much damage to my breakfast. Started off at five forty-five, determined to bring home in triumph a wily gerenuk. T. elected to nurse himself in camp for another day. Bagged an impala with a nice head during the morning, and later another of the same herd—refreshing myself with the kidneys and some cold tea. After a hard morning, I crossed the Guasa Nyro about a mile below Neumann's old hut, and eventually bagged a nice gerenuk at one hundred and ninety paces after a long and gruelling crawl on my stomach across the open plains during the process of which I was several times laid up by gripes. Later, got in amongst a herd of wart-hogs, and had some fun. They were very inquisitive and came for me, so I bagged two very decent tuskers, wounded a third which got away. Back to camp at four. My boots and also my feet, are in wretched shape! A little excitement swimming the stream on my pony through a deep pool, and scrambling up the steep bank. Early to bed.

Base Camp, October 13. Overslept this morning. Away at six-fifteen feeling rather slack. Got a very nice impala. T., who was hunting separately, bagged, with a combination of good luck and most excellent shooting, two gerenuk and a leopard! He picked up the lat-

ELMORANI OF THE MASAI

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ter quite by chance. It got up—as he was topping a rocky eminence—about three yards in front of him, and slunk off, but he downed it with a 500/450 before it had gone three more. A very fatiguing day for me, as I developed another touch of dysentery. Back to camp at six. A rhino charged me on my way home, but I managed to drive him off by shooting him in the knee-pan, and didn't have to kill him. I find it most discouraging to one's shooting to be out with a marksman of T.'s calibre—he so seldom misses anything. Have decided to start back for the Meru country to-morrow, as the rains will soon be on there and it is high time we were after elephant. Besides, have got everything I hoped for here, so if I have any luck with the elephants and there is time enough left, shall have a try for lesser kudu and sable antelope.

Near the Lekiundra River, October 14. Slept badly last night. Everything and everybody packed, loaded and under way by six, forty-five. Stoned all the thick patches of grass, reeds, and bush along the Lekiundra on the off chance of a lion but without result. It has evidently not started raining in the mountains yet, for this little desert stream is dry now, except for occasional pools and swamps. At one of these swamps saw an enormous flock of the lovely pink and white flamingoes, also some pelicans. It was a long, hard trying day over the bare stony plains and under hot sun and hot dusty wind, and everyone was worn out when we started to pitch camp about two o'clock by a small swamp which seemed not an unlikely place for the wily simba. Hardly had we off-saddled, however, before we noticed that there were tsetse flies all about us. They were almost the first we had seen on the trip. Hastily killing such as had already settled on each other and the horses, we leaped upon the latter bareback, and galloped them to a little rise of ground about a quarter of a mile from the swamp.

We then returned on foot for the saddles and blankets, and had the camp pitched up on the slope, to which the green swamp water had to be carried, but where we might sleep in peace with no nightmares about the Horse Sickness or the Sleeping Sickness.[21] Being so far from the

[21] Sleeping Sickness or Lethargus, as it is differently called, has long been known by African travellers but it is only recently (since 1902) that it has been definitely associated with trypanosomes. It has been during the past ten years also that this terrible pestilence has attained such gigantic proportions and really been a serious menace to the very existence of humanity in Central Africa. Its ravages have been more fearful than those of the Black Death which afflicted Europe in the seventeenth century. Over two hundred thousand persons have died of it in the Uganda Protectorate alone during the past seven years, and unknown thousands in the Congo. Travellers even to-day come upon grass-grown villages, inhabited only a few months before, but which are now falling into decay, tenanted only by whitened bones. Sometimes communities have been wiped out to a man, not one surviving to tell the tale.

The International Conference on Sleeping Sickness (first held in June, 1907) and the researches of such men as Koch, Moore, Breinl, etc., have greatly increased the existing knowledge on the etiology of this disease. The present theory is that man is simply a reservoir for certain forms of trypanosomes which develop the Lethargus. That these trypanosomes are carried by the tsetse fly mechanically, but that during the transmission a developmental cycle is going on in the life of the trypanosome. This fact has been based on the alleged existence of sexual forms of trypanosomes in the blood, and, more especially, in the gut of the flies. It is a very important point in the study of the disease for were the transmission of the infection purely mechanical (like that of an inoculating needle) they would not be capable of infecting fresh animals at the end of a certain lapse of time (say forty-eight hours) after feeding on the blood of an infected animal. These flies are indubitably blood-suckers living principally on the blood of human beings, crocodiles and probably aquatic birds. In fact at one time Dr. Koch felt convinced that they subsisted entirely on the blood of the two former and seriously proposed the extermination of all the crocodiles in Africa – a truly herculean task when one considers the impenetrable character of the swamps and waterways where they live in the greatest numbers, and the rapidity with which they multiply. The tsetse flies do not lay eggs, but deposit larvæ, usually among the roots of the banana palm. They are never found far from water and are limited geographically and climatically to zones which can be well defined. The distance to which they will leave the vicinity of water to follow their prey is said to be about two hundred yards. It is very difficult to detect the tsetse fly, owing to the extraordinary softness with which they alight upon their victims and the

railroad and neither of us feeling very fit, our horses were naturally our first care and indeed throughout the whole trip we were forced to give them a good deal of personal attention as the boy who rejoiced in the proud

rapidity of their flight. Roughly discribed, they are of a greyish brown color, about the size of our horse flies, but a little longer.

The Sleeping Sickness – the form which Lethargus takes on the human being – is a slow, wasting illness, the early symptoms of which are extreme lassitude, torpor, and indifference, together with a noticeable swelling in the glands of the neck. It can only be accurately diagnosed, however, by the detection of trypanosomes in blood taken from the sick and stained on films. The diseased gradually becomes indifferent to nourishment and often when fed, are too stupid to either chew or swallow. The last stages are very painful. Methods for its extermination are: isolation belts, cutting down the jungle about villages, water holes, fords and ferries, draining swamps, inspection posts (where travellers are examined before being admitted into each section of the country), destruction of the crocodile and gradual clearing of all low jungle land. Patients are isolated and treated with an arsenic compound in atoxyl which Dr. Kock, after many experiments, feels will become as valuable as quinine in the treatment of malaria. The royal commission on the Sleeping Sickness is well organized and has posts, relief stations, hospitals, laboratories, segregation camps, and lazarettos scattered throughout the country. The mortality must be reckoned at one hundred per cent, for when once the sleeping sickness stage has been reached, there is no authentic record of a cure ever having been made. Civilization is largely responsible for the spread of the disease during the past decade, since better roads and railroads have encouraged the natives to travel to hitherto uninfected parts of the continent. The growing alarm over this terrible plague is based on the recent investigations of Dr. Kock, which have placed it in the category of venereal diseases, a fact which makes its extermination almost an impossibility.

The horse-sickness and cattle-disease, which the bite of the tsetse seems to inflict, are more regarded by white men than the Sleeping Sickness itself. For a horse, mule or cow is as exposed as are the naked negroes, while the white man is in a large measure protected by his clothes. It takes from ten days to three weeks after infection for either of these diseases to materialize, but they are so deadly when once they have gotten hold of horse or bullock, that the so-called "fly-belts" or "fly-countries" are practically impassable for domestic animals. Of course every tsetse fly does not carry the germ of Lethargus any more than every mosquito carries malarial contagion. But malarial fever, while it carries off a great many people in the tropics, and is very apt to leave germs in the blood of those who recover which will bring on recurrences, is so harmless when compared with the Sleeping Sickness, that all tsetse flies are held in great respect.

title and pay of "Syce" knew nothing about the proper care of horses. Went out again a little before five but could find no lion tracks about the swamp and stoned it without results. Bagged a couple of hare and a brace of guinea fowl for the pot in a grove of stunted euphorbias a mile or so from the stream. Knocked over a grant gazelle, but a big ugly rhino, which I didn't want to shoot, appeared suddenly from beneath a bush between us and making himself rather obstreperous, balked me of my prey!

Lekiundra River, October 15. Woke up feeling dizzy and nauseated this morning (fever and dysentery) and made breakfast off brandy and porridge. Away at six hardly able to pull myself into the saddle. At eight came upon two sportsmen, Scott and Neilson (Fourth Hussars—Queen's Own) in a swamp, where they had just killed two fine buffalo. This made us sick with envy, as they had stumbled upon theirs by the merest chance while trecking along with their *safari*, not on the lookout for game at all, while ours represented more than fourteen days of hard and conscientious work. Some Egyptian ibises near the swamp. Camp at two-thirty feeling rather badly. We mutually clipped each other's hair this afternoon, till we looked like convicts—or Germans! Went out at four-thirty and bagged a fine four foot baboon, with a good mane. Missed a grant for the pot, and came back feeling very slack and ill. My pony has been a godsend on this return journey, as I have been feeling very weak, and could never have tramped the distance without him. Fever and dysentery, are neither of them pleasant things. T. bagged four pigeon with his 22. The natives report that the rains are expected daily at Meru, and that there are lots of eland about, so have decided to send the *safari* on the Sultan Metheely's (about seven hours from Meru), and hunt eland for a day or so.

Sultan Metheely's, October 16. Off at six. Came

up with a large herd of eland about nine. Stalked them successfully in spite of four rhino, all of which at different times bothered us considerably, but there wasn't a sizable bull in the herd. Hunted until eleven-thirty, when Juma was temporarily laid up with a bad attack of gripes. T. and I, by slapping and massaging his tummy, got him on his feet again. As we were both feeling hungry and slack, we turned back to the sultan's, which we reached at three. I picked up a guinea fowl at long range on the way back, and T., a steinbuck for the pot. We bought some fresh milk for ourselves and a little grain (Matama) for the horses, from the sultan, with strings of blue beads; and also made glad the heart of the naked savage dandy who had guided us to the haunts of the eland in the morning. The sultan has a fine lot of cattle. About five-thirty, I went out, accompanied by some twenty Dusky Spearmen, and knocked over a brace of partridge and a couple of brace of guinea fowl, to the huge delight of the D.S. Cooler tonight on these high spurs. Good pasture land on the hillsides, which have been cleared of jungle for several miles about the sultan's shamba.

SMALL STREAM IN THE HILLS (One Yard), October 17. Off at six-thirty after eland, with eight D.S., leaving instructions for the *safari* to push on to this stream, which is an hour nearer Meru, where we would rejoin them at night. Cold and misty until about eight. At nine-thirty saw a herd—stalked them—but just as we were about to fire, they were alarmed by a stampeding herd of zebra, and I had to risk a running shot at the best bull at three hundred yards. I hit him in the hind quarters, luckily enough, and knocked him down, but he got up and made off down wind. We followed a copious blood spoor for about seven miles, but never caught another glimpse of him. Saw about fifteen rhino during the day. One was very big, and seemed to have good

horns, so we rode up for T. to have a shot. As we got close, however, it proved a female, with small horns and a *toto*. We sheered off, but she saw us and charged. We ignominiously ran. She gained on T., who had dismounted, so he had to turn and fire. I then dismounted to help in case of need. She sheered off T., but catching sight of my white pony came for me so that I had to fire also when she got within twenty paces, as I saw she meant business. We both hit her in the hind quarters, not wishing to kill her, and she luckily turned and made off with her lumbering offspring to the considerable relief of the brave D.S. who had mostly taken to trees. At three-thirty saw a big bull eland with one cow. Got close, but just as I was about to fire, T. said he thought they were both cows. While we were discussing the matter, they made off, and I missed a good chance. Back to camp at six-thirty, tired and delightfully hungry. Feeling much better today. Bagged an oribi—a pretty little buck, for meat on the way back to camp. Horses seem very slack—afraid they've been bitten by tsetse fly. Running short of all sorts of food: flour, rice, butter, chocolate, chutney, sugar, etc.

Same camp by small stream, October 18. T. decided to loaf in camp today. I waited half an hour for a couple of D.S. who had promised to come early and act as guides, and at length set off without them at six-thirty. Came on a small herd of eland about eight, but being down wind, they stampeded. Taking Juma, I made a great circle of nearly two miles, and came up to them again in thick bush. Had a nice kneeling shot, one hundred and fifty yards, at a fine bull, facing three-quarters away from me, and raked him through the stomach and lungs. He fell to the shot, but rose up on his fore legs (as I ran up to finish him off) with the blood spouting out in a clear jet from his side. His mouth was open and flecked with bloody froth, his ears back, and his nostrils distended—

ELAND

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a magnificent sight. His horns were twenty-eight inches (above the average) and very massy, and he measured five feet nine inches at the shoulder—a great, broad-chested beast, the largest of the antelope family. Sent back to camp for boys to take in the head and meat, and went off with Juma and Jeramba in hopes of an impala. At ten, forty-five, as I topped a rise, I saw something move on another bald hillock, about quarter of a mile off, upwind. Putting on the glasses, I could scarcely believe my eyes to see a *leopard* out at that time of day. I slipped behind a bush and made the boys do likewise. As he hadn't seen us yet, and was evidently looking for a late breakfast, I decided not to risk a shot from where I was, but to try a stalk. Reached his hill, having kept well under cover, but couldn't see him. As I was peering cautiously about among the stones, he suddenly sprang up at about eighty paces, and disappeared over the rise, almost instantly, and before I could shoot. I ran to the edge, and had two flying shots at him across the valley at about three hundred yards, but missed. Strangely enough, he doubled back to the right to take cover in a deep dry water course, thickly overgrown with thorns and long dry grass. I ran down in hopes of cutting him off, or perhaps of putting him up again, although I feared it was useless, as he could travel for miles down this overgrown river-bed without being seen. As luck would have it, however, he got out of the first copse I tried, and gave me two more running shots at about sixty yards. The second, just as he was entering the bush again, knocked him over. We found blood in the long grass, but it was hard to follow the spoor, as the thorns formed an impenetrable hedge. I crawled for perhaps two miles along the water course, through rank grass and thorns, with my express at the cock, and had the boys walking along either bank and throwing stones in from above in the hope that he might have taken cover somewhere farther down; but he had evidently either made off, only slightly wounded, or else

concealed himself successfully, having been badly hurt. At any rate, I never saw him again.[22] Incidentally, I broke my binoculars climbing about amongst the stones and logs here. Back to camp at three-thirty. Had a refractory porter admonished with the lash. The hyenas howled and laughed horribly during the night.

MERU, OCTOBER 19. Broke camp at six-thirty and headed for Meru. Presently saw another *safari* ahead of us, bound the same way, and feared it might be the "Deutschenkreutzers" (whose plans would bring them to Meru at about this time), also after elephant. Were much relieved to find that it was friend Span, back from a week's *safari* with the world's record oryx head (thirty-seven and three-quarters inches), a poor eland, and some small stuff. Reached Meru at eleven-thirty. One of the K.A.R.'s (out scouting) had killed a lion which was about to spring on him in the dense forest near Lake M'Gunga. Horne as pleasant as ever, loafed about reading his magazines and enjoying a swim during the afternoon. Some two hundred painted Masai warriors, with great ostrich-plume head-dresses, leopard skins over their shoulders, and shields and spears, came in, chanting a savage sort of war-song. They paraded around the *boma*, twirling their spears in unison so that they caught the light all together, a very unique sight. This was done for the purpose of impressing Horne and showing him how valuable would be an alliance with their tribe, but I'm afraid that it had little effect upon men who knew the value of machine guns. Dined at the *boma* with Horne, Span, and Brooke, and spent a very pleasant evening. Horne showed me some pictures and told me about his ranch life in Wyoming. He is a most lovable chap and remarkably energetic. We noticed many changes about the post,

[22] It did not occur to me at the time, but I have subsequently come to the conclusion that this leopard probably climbed a tree, which they are very apt to do when hard pressed. I never thought of looking for him there.

even during our short absence; roads cut, trees and sod planted, stockade increased, more police lines, and a couple of useful bridges. A sore on the joint of the middle finger of my right hand has become ulcerated and is very painful.

BASE CAMP ON THE UNGACHUMA RIVER (Eight Yards), October 20. Loafed in bed, reading magazines, until nine. Put preservatives (arsenical soap and naphthalene to ward off the beetle-bug and other insect pests) on our skins and other trophies, and left them with Horne until we should be back again from hunting the "indigenous oilypant." Also left our ponies behind in charge of the syce, as we can't use them while after elephant—the country being either too mountainous and rocky, or too thick; jungle and forest. They will be glad of a rest and good feed, as the grass has been very poor since leaving the Guasa Nyro. Doctored my finger and some porters, had my poor boots sewed up by one of Brooke's askaris (who is rather a *fundi* [handy man]), arranged for more *pocha* for our boys, bought two sheep (in order not to have to disturb the country by shooting for the pot, thereby alarming the oilypants) and pulled out at two-thirty with another guide (Mufta, the jailbird, discharged—nothing apparently stolen). Reached this stream eight miles from Meru at four, where we intend to make a base camp for a few days. Thick heavy clouds morning and evening, but no rain yet. Enjoyed a bath. Early to bed.

BASE CAMP ON THE UNGACHUMA RIVER, October 21. Rained during the night, and rain and mist until about nine a.m. We sent out two natives scouting for tracks, and sallied out ourselves about six-thirty with gun boys and our local guide. He had encouragingly told us to always let him go first, as there were many poisoned spears and dead falls concealed in the thick forest hereabouts, and he knew where most of them were. This wet weather augurs well for us, as elephants usually walk

about in it, and indeed we found fresh tracks and droppings, and at one time heard some oilys, but they got our wind and made off. It was no use following, as when thoroughly alarmed, they travel at the rate of about eight miles per hour through the densest sort of jungle. Brooke played us rather a scurvy trick, sending a lot of his soldiers out to have a sham battle near where he knew we were hunting, which effectively spoiled our sport, so we returned to camp at three for tea. T., feeling rather slack.

Base Camp, October 23. Rained again on Wednesday night. Off at six-thirty in a fine mist. Our so-called guide lost himself and us in a dense equatorial forest, and we only got right at about eleven-thirty by luckily happening upon our own tracks again. Presently came to a great swamp, where not only did spoor and droppings show that the elephant were in the habit of drinking, but where they had evidently drank last night. As there was a mighty knarled and branched old Swiss-Family-Robinson tree at one end, we decided to have a try for them at their evening and morning drink (no moon) and proceeded to build a *machan*—no skimpy hard and uncomfortable affair like our last, but a big, strong, grass-padded, generous arrangement, which comfortably held us and two gun boys. We sent back to camp for blankets and more food, and then trecked about until four, under the wing of a couple of Wanderobo, whom we met, armed with bows and poisoned arrows. Five o'clock saw us up on our perch, but nothing came that evening, or during the night, except a big old rhino. I dropped off to sleep while he was still squelching about in the swamp, and slept well until about 1 a.m., when the rains descended and the floods came! This continued until about 9 a.m. today, when it died out in a fine mist. The forest is even more beautiful today than before the rain, and we sneak along noiselessly over the sodden leaves. Our

scouts report that the elephants have apparently left this part of the forest and are working out towards the plains—probably frightened by Brooke's askaris (maledictions upon him!), more of whom we came upon today maneuvering. We spent a long afternoon, therefore, working out in that direction, through most villainous country—piercing tangled, massy veils of vine, forcing a path through thick thorny bush; sliding down steep slippery slopes, and fording countless mossy, stony streams. Came upon three magnificent wart hogs, but true to our sportsman-like and sound policy of shooting nothing else while after elephant (save, of course, lion, leopard, or kudu), we let them go, though we saw no elephant this day, nor even fresh tracks. The forest is full of mighty trees, torn down by tempests, and smaller ones, but of by no means contemptible size, uprooted by elephants—eloquent testimonials to their strength and fury. I noticed today what a magical effect a calm, unconcerned glance has, upon one's frightened porters when a rhino is nearby. They are like so many children, brave when there is someone to protect them. Early to bed, hoping for better luck on the morrow.

Base Camp, October 24. It rained hard all night (getting camp, including my shot gun case, carelessly left out by the gun boys, very wet), and *we had our hopes*; but a hard day's work through swampy, slushy, muddy, bushy, *hellish* country, brought no results, and we got back to camp at five-thirty worn out and disheartened. It rained off and on all day long, despite which we saw no fresh elephant tracks. We did see a nice water-buck, but were adamant. I am a vision of loveliness in my rainy-day costume, which consists of a pair of shorts, a rubber shirt cut off a little below the waist, and a pair of tattered boots—neat, but not gaudy. We came across several poisoned dead-falls today, a heavy bell-shaped block of wood, into which a spear is set, the whole suspended from

a tree, and detached by the victim's brushing against a set-trigger – usually a branch or a vine. The last few evenings we have been planning all the details of an imaginary trip into the Congo to poach King Leopold's ivory.

M'Gunga Lake, October 26. Two new Wanderobo savages came into camp yesterday morn, who had seen some elephants the day before and undertook to guide us to them. It rained to start with, but cleared off by nine. At eleven we got on fresh tracks and came up with a herd by twelve, but in such thick country that we couldn't see them, and they made off. We followed, and luckily came up to them again. Climbing a tree, we saw some cows only about forty yards off. They made as if to come for us, but thought better of it, and went off before we could locate the bull. As we were again following, a rhino charged in thick bush, frightening away, for the moment, our guides and porters. Presently we came upon the herd in the open – a wonderful sight. There were about fifty, but no bulls with tusks which I cared to bother about, at least so far as we were able to judge. We accordingly sat down within three hundred yards of them up-wind, and ate a little chocolate and some biscuit, which was all we had brought with us. During the afternoon, we found three more small herds. Still no sizable bulls. At four it began raining again.

The rain it raineth every day
  On the just and the unjust feller,
But mostly upon the just – because
  The unjust takes the just's umbreller.

Saw several rhino and at five-thirty came upon another herd of elephants in the open, with what seemed like a good bull, so fooled about for some time, eventually getting within twenty-five yards. I think the elephants were somewhat blinded by the heavy driving rain, but several of the cows finally made us out and kept making little short charges, so that we were alternately running for

IN A BAMBOO FOREST

GOOD ELEPHANT COUNTRY NEAR LAKE M'GUNGA

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our lives and then sneaking cautiously back again. We did not desist until thoroughly convinced there were no really "Big Fellows" in the herd. Came upon one of Brooke's askaris, with a fine bull the lieutenant had shot the day before (tusks about fifty pounds each). Spent the night out; wet, cold, and hungry, being too far from camp to reach it before darkness fell. At daylight we found we were near Lake M'Gunga, and as we seemed to have at last come upon the haunt of the pachyderms, we sent one of our guides back to camp to bring the *safari* up there. Saw two more small lone bulls during the morning. Swung around and made M'Gunga about eleven-thirty shortly after which the rain, which had been continuous since yesterday afternoon, thinned to a fine mist. The *safari* appeared at one-thirty and we tucked in a good meal. My boots are in bad shape, but my ulcerated finger is improving. Off again at two-thirty, making a long trek, but could find no elephant, although we had a little trouble with some rhino in thick bush. Stopped on the side of a high hill to view the country through binoculars—one bushbuck, but no elephant in sight. I decided to climb it, and saw from the top, in a distant, shut-in valley, about two hundred elephants scattered about in herds of ten, twenty, and forty. I sent back for T. and the gun boys, and while watching them through my glasses to try and pick a good one, saw a large lion come out (possibly after a calf?) and get ignominiously chased off by the cows. We spent about an hour and a half after working down close to them, trying to find a big tusker, but in vain. We got within thirty yards eventually behind thick bush, but even the largest bulls didn't satisfy either of us except one, which, however, we soon noticed had only one tusk. Rather a delicate job getting back to camp at dusk, as the elephants were between us and camp, but we managed to slip through the great herd successfully. Found a pleasant chap named McDougall out on a trading expedition with

a light *safari* loaded with beads, brass wire, blankets, and cloth, which he hoped to exchange for native cattle, donkeys, goats, and sheep, and also planning, as many another good man before him has done, to find the great store of ivory reported to have been buried by Neumann in the Laurian Swamps. My own theory in regard to this is, that it is all under-weight ivory which Neumann shot in the early days, and which he found it impossible to take out, owing to the later government restrictions as to weight. Whoever finds it, therefore, will not be able to profit by the discovery, as the government will undoubtedly confiscate it. Invited McDougall over to dinner and had some pleasant yarns until about ten-thirty.

M'Gunga, October 27. Rained in deluges all night. The cook attempted mutton pie—his first offense in that line, and I rather fancy his last too—did for both T. and me during the night. Very tired, after two hard days and bad nights, so decided to loaf this morning, sending out scouts, however. Took a late start at eleven, and had a light tiffin on top of a high hill which commanded a fine view of the country. Through our binoculars we saw zebra, hartebeests, and baboons, but no elephants. It began to rain again very hard, about four-thirty, and the clouds came down so thickly that we couldn't see more than twenty yards, so returned to camp drenched. T. feeling rather low, with a bad ankle, and self with a headache. Early to bed.

M'Gunga, October 28. It grew very cold in the wee small hours, the rain changing to hail. It stopped altogether, and the mists cleared away by dawn, rolling up about the mountain tops, and making rather a fine sight. Lake M'Gunga must be seven or eight thousand feet high. The clouds hung darkly all about the horizon, but the air was clear, cold, and bracing. A good start at five-fifteen. Picked up a fresh spoor at nine and followed it through beautiful forests until twelve, when we came up to three

On the Spurs of Kenia

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elephants. Climbed a tree—requiring considerable agility, as I had to stand on one branch with my binoculars in my teeth, and then spring up, catch another, pull myself up onto it and reach down for my rifle—and had a good look, but they proved useless, two cows and a calf. Had rather an amusing incident with a rhino during the afternoon. T., who was ahead, caught sight of something in the bush, about twenty-five paces in front of him, and held up his hand (our usual signal for everyone to instantly stop and keep quiet). I, by stooping down, saw that it was a rhino, but T. apparently did not, and started cautiously forward (foolishly without his gun) to see what it was. A few paces brought him face to face with the beast, although as the rhino was busy feeding, I don't think it actually saw him. I crept forward with his gun, as well as my own, just as it winded us, when, to our surprise, it made off with a snort. As it did so, we heard another snort about thirty paces to our right, and another stupid brute started for us. We faced about, skipping nimbly behind trees, and covered him, both, of course, resolving inwardly not to fire unless matters reached extremities, as he had a poor head, and we didn't wish to disturb the country. Luckily for us, he stopped within ten paces, and stood listening for what seemed an age, although actually not more than two minutes, I suppose. I had a bead on his brain, and my finger on the trigger. We exchanged silent smiles appreciative of the situation. The wind was in our favor, and after snorting a bit, and ineffectually trying to place us, he reluctantly made off. We had just given a sigh of relief, and were re-collecting our scattered porters, when a *third* rhino broke cover. As she had a *toto* about the size of a calf with her we feared trouble from this lusty lady, but luck was with us again, and she swung off to our left and disappeared. These and other experiences effectually disprove, to my mind, the theory that a rhino will always charge. Saw some bush-buck and water-buck during the afternoon, but

resisted the temptation, though things are beginning to look blue for a good tusker. Back to camp at five-thirty, in time for a bath before dark. Lost a porter today—here's hoping a rhino or a wily simba hasn't blotted him out. Beautiful crescent moon this evening.

M'Gunga, October 29. Beautiful sunrise this morn—the golden light disclosing the blue-black peaks of the encircling mountains, rearing their dark crests up through the masses of white mists which hung thick in the valleys below. Off in good season, T. pleading guilty to a sore ankle—so I lent him the elastic supporter which I had used for my sprained ankle. Kept to the highlands pretty well during the morning, but though we covered a good deal of ground, found no tracks. The air was cold and bracing, and I felt tip-top. About 11 a.m. I overruled T. and our guide (a young Wanderobo) and insisted on striking down towards the forests near where we had first seen the elephants. Luckily for my inexperience we came very shortly upon fresh spoor, which we followed through very thick woods and bush country until 2 p.m., when we halted for tiffin. Just as we were starting off again, Juma declared he heard a branch break nearby. (It is interesting to note how the snapping of a branch or the heavy fall of a tree scarcely noticed ordinarily, will put one instantly on the qui vive when hunting, and especially when after elephants who feed on the leaves of branches they break off.) We accordingly climbed a little eminence, and could then plainly hear the elephants thrashing about, feeding; and could see the branches and bushes wave, though we couldn't see the beasts themselves. T. wished to remain where we were, as he said it was dangerous to go in after them in such very thick country, and that they were very likely to come out into the open glade before us, thus offering a better shot. After waiting fruitlessly for half an hour, I decided, perhaps foolishly, to go in. T. followed me

against his better judgment. We got within thirty yards without disturbing them, and climbed first one tree and then another, but could get no glimpse of their tusks. We moved with exaggerated caution, picking away the dried leaves and twigs before us, and only advancing perhaps a yard a minute. It was very thick country – bush and grass. Finally I sneaked forward and pulled myself up onto a small thorn tree within fifteen yards of the great brutes. Here I could plainly see one bull and two others indistinctly. The near one had undoubtedly a magnificent pair of tusks, so I gave him a 450 steel in the heart, and another just behind. A heavy fall followed by trumpeting, squeals, groans, and gurgling of blood in his trunk was heard as the crashing of the stampeding herd died away, and assured us that he was down. I crept cautiously forward, however, and finished him off with another steel in the brain. We estimated his tusks at between sixty-five and seventy-five pounds[28] and they were a very pretty pair, as regards color and shape. We had agreed beforehand that I was to take the first shot at elephants, T. the next two elephants, and I the fourth – we are each allowed two. As it was 5 p.m., I cut off the tail to establish my ownership, and returned to camp in a heavy rain. Finished the second sheep tonight. Celebration dinner, with the much-prized claret. Missing porter has not yet turned up.

M'Gunga, October 30. Clear morning. As we were out of meat, T. shot a female bushbuck. Being very close (thirty yards) he was sure of it in one shot, which we reckoned would not disturb the country very much. A hard day – "Long time the manxome foe we sought" – climbing hills in the early morning, and trecking through the thick forest from ten to three-thirty (hours when the elephant is likely to be feeding, or lying up in the shade).

[28] Nairobi, November 11. I had these tusks weighed here today, and they proved to be sixty-nine and three-fourths pounds and seventy-five and one-half pounds respectively.

Naught did we find, however, save yesterday's tracks, a herd of zebra and several troops of monkeys. Back to camp at six-fifteen, after a hard day. Our missing porter rolled in safe and sound tonight—Horne sent him out from the *boma*, where he had turned up in a terrified and bedraggled state this morning. As the time I allowed for elephants is now over, I shall go into Meru tomorrow, and pick up my trophies and ponies, getting more *pocha* and some extra porters. T. is going to stay on and hunt elephants. I shall be back this way in a day or so, en route for Nyeri, and if he is ready, we will go back to Nairobi together. I am anxious to have a try for lesser kudu at Voi, or M'toto Andei, and sable somewhere along the coast, before November twenty-eighth, when a French Mail from Madagascar stops at Mombasa en route for Tjibouti and Suez. T. is anxious to get back for business, although he is also very anxious for elephant, which represent pounds and shillings to him. Beautiful moon tonight.

Meru, October 31. Got off at eight-thirty, saying good-bye to T., whom I left a porter's tent, his bed, blankets, cooking pots, etc., and plenty of food. Also left one askari and seven porters. Reached Meru at ten-thirty by a new short cut through the forest, which a Wanderobo showed me. Found Readdie, of Fort Hall, who has just arrived on a joint hunting *safari* and tour of inspection of the Nyeri and Meru Posts. He tried to climb Mount Kenia en route, being desirous of getting pictures of the glaciers, and in hopes of elephants on the forest and bamboo covered slopes. The heavy rains, however, prevented both his getting higher than thirteen thousand feet, and all photography. He suffered considerably, himself, and lost four porters through cold, nor did he see any elephant. He is very much pleased with Horne's work at Meru, as I thought he would be. I settled up accounts with Horne for all the *pocha* and porters I had got from

the local sultans through him, bought more *pocha* for the return journey, arranged for twenty more local porters, got out our trophies and packed them for carrying, tried in vain to get some sweet potatoes (as we are out of all vegetables, as well as rice, and very low on sugar) and had a look at the ponies, who seem rather fit. In the afternoon, had a swim and doctored up some porters, also myself, as I seem to have developed tonsilitis. Dined very pleasantly at the *boma* with Horne, Readdie, Brooke, and Span. Feeling very feverish and chilly tonight, so took a heavy dose of quinine and slept in a sweater.

BESIDE A SMALL POOL of rain-water in the hills, November 1. Saw a beautiful sunrise. Off at seven-thirty with twenty-one extra porters. From the top of a rise, I looked back with regret upon green and smiling Meru, with its trim straw-thatched police lines, and its ranges of encircling hills. Horne and Readdie I could still see, waving me adieu from the parade ground, and the flag of old England flaunted proudly over their heads. I shall always remember Horne as a most charming fellow, the soul of geniality and hospitality, and the incarnation of energy and ability. Readdie has also gone out of his way to be nice to me, giving me a recommendation to a local sultan to help me in my shooting at Voi, and has generally been very pleasant. Though feeling rather worn and seedy, I tramped on ahead of the *safari*, until we reached M'Gunga at ten-thirty, in hopes of getting some meat, but saw nothing. I found T. had, however, bagged a young bushbuck ram, though he had no luck after elephant yesterday. He was feeling rather down in the mouth, and decided to push on with me to Nairobi. I should have liked to have stayed and helped him get his elephants, but felt that I did not have the time. The boys have plenty of *chakoola*, and indeed for the past two days, the entire *safari* has gorged itself so successfully on my elephant that, with the exception of a little smoked meat

they have with them, nothing is left but bones. When one travels light as we have been doing, carrying very little extra food for the porters, it is necessary to provide them with a good deal of game, and so, although T. has shot practically as much as I, we have the satisfaction of feeling that nothing has been wasted. The appetite of these fellows is simply astounding—they are capable of working for two or three days on practically no food at all, but when a time of plenty comes, they simply stuff like animals and then lie fallow. They love to get inside a dead elephant and eat their way out. The Kikuyus have a saying about the hartebeest, an animal slightly larger than our caribou, which they can very nearly make good: "The hartebeest is an unsatisfactory critur—a little too much for one man to get away with, and not enough for two!" Shortly after leaving M'Gunga, we got lost in the dense equatorial forest, probably mistaking a game track for the trail which should have led us back to the upper track for Nyeri. Emerging into the open at length, the lay of the land showed us our mistake, so we struck up over the foot-hills towards Mount Kenia. Finding no water, we had to push on until after five, when we reached this little pool of rain water in a hollow of the hills. The porters are almost done up, especially the new ones. Hot during the day, but very cold tonight. As I have been feeling feverish all day, and my tonsilitis is worse, I took fifteen grains of quinine, and again slept in a sweater. Beautiful dark-blue velvet sky, studded with stars.

Small streamlet on the Veldt, November 2. It rained heavily during the night. Off at six, forty-five and struck the right trail at ten. Came upon this stream at one-fifteen and camped, as it had begun to hail, and furthermore, we had several invalids; three porters with sore feet, one with an inflamed gland and groin, Juma with the gripes, and the cook, Salem (tent boy—a very competent chap), and I with fever, in addition to which I have de-

veloped tonsilitis (with its accompanying headaches and sore bones), an ulcerated finger, and a sore ankle. T.'s ankle seems quite recovered, thanks to an elastic bandage which I lent him. I think it is about nine thousand feet here, and it promises to be very cold tonight. I should have gone out to look for meat for the boys during the afternoon, but felt too weak and feverish. T. took a nap. I don't know what I should have done without my pony the last two days. I never could have walked the distance. Took four pills of Waburg's tincture (an even more powerful anti-malarial medicine than quinine) before going to bed.

Camp on the open veldt (no water), November 3. Rained during the night and very cold. Woke up feeling much better, to find the ground thickly covered with hoar frost. My throat is also on the mend, as I have been gargling it twice daily with a solution of permanganate of potash, and taking bronchial trochés. Away at six-thirty. Tiffin at one-ten by the unknown stream where we had camped on the night of the seventeenth of September. Rained heavily all afternoon. Camped at four, near a deserted Masai kraal. Went out to look for food for the porters, but saw nothing, except a thompson gazelle, which I dropped, as every little helps. Very good food here for the horses, as the rains have made the grass lush and green.

Small streamlet in the Veldt, November 4. Away at six-thirty. Beautiful clear morning, with splendid views of Kenia. Lunch at eleven, forty-five at the Tagesa River. Rained during the afternoon. The great open plateau rolling down from Kenia, which we crossed, was dotted with a beautiful pink variety of lily, growing close to the ground, but shaped and scented much like our easter lilies. After some patience I succeeded in teaching my pony to pass them closely enough and slowly enough to allow me to reach down and pick them. Tried target

practice at some distant thompson gazelles, whipping on and off my pony for the shots, and succeeded in wounding one twice at about three hundred and twenty paces, but we were unable to ride it down. Reached this stream for camp at two, forty-five. Went out at four, after a swim, to look for meat. Missed another distant thompson and then made quite a fairish shot at a zebra. Coming home in the dusk[24] saw a cheetah going off through the bush like greased lightning, at about fifty paces. Put in three shots, but missed him. A moment later, as I was following him into the long grass and bush, I saw what I thought was another smaller one, and bagged it with my nine m.m., but it proved to be a cerval cat. The presence of the Masai, with their sheep and cattle, not far from here, accounts for that of the leopards, cheetahs, and cerval cats, which prey upon the former. The cerval cat is about the size of our Canadian lynx. Some Masai from a nearby kraal brought us some milk this evening.

Nyeri, November 5. Rained heavily during the night. Off at six-fifteen in a penetrating drizzle, the mists hanging low until about ten-thirty. We got lost in the fog some time about eight o'clock, but felt sure that our sense of direction was right, and pushed on across bushy highlands intersected with deep stony nullahs [ravines] until we emerged at ten into a beautiful little clearing in the jungle, where there was a Masai kraal and a great herd of sheep and cattle. On our first emergence into the clearing, some sort of an alarm was given, the little boys started driving the cattle off into the jungle, and about a dozen spearmen came tumbling out of the gateway; but when they saw white men they immediately became all

[24] On the equator, the sun always rises and sets at exactly six o'clock. We were a little north of the equator. The sun set about five minutes after six here. When I saw the cheetah, it was twenty-two minutes after six, and as the tropic darkness falls very rapidly after sunset, and as the country was very thick and bushy, I feel that there was some excuse in missing this quickly moving target even at such short range.

smiles, and soon the chief of the village came forward and invited us in. Here our head man procured a couple of chaps to guide us to Nyeri. I poked about inside the kraal and found the manner of life very interesting. The stockade which surrounds the whole is about eight feet high, and strongly built of woven oziers and sunbaked clay. The first row of houses is built up against this wall, but is only about five feet high. Pigs, sheep, goats, and cattle share these huts with humans, and here they all live and move and have their being as long as the pasturage remains good in that vicinity, which may be anytime from a year to a day. We reached Nyeri at twelve and found it as beautiful as ever. Skein was away, but Piggott, the same mad wag with the oddest humor, made us royally welcome and insisted upon our staying to tiffin with him. He was most amusing and entertaining, bemoaning an almost fruitless ten days' *safari*. A German-American named Dukerwich is also here, who is taking photos and cinematographs of Kilimanjaro, Kenia, and the tribes generally, together with what game he is able, for an American concern, Underwood and Underwood. He pulled the long bow a bit in regard to his habit of shooting kongoni at eight hundred yards, and had some wild tales and yarns about the Spanish-American War, South Africa, Guerilla warfare in the Philippines, the Russo-Japanese War (where a shell destroyed his photographic outfit at the battle of Mukden), the relief of Pekin, and Borneo. After paying off our Meru and arranging with Piggott for about twenty kikuyus to help with the loads as far as Fort Hall, and if possible to Nairobi, I went out and got a water-buck, with quite a nice head. Piggott dropped in after dusk, and on my asking if it were possible for me to pick up a good Masai spear or sword from the natives hereabouts, he most kindly presented me with some which he insisted upon my taking. He stayed till eleven, and departed rather the worse for wear, having extracted a promise from us to breakfast with him in the morning.

SULTAN WAMBUGU'S, NOVEMBER 6. Strawberries and cream and eggs formed the bulk of our excellent breakfast. We paid off and dismissed before Piggott two porters who were crippled, leaving them to recover and find their own way back to Nairobi. We got eighteen Kikuyu porters from Piggott and started at 11 a.m., of a beautiful day. Met Skein and Tyson, of the police, whom I had met before at Fort Hall, about four miles out of Nyeri. Lunch at one, and a swim at three. A very pleasant ride to this beautiful spot, racing our ponies along a good trail, singing, and jesting with the jovial Kikuyus, with whom we waged mimic battles with long reed spears. Reached here at five, making camp in a beautiful hillside grove. The sultan sent over milk, eggs, and fruit, for which we liberally "backsheeshed" him.

FORT HALL, NOVEMBER 7. Away at seven-thirty in the rain. There is a French Catholic mission to the Kikuyus near here, and we saw two of the sisters this morning. We had several exciting Grecian battles with the Kikuyus and there was some spirited jousting between T. and myself. A swim at one. Fort Hall at one-thirty. Called on Brown, A.D.C., and had tea. He had recently shot a leopard and got a baby. Dined with Doctor Henderson, a very entertaining fellow. Ridley has left for England, with his pal and our former host, Seth Smith. His arm will never be straight. T. found a letter here with the news that Halckett, a good pal of his, was killed about ten days ago by an elephant in Uganda. I received two letters from my Mombasa bankers, relative to my letter of credit, also a wire from home. Our Nyeri porters now wished to bolt, but as we found we could get no more for several days at Fort Hall we refused to let them go. To bed at 11 p.m.!

MAKINDI RIVER, NOVEMBER 8. Rained last night, also it was very hot, and there were many mosquitoes on the warpath, so that I hardly slept at all. Away at seven-

thirty, in a terrific downpour, which lasted until eleven. We rode slowly along behind the *safari*, stopping occasionally to shoot, T. bagging three brace of guinea fowl and two of spur fowl, and I two of guinea fowl and one of spur fowl. We did twenty-seven miles today, not reaching camp until six-thirty however, as the trail was in frightful condition. As we took no lunch, it may be imagined how we enjoyed our dinner of soup, roast "twenty-one shilling bird," curry and rice pudding. Porters all done up.

T.'s BUNGALOW, just outside Nairobi, November 9. King Edward's Birthday. It rained heavily last night, and until nine this morning. Rest of the day showery. We rode into Nairobi, thirty-eight miles, stopping for tiffin at Heatly's ranch, and reaching T.'s bungalow in time for tea with Newland at five-thirty. We left the *safari* to come on by itself in two days. I borrowed parts of dress clothes from Newland and others, and flaunted it with the beauty and fashion of Nairobi at Lord Sadler's ball, given at his bungalow in honor of King Edward's birthday. A very gay evening. To bed at three-thirty, after riding back from Lord Sadler's in the rain and mud.

NAIROBI, NOVEMBER 10. Up at nine. Busy all day straightening out affairs, accounts, and outfit. The *safari* rolled in at ten-thirty. Paid off and sent back our Nyeri porters with a pipe as a Christmas present to Piggott, who had recently broken the only one he had. Cabled father. Received home mail forwarded from Mombasa.[25]

[25] This reading of long delayed mail in a far away land, is not all that it's cracked up to be. I generally find that letters so long looked forward to, are, to a large extent, disappointing. Many friends cease to write when you are out of sight and out of mind, others write perfunctorily as an irksome duty, and probably tell you about the weather; some even say disagreeable things, not taking the trouble to think how unpleasant it will be to read such productions in the loneliness of the remote African wilderness. All this has a depressing effect upon the lonely and sensitive traveler, with the result that the reaction almost makes him wish he had not read the disillusioning epistles. Newspapers are at all events interesting. There is

NAIROBI, NOVEMBER 11. Preparations for a *safari* to the Athi River and beyond. Bought stores and *pocha* for the men, also a 318 Westley Richards accelerated express, cordite, as the sighting of my mannlicher is deranged. This rifle, which had been used a little and which I got at a very reasonable figure, is sighted just the way I like, having an aluminum line in the back leaf. I prefer a rather coarse back-sight for field work, rather than the very fine V with which my mannlicher is fitted and which is preferable for target shooting. Sold my donkeys at a slight gain, and one pony for a loss of fifteen rupees, which is rather good, considering that I have had ten weeks hard use of him, that his condition is run down from lack of good feed, and the prevalence of tsetse fly and horse sickness. I sold him to the Duke of Penuranda, one of a party of three Spanish noblemen who are starting off on *safari* today with a truly noble amount of luggage and outfit, requiring one hundred and sixty porters. Discussed with several residents the best places to find kudu–Kiu, Voi or M'toto Andei. Saw to the preserving of my skins, and left the trophies with T. who has volunteered to pack and ship them. Called on Jackson, the lieutenant governor of B.E.A., and wrote eleven letters this evening to various parts of the world, Africa, China, Java, Greece, France, and the United States. No cable yet received from father in reply to mine. Turned in at twelve.

ATHI PLAINS, NOVEMBER 12. Up, bathed, breakfasted and packed by seven-thirty. Also two more letters written. Had to wait till ten o'clock, as I was having some

nothing personal about them, though they afford but cold comfort. But there are some letters which it really does one good to read; some have thought of the wanderer and are written so kindly and with such evidently good feeling, as to bring a grateful glow to his heart. But such are few and far between. From the rest he turns with relief to listen once more to the familiar tongues of the never-ill-natured or fickle trees, to study their rare books, and wish himself better qualified to profit by the sermons in the stones.

much needed laundry done. Started the *safari* off for the Athi River at eleven. Lunched with T. and Newland, and bade them goodbye at two, riding after the *safari* on my remaining pony. No wire yet received from father. Have left word with the bank and Newland to forward any wire arriving by the fourteenth, to the Athi River station; to M'toto Andei any which come before the twenty-second; after that to Mombasa. Tried several long range practice shots with my new rifle at distant thompson gazelles, so as to get used to the new sighting. I find that it requires rather more foresight than the mannlicher. Missed four tommies between three and five hundred yards during the afternoon, but bagged a very nice grant at three hundred and twenty paces. Caught up with the *safari* at four, and camped by a tiny trickle of water through the veldt. Went out after wildebeest and succeeded in finding a small herd, about six, as it began to grow dark. Crept up within two hundred and fifty yards unnoticed. Lying down, I broke the foreshoulder of a nice bull. The herd went off, but he stopped at about three hundred and ten yards and looked back, which proved unfortunate for him. Quite a nice head. The air is very clear and Kilimanjaro shows up very distinctly. It was beautiful at sunset, with the red afterglow upon its great snow fields. Back to camp at seven-thirty to find Salem laid up with rheumatism, so played "Every man his own waitress" this evening.

Athi River (Eighteen Yards), November 13. Rained during the night, and poured in perfect torrents all day long. I didn't break camp until 8 a.m. vainly hoping that it might clear. Pushed on seventeen miles through the mud, slush, and rain here to the Athi River, which we reached at 2:30 p.m. Had to keep constantly cheering on the men today with songs and jokes (I have learned a few stock Swahili jokes from T., such as "If you are cold, work harder and you will get warm"), as they were wet, cold, and miserable, and the going was very bad. Missed

an easy hartebeest and then two tommies at about three hundred yards in the driving rain, but later dropped another hartebeest in his tracks at two hundred and eighty-five yards under the same conditions. Ate some Peter's chocolate for tiffin, and went out to look for lion or hippo tracks, or to pick up a water buck or hartebeest. Bagged rather a nice head of the latter at one hundred and fifty yards, and later missed a poor water-buck at about two hundred and fifty. Saw some likely pools for hippo with fresh spoor and some old lion tracks. Still raining when I turned in at seven-fifteen.

M'toto Andei, November 15. Went out early yesterday morning in the rain and found a small herd of hippos in the shallows of the second pool I visited. Got quite close and dropped the biggest (who proved to have a very fine pair of tusks) and managed to bag a second one before they found shelter in deep water. It is rather tame sport, as although you must aim for the brain they are easy to kill if one gets a good shot at them. Left some boys to cut out the tusks and pushed on to the Stony Athi River, a tributary to the Athi River, hoping to find a good water-buck, but with no luck. Came across a deserted hut with the remains of what must have once been a stone quarry, surrounded by a considerable plantation. Sent my trophies back to T., with the porters whom I had engaged at Nairobi and whom I now paid off and dismissed, as I shan't need them at M'toto Andei, where I shall camp in the station. Entrained for M'toto Andei at 1 p.m., intending to try for lesser kudu. There were two nice chaps in my carriage; one of them named Walters, the government superintendent at Nairobi, is going home in the same boat with me, the French Mail, which leaves Mombasa, November twenty-eighth. He has been transferred to some station on the West Coast. Arrived here at 1:30 a.m., and laid down until six, when I sallied forth, feeling, however, rather slack, after a bad night.

My joints are all stiff and sore from being constantly in wet clothes, owing to the heavy rains, and to crawling on my stomach through the mud. M'toto Andei is practically at sea level, and is frightfully hot. Mosquitoes and ticks galore. The country is dense thorny bush mimosa, accasia and mapani, like Ceylon, but with hardly any water. Saw nothing all morning, and tiffined and had a snooze under the shade of a great rock at noon. Saw a duiker about four, and with a well directed shot from my unerring cannon, I brought the great brute to his knees in the midst of his terrific charge. He had a nice head of nearly three and one-half inches. Came upon a small, but clear and very refreshing stream, at sunset, which was very pretty, with the gold and crimson light upon it. I have got all my outfit inside the waiting room here, where I sleep. Early to bed.

M'toto Andei, November 16. Off at six. Saw a bush buck at seven-thirty, and as we were in need of fresh meat, I fired at about one hundred and twenty yards. He disappeared instantly, and I thought I had lost him, but he had merely dropped down dead into the long grass from a little hummock upon which he had been standing. About 9 a.m. came to a sort of stony kopje, covered with rocks, rising sheer out of a mass of thorny undergrowth. Climbed it, and found a herd of about twenty lesser kudu grazing on the farther side. I watched them for an hour or so, but they were all females or *totos*. Had a grand view of the snowy peak of Kilimanjaro rearing itself up through the clouds. Intensely hot today, and swarms of ticks about. About 4 p.m. came suddenly upon two lesser kudu buck—one with a fair head and the other immature. I dropped the better one with an easy shot at one hundred yards, and he proved to have a nice head of twenty-three inches. They are a beautiful and graceful buck, reckoned second only to the sable. The head skin is lovely. Bagged a couple of spur fowl on the way home.

M'toto Andei, November 17. Juma laid up with the rheumatism. I shall take this opportunity to compare somewhat the characters of Juma and Jeramba, the two gun boys. Jeramba has gotten bravely over his sulkiness of the first part of the trip, thanks mainly, I think, to discipline, but he is still inclined to shirk his work if not watched, and is not particularly keen on the game. He is what the Swahilis call a *maladadi* [a dandy] and considers himself rather nobbily dressed in the cast-off clothes of a former master, which he wears with something of a swagger. He is not at all anxious to press forward or be handy in the presence of big game, but very fond of posing over it when down, or to stand carelessly about giving orders to the porters with his hands dripping blood during the skinning process. As a matter of fact, he revels in the giving of orders, and feels his oats very much; but he is a good skinner and a good linguist, and proved very useful when dealing with the Masai. Juma, on the other hand, is a silent little fellow, with, however, a merry smile and a twinkle in his eye. His boots are worn out, and such clothes as he boasts are in tatters; but he is always on hand in a tight place with the extra gun, and is just as keen for sport at the end of the day as in the beginning. He has phenomenal eyesight, and can often distinguish game better than I can with the binoculars. I remember one day, near M'Gunga Lake, we saw some black specks moving along a hillside about a mile away; even with our glasses T. and I thought they were buffalo, but Juma instantly declared them to be rhino, and he proved to be right. Neither of these men are good trackers, compared to the North American Indians, or even the Wanderobo. It is a good plan to impress upon one's gun boys, that they are never, under any circumstances, to fire a gun themselves, because they are extraordinarily bad shots; and if the gun is fired, in the event of a charge by a dangerous animal, and you reach for your extra gun, it is embarrassing, to say the

THORNY JUNGLE ABOUT M'TOTO ANDEI, KILIMANJARO IN THE DISTANCE

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least, to find it empty. Incidents of this kind have cost many men their lives. Neumann had a close call with an elephant, and was three months recovering from the effect of his gun boy's carelessness.

Away at six. Before seven saw a female lesser kudu and a bush-pig, which I let go. At eight-fifteen came upon a nice kudu buck. He saw me first, and started off with the remarkable speed which characterizes all the antelope family, but I was lucky enough to make one of the most useful shots I have pulled off so far, knocking him down at one hundred and fifty yards, on the wing, so to speak. As I only hit him in the tummy, however, he got up again, and went off with a jump. Another lucky shot, however, downed him for good. He had a fine head of twenty-five and one-half inches. About eleven I shot a nice chapman's zebra and returned to camp. Hitherto I have had no lunches except some chocolate. Went out again at three, but saw nothing. Bagged a guinea fowl and two spur fowl coming home at dusk. There is not much game here, and as I have got my two kudu (all I am allowed) I think I'll go down to Mombasa by the train which leaves tomorrow at midnight.

No wire yet from father.

Outside Mombasa, November 19. Had a restless, broken night yesternight—heat and ticks—and developed a bad go of fever during the day, which was unbearably hot. To cap the climax, the porter who carried my water bottle went and got himself lost in the bush, and I had nothing to drink from six until three-thirty, when I came upon a small stream, pretty well done up. I lay right down in it, and drank my fill, and cooled off. I think I had also gotten a touch of sun, as my head felt bad. Not knowing at the time that I had fever, I held on, hoping for an impala or a water-buck, and returned to camp at seven, dead to the world, with only one guinea fowl to my credit. Took a heavy dose of quinine, packed up and

boarded the train at midnight. Another bad night, and as the fever still had me, I decided to rest in Mombasa, doctor myself, and wind up my accounts until my ship sailed, November twenty-eighth. Took my *safari* up to Smith-McKenzie's warehouse, and loafed about the club until noon, when I lunched with Forbes and Lake. Finding, however, that Mombasa was no cooler than the jungle, and feeling rather restless, I borrowed a stretcher from some missionaries, ferried across the bay, and was carried out here eight miles, en route to the Shimba Hills. Very pretty camp in a palm grove near a little village.

Base Camp in the Shimba Hills, November 20. The head man of the village sent me over a present of eggs, young cocoanuts, and palm wine early in the morning. I was carried on twenty miles with the *safari* through flat, uninteresting cultivated country – the latter part, however, rising into primeval jungle which covered the Shimba Hills. Made a very snug camp under a big banyan tree about one thousand feet above sea level, in the heart of the hills and loafed all afternoon. The local sultan sent me over a present of cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, and palm wine, and the promise of a good guide for the morrow. I find this palm wine very good, and it is highly recommended by the natives for fever. Have also been taking a good deal of quinine, and though I am still weak and feverish, think that I shall be able to shake it off tomorrow. Beautiful starry evening.

Base Camp in the Shimba Hills, November 21. A good night's sleep left me feeling much better this morning. Started out at five-thirty through a lovely pale green morn, and hunted the deep swampy valleys all day. The vegetation and undergrowth is almost impenetrably thick, which makes the going very hard. Very hot today, but plenty of pretty little brooks and pools of water in the swamps. It rained for a couple of hours, which made the long spear grass wet and unpleasant,

and the steep ravines slippery. Saw nothing but tracks. Early to bed.

BASE CAMP IN THE SHIMBA HILLS, NOVEMBER 22. Another good sleep. Rained during the night. Away in the cool, sea-green, half-lights of the dawning – the most beautiful hour of the twenty-four in the tropics. Kept to the dry, windy uplands today, where the grass is short, and beautiful views of the sea are to be obtained. At noon made out a distant herd of sable – perhaps twenty females, of a reddish brown color, and one male, glossy velvet black. After a long and careful stalk, got within one hundred and fifty yards. The buck seemed to have a very nice head, the horns curving back so as almost to touch his arched neck, so I dropped him in his tracks through the heart. A grand buck[26] he is, about the size

[26] The following comment upon African game and the sable antelope in particular by Captain F. J. Franklin of the *South African Field Forces* is interesting:

"The home of the rare sable antelope is in East Africa and in the country adjacent to the Zambesi and its tributaries. There is no finer species of the antelope tribe than the sable, and for splendid sport he is second to none. Towering well over seven feet in height, carrying an enormous pair of horns arching back of his great shoulders and hair-crested neck, he presents a gallant and imposing appearance."

The national crest of England is the familiar lion and the unicorn and apropos of this, that well-known sportsman, F. G. Millais, says:

"Any one who has seen a wild sable antelope galloping cannot fail to be struck by its resemblance to the unicorn. The whole appearance of the animal bears a much closer likeness to that mythical creature than any other living animal. In outline every point is similar except the horns, and even those on the head of an immature animal when seen in profile are not so very dissimilar. If there is any African animal alive to-day which is the original of our national crest, it is the sable."

Captain Franklin goes on to say:

"Like other members of his tribe, the sable roams in herds, but as a rule in smaller numbers than most antelope herds. Possessing the speed of a race horse together with tremendous strength and endurance, he is a difficult animal to shoot. I have seen the sable antelope gallop away with arched neck and defiant look, although severely wounded in several places. I know of no animal that will carry more bullets. It is a proud moment therefore for the hunter who gazes on his first sable, especially if it should turn out to be a bull. He is exceedingly dangerous when badly wounded, and no chances whatever should be taken with him. The hunter, if he is wise, will make certain the sable has received his final coup de grace before he is finally approached."

Arriving at a mature age, a bull leaves his herd in search of a harem for himself, and leads a solitary life until either by luck or conquest he secures his own herd of females. The stories told by natives of the great fights by

of a polo pony, with noble lines and the reputation of a fierce fighter. This one had a nice head of thirty-three and one-half inches, and a beautiful, though somewhat scarred head-skin. Sable are extremely rare, and as we got back to the village the entire community turned out to cheer and welcome us; our guides strutting along in front, carrying the head, and looking as proud as I felt. I am particularly glad to have gotten this sable today, as it rounds the trip off well, and I really should leave for Mombasa tomorrow in order to have plenty of time to settle up my thousand and one little affairs. This evening in camp we were attacked by maji amoto ants (hot water) who came swarming down from the palm trees. They advance in long columns and bite like fiends, but we finally beat them off with flat sticks and hot coals, and I had

this king of antelopes are perfectly marvelous. Only by doughty deeds and great strength can this fabulous hero of the jungle retain possession of his harem. The sable when attacked uses his magnificent sharp curved horns with fatal effect. Fights between lions and sable bulls are not uncommon, and on several occasions hunters have reported finding the dead bodies of both animals after a fierce combat. In one of his first works, Mr. F. C. Selous describes how out of a pack of strong dogs let loose after a wounded bull, four were killed outright and four more badly wounded.

"The roan antelope, like his cousin the sable, has a grand appearance and carries himself finely, though without the nobility of the sable."

"On account of his keen sense of smell and extreme nervousness a koodoo requires a lot of stalking, and will disappear up the steep kopje or rock with marvelous agility. If pressed very close he will force himself into the thickest of the bush, hiding his head among broad leaves and mingling his curved horns with the branches, remaining perfectly still. The hunter may thus pass within a few yards and not notice him. But if discovered and unable to escape, the koodoo will give up his life without further effort to save it."

"From all I have gathered from the real old sportsmen who have all their lives lived in regions where lions abound, from personal experiences and from reading the accounts of returned hunters *cum grano salis*, I am inclined to displace the lion, from his generally accepted position as king of beasts. I would install rather the Cape Buffalo. . . This African buffalo is truly a formidable beast and it is generally conceded that as their numbers diminish the survivors grow more and more dangerous to hunt. The lion or tiger is very often bagged from the security of a tree or machan, the buffalo hardly ever. The sportsman must go down into the low jungle country, find his prey, and then trust to his own nerve and skill. On being wounded a buffalo will sometimes charge at once, the huge boss of his horns protecting his brain and rendering an instantaneous fatal shot almost impossible. His ferocity is only equaled by his cunning. He may wait for hours feigning to run away, then double back upon his adversary and charge him in the rear."

a ring of the latter put around my tent to anticipate another sally. The following somewhat complicated sentence, which I threw off casually today, will give an idea of my powers as a Swahili linguist. The construction and word-endings are, of course, all wrong, but the sense must have been clear, as I was perfectly understood by my gun boys and the guide: "*Sejui, qua nini hapana basa hoco hivi Shambi? Kesho-alfagiri sana, Mimi twendi hoco na peegger Simba cha Shambi, sawa-sawa Mimi peegger Simba cha M'Bogo 'nd Guasa Nyro.*" Early to bed.

MOMBASA, NOVEMBER 23. Off at five-thirty. Walked a couple of miles and was carried the rest of the distance (twenty-eight miles) back to Mombasa, bagging a couple of spur fowl and a twenty-one-shilling bird en route. Reached here at two-thirty, the boys pushing along sturdily enough in the strength borne of the knowledge that it was their last "trek." Left my *safari*, outfit, etc., at Smith-McKenzie's, and got a room at the club, where both Simms and Lake (former acquaintances) had already put me up. I got out the boxes of civilized clothes which I left with S.M. and Company three months ago and enjoyed a hot bath and a change. Yarned a bit with some chaps at the club during the afternoon, and had Forbes and Lake to dine with me. Met a lot of new acquaintances and renewed some old ones during the afternoon and evening. The crowd here is very pleasant and light hearted—but inconsequential.

MOMBASA, NOVEMBER 24. Busy all morning paying off my men, giving them chits and backsheesh, and listing my goods. Got father's wire at last, and replied that I was leaving on the first boat, and would wire further as to my movements when I had more information at Cairo. Walker put me up at the Sports' Club where I had some tennis in the afternoon. Newland came down from Nairobi on business, and I lunched with him and Pickering.

Played several frames of piquet with Stuart before dinner, and dined with Forbes and Simms.

MOMBASA, NOVEMBER 25. Busy all day selling the balance of my *safari* goods and stores at about fifty per cent loss, and settling up accounts with S.M. and Company. Lunched with an interesting chap named Boyle, who has knocked about all over the world. Tennis in the afternoon – Stuart and self beating Lake and Vineing, six – three, seven – five. Piquet with Stuart; dined with Joseph, an American ivory dealer, who has really a very decent house for this part of the world, with well furnished rooms and a good cook. We were a merry party of four, Joseph, Boyle, Stuart and I, and didn't turn in until 3 a.m.

MOMBASA, NOVEMBER 26. Had breakfast at their hotel and a long chat with Scott and Neilson, who have just returned from their shoot. Between them they got one elephant, one lion, one leopard, one cheetah, four rhino, two buffalo, two eland, three gerenuk, one lesser kudu, three oryx and the usual ordinary game. From what everyone tells me, I must have the best bag of the season, so far – *pro rata*; I mean the best bag for the time I was out for my one gun (T. was shooting entirely "on his own"). Lunched with Stuart, he has pleasant airy chambers. Visited the old fort with Scott and Neilson during the afternoon. Also did some writing. Another wire from father. In the morning, I was busy listing, sorting, examining and arranging for the preserving, packing, and shipping of my trophies. Beat Stuart at tennis this afternoon, two – six, six – three, eight – six, and also at piquet before dinner. Had Scott and Neilson to dinner with me tonight. They are both most good fellows, but their military duties weigh but lightly upon them, as they have had ten months leave during the last fourteen, and their talk is of nothing but shooting, polo, and cricket, and how they can avoid doing this or that duty or exam, like a couple of school boys. A crowd of

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drunks came into the club about ten, and there was quite an orgy.

MOMBASA, NOVEMBER 27. Two boats arrived from Europe this morning, one French and one German, and the little town, with its three tiny hotels and two clubs, is full up, many people sleeping in railway carriages. There are about a dozen prospective shooting parties in town, one that of the Duke of Alva, a brother to Penuranda, to whom I sold my pony. Scott and I have been congratulating ourselves on having had our shoot at a time when there were but few other parties out. Of course it was the rainy season, and we were perhaps not quite so comfortable, therefore, as these chaps will be, but after all, one expects to rough it when out for sport, and the rainy season is undoubtedly the best time for elephants. Paid for my passage, this morning, which I had reserved some time ago, as the boat is said to be very crowded. Lots of women and children going home on leave from the French colony at Madagascar. Packed my luggage and gave my guns a farewell cleaning, greasing them up well for the voyage. Called on a doctor, who gave me some medicine for my fever, which has not quite gone yet, and for a bad cold in the chest, which I have picked up somehow. Stuart and I beat Walker and Eastly at tennis, but Stuart got his revenge at piquet. I dined with him, and spent the night at his house.

NOVEMBER 28. Put my luggage on board, paid my adieus, and loafed about the club reading Neumann's book during the morning. Our boat came in last night, and I went on board after tiffin. The boat is small, dirty, and crowded, mostly whiskered Frenchmen and children. I know several people, however, and expect a pleasant voyage – Lieutenant Neilson (Fourth Hussars), Captain DeCrespigny, Mr. Skein, Mr. Walters, Mr. Parkenson, Mr. Stevenson, also a German gentleman and his wife who have been out on *safari*. A rhino broke his leg

just after starting, about two months ago, is now on crutches, and is being taken home by his loving spouse, a very beautiful and accomplished Frau. The accident occurred in this way: he was stalking buffalo, when the rhino charged unexpectedly in thick cover. He lost his head, and in attempting to run or dodge, he tripped and fell. The rhino charged over him, breaking his leg and wounding him in the side, and passing on drove his boys into trees. Luckily, however, it did not come back to finish the job. We weighed anchor and steamed out of the beautiful little harbor of Mombasa with the picturesque ruins of its old Portuguese fort at two, and by sunset the beautiful green shore of Africa had faded away, and we were steaming northward and homeward over a calm blue sea.

TWO MEN'S OUTFIT FOR THREE MONTH SHOOT IN AFRICA, AND NOTES

NOTE. To the layman, this undoubtedly seems a very large list, and to the sportsman experienced in long, tropical expeditions, it will probably seem small. The task is not to learn what to take, for any good book on tropical hunting will suggest three or four times the following outfit on one page of its appendix, but to know *what not to take.* The principle to be guided by, if one wishes to travel light, is to take nothing that you think you can get along without. These lists do not aspire to be models, but they represent far more than my own thought on the matter and limited experience. They are the result of having kept a "Hunting Note-book" for many years, in which hints from books, friends, and chance acquaintances were noted, as well as everything acquired at first hand.

MY PERSONAL KIT

1 Sleeping bag (3 thickness yager)
1 Serai (quilt)
1 Steamer blanket
2 Sheets (sewed to make bags)
1 Pillow and 2 cases
1 Mackinac coat (short)
1 Sweater
1 Rubber shirt
1 Corduroy breeches
1 Khaki coat
1 Khaki breeches
2 Shikari suits (green, for thick jungle work)
5 Shirts (4 flannel; 1 silk)
3 Undershirts, light woolen

4 Underdrawers (2 short; 2 long), light woolen
3 Pairs pajamas
12 " socks (woolen)
4 Hats (1 topee, 1 double terai, 2 soft shooting hats)
5 Pairs boots (2 nailed, 2 old soft leather, 1 rubber, and extra laces)
3 Pairs puttees (2 spiral, 1 leather)
Toilet case and shaving tackle
1 Dozen handkerchiefs (linen)
2 Silk " (for dust and mosquitoes)
2 Towels
6 Cakes, carbolic soap (2 calverts, 20%)
1 Pair slippers and leech gaiters
1 Hair-clipper, 4 tooth-brushes, and 2 tins tooth-powder
1 Note-book and 1 diary – pencils, paper and envelopes
1 Fountain pen and ink
1 "Housewife" with pins, needles, thread, buttons, and scissors
1 Tape measure
1 Compass
Library of the following books:
Central African Game and its Spoor
Notes on the Somali Language
A Handbook of the Swahili Language
Records of Big Game by Rowland Ward
Pendennis
Hypatia
Tale of Two Cities
Kenilworth
The Holy Bible
Chapman's *Homer*
} Pocket editions – Japan paper, limp leather
Stanford's Maps of: Equatorial East Africa
Uganda
Boran
1 Pair dark smoked glasses
1 Despatch box (with lock and key) for money and papers, sealing wax, etc.
1 Canvas roll (for bedding)
2 Steel boxes[27] (with lock and key) for the above list

[27] Metal boxes are a necessity, as the white ants will eat through wood or leather.

Battery, etc.

1 500/450 Cordite (Holland and Holland) with cartridge belt, and 100 rounds of soft-nose and 30 rounds of steel cartridges; and case
1 9 M/m mannlicher, with cartridge belt and 250 rounds of soft-nose and 50 rounds of steel cartridges; and case
1 33 winchester, with cartridge belt and 100 rounds soft-nose; and case
1 318 wesley richards accelerated express; with case, and 70 rounds of soft-nose and 50 rounds of steel
1 12 bore ball-and-shotgun with belt for shells, 50 buckshot, 50 No. 4, 100 No. 6, and 20 ball shells; and case
1 45″ Colt automatic revolver with holster and 100 cartridges
1 Sheath knife and belt
Proper cleaning tackle for the above and a whetstone
1 Pair binoculars, and case
1 Thermos bottle and case
1 Water bottle
2 Hip pouches for cartridges, etc.
1 Belt pouch for pipe, tobacco, medicine, notebook, tape, etc.
1 Steel box for ammunition
1 Compass
1 Waterproof match box
2 Pipes and 3 lbs. tobacco, and 1 box 50 cigars

Preservatives for Skins, etc.

30 lbs. Alum
30 " Salt
8 " Arsenical soap
4 " Naphthalene
4 Skinning knives
Nails and twine for stretching skins

Medicine Kit – For self and safari

3 Rolls surgeon's tape (plaster)
2 lbs. Cotton wool
1 lb. Lint
1 Doz. bandages
1 Piece oiled silk
1 Ankle supporter

1 Pair scissors and 1 pair tweezers
400 Tabloids quinine (five grains)
1 Tin of zinc ointment
5 lbs. epsom salts
1 Pint castor oil
2 Pints lysol (disinfectant)
4 Oz. iodoform
1 Bottle aristol
2 Oz. pine balsam (for bruises, etc.)
100 Grs. Waburg's tincture (for fever)
1 Bottle permanganate of potash tabloids
1 " dysentery mixture
100 " rhubarb and soda pills
1 Bottle oil of citronella
1 Tin of Allen's footease
1 Strychnine cure, with hypodermic (for snake bites)
1 Small bottle oil of cloves (for toothache)
Dental floss

FOOD STUFFS,[28] ETC.– PACKED IN CHOP BOXES

Flour, 65 lbs.
Pea Flour, 6 lbs.
Rice, 35 lbs. (finest patna)
Quaker Oats, 18 lbs.
Sugar, 26 lbs. (granulated)
Salt, 16 lbs. (cooking)
" 3 lbs. (table)
Tea, 6 lbs.
Cocoa, 6 lbs.
Buscuits (crackers), 14 lbs.
Tinned vegetables, 18 tins (assorted: peas, beans, asparagus)
Tinned meats, 22 tins (assorted: tongue, ham, bacon, corned beef, etc.)
Tinned fish, 8 tins (assorted: kippered herring, sardines, etc.)
Soup squares, 18 (in tins)
Lemco and Bovril, 6 small bottles (for soup)
Condensed milk, 16 tins (Swiss); 20 small tins ideal cream.

[28] These goods were not all bought to start with, but included the second outfitting at Nairobi on November 10.

Jams and marmalade, 14 tins
Cheese, 6 tins
Butter, 12 tins
Tapioca and corn flour for puddings, 6 lbs.
Flavoring essence, 3 small bottles
Curry powder, 4 bottles
Tinned fruits, 6 tins
Dried fruits, 5 tins
Baking powder, one and one-half lbs.
Hops, 2 tins
Suchard's chocolate, 6 lbs.
Lea and Perrin's Worcestershire sauce, 2 bottles
Pickles, 6 bottles
Chutney, 3 bottles
Vinegar, 1 pint bottle
Lucca oil, 1 pint bottle
Pepper, 1 small bottle
Potatoes, 90 lbs.
Onions, 30 lbs.
Cake, 1 tin
Cooking fat, 12 lbs. (I also used eland fat)
Extract of meat, 2 small bottles
Candles, 8 doz.
Kerosene oil, 8 qts.
Matches, 6 pkts.
Whiskey, 1 case Perfection, also 1 qt. Dewar's
Brandy, 1 qt.
Lime juice, 3 qts.
Claret, 1 case (12 pint bottles)
1 Syphon bottle (Sparkloid)
Sparklets, 18 doz.
Filter, 1
Dubbing, 1 tin (for boots)
Toilet paper, 2 pkgs.
Insect powder, 3 tins
1 Corkscrew
2 Tin openers
2 Pie dishes
2 Soup plates

Tiffin basket: with two each of plates, cups, saucers, mugs, knives, forks, spoons, boxes for food, spirit stove, kettle, flask of spirits, napkins, tablecloths, etc.

Extra corks

TRANSPORT

2 Mules, bought Sept. 1; sold Nov. 11 and Nov. 24

2 Ponies, " " 9; " " " and ———

26 Porters, used during bulk of Shoot, 90 extra porters being engaged at Nyeri and Meru to take extra pocha, etc. See Diary

1 Carrying hammock, borrowed from British Mission, Mombasa, for trip to Shimba Hills

SAFARI OUTFIT FOR TWO MEN

1 Tent with fly, ground sheet, pegs, and poles (lent by Mr. Pape)

2 Camp chairs*

1 Canvas lounge chair (kept for use on steamer)

2 Beds (canvas)*

2 Mosquito nets*

1 Table*

1 Canvas bath*

1 Enamel basin and pitcher*

4 Canvas buckets*

2 Saddles and bridles*

2 Halters*

2 Horse blankets*

1 Sickle*

1 Curry comb and brush*

1 Extra tarpaulin* (to keep stores and skins dry in wet weather)

1 Spade*

1 Big ax and 2 small axes*

2 Files* (1 given to Masai Chief)

1 Saw*

2 Bush knives*

5 lbs. Assorted nails

2 Big pots and covers*

1 Box, containing:
  16 Pieces (frying pan, reflector, tea pot, etc.)*
  1 Knife*
  3 Lanterns (combination oil and candle)
  1 Meat chopper*
  1 Measure*
6 Pkts. thread, and 6 needles
5 Rolls (100 yds.) Americani cloth for porters' tents and trading purposes
5 lbs. Coarse thread
3 Coils extra rope (for packages and tent)
1 Box coarse soap (for washing clothes, blankets, sheets, etc.)
1 Mallet
5 lbs. Beads in strings (for trading)
42 Water bottles (1 per man)
42 Blankets (1 per man)
42 Jerseys (1 per man)
10 Prs. boots and spiral puttees (for head man, gun boys, tent boy, askaris, cook, and mate)
9 Khaki suits (for head man, gun boys, tent boy, cook, and askaris)
6 Chop boxes (with lock and key)
1 Tin for oil
1 Hammock (borrowed for Shimba Hill trip)
4 Snyder rifles (for askaris) with 60 rounds of cartridges and belts
20 Gunny sacks (for packing loads in)

* Resold November 25 and 26.

ACCOUNTS AND GAME REGULATIONS

Account with Baraka Mabruki (Headman)

		R	A	R	A
Aug. 28 and 29	Pocha for self, C., A., B., 2-GB, 4 As. 15 porters	8	0		
" 30 " 31	Pocha for self, C., A., B., 2-GB, 4 As. 15 porters	8	0		
Sept. 12	To cook, for wood, eggs and milk	4	0		
" 14	For wood,		8		
" 20 " 21	To wood, eggs, milk and beads for trading	3	8		
Oct. 19	To wood		8		
" 31	" "		8		
Nov. 5	" "		8		
" 6	" " and pocha for Kikuyu porters	8			
" 6	Personal advance	2			
" 9	Given to Askari Mambawa, by headman			1	
" 8	To wood,		8		
" 12	" "		8		
" 12	Received from Juma on trust	52			
" 22	To present to Shimba Chief	4			
" 24	Paid Juma			52	
	Total	92	8	53	0

Game Regulations

THIRD SCHEDULE

Animals, limited numbers of which may be killed or captured under a sportsman's or public officer's license, £50.

Kind	Number Allowed
1 Elephant (having tusk ivory weighing not less than 60 lbs.)	2
2 Rhinoceros	2
3 Hippopotamus	2
4 Zebra	2
5 Antelopes and Gazelles	
Class A	
Eland (Taurotragus)	1
Oryx (Gemsbuck Calotis or Beisa) . . .	2

	Kind	Number Allowed
	Hippotragus (Sable)	1
	" (Roan)	1
	Strepsiceros (kudu) except in the Baringo District	2
	Topi (Damaliscus Jimela)	2
	Neumann's Hartebeest (*Bubalis Neumanni*)	2
	Bongo (*Boocerous Eurycerus Isaaci*)	1
6	Colobi and other fur monkeys	2
7	Aard-varks (Orycteopus)	2
8	Cheetah (Cynaelurus)	2
9	Aardwolf (proteles)	2
10	Two ostriches – male [taken off the schedule in July, 1908]	
11	Marabout	2
12	Egret of each species	2
13	Antelopes and Gazelles	
	Class B	
	Any species other than those in Class A	10
14	Chevrotains (Doreatherium)	10
	Topi (Jubaland only)	8

Notice

A special license may be granted to the holder of a sportsman's or public officer's game license by a sub-commissioner of a province authorizing such person to hunt, kill, or capture any of the following animals:

1 Bull buffalo
1 Bull eland
1 Bull giraffe

Provided that no license to kill a buffalo in the Province of Ukamba shall be granted.

The fee payable for such special license is rupees seventy-five (Rs. 75) in respect of each animal. All fees are payable in advance and are not returnable in the event of no animal being killed or captured under a special license.

FOURTH SCHEDULE

Animals limited number of which may be killed or captured under a Settler's license.

Kind	Number of Animals Allowed
1 Hippopotamus	
2 The following Antelopes and Gazelles only,	2. 5 animals in all in any calendar month made up of animals of a single species or of several; provid-
(a) Grant's Gazelle	

Kind	Number of Animals Allowed
(b) Thompson's Gazelle (c) Jackson and Coke's Hartebeest (Bubalis) (d) Impala (Aepyceros) (e) Reedbuck (Cervicapra) (f) Duiker (Cephalophus) (g) Klippspringer (Oreotagus) (h) Steinbuck (Rhapiceros) (i) Waterbuck (Cobus) (j) Wildebeest (Gnu) Connochaetes (k) Bushbuck (Tragelaphus Roualeyni) (l) Paa (Medoqua and Nesotragus)	ed, however, that not more than 10 animals altogether of any one species shall be killed during the period for which the license is available other than Grant's Gazelle, Thompson's Gazelle, Jackson's and Coke's Hartebeest (Bubalis), Reed Buck

Notice

THE EAST AFRICA GAME ORDINANCE, 1906

In pursuance of the powers conferred upon me by Section 13 of the East Africa Game Ordinance 1906, I hereby give notice that upon the application of the holder of a sportsman's or public officer's game license, permission may be given to shoot or capture additional animals, as follows, and additional fees as herein prescribed shall be paid in respect thereof.

2 Rhinoceros	additional	fee	Rs.	75	each
1 Elephant	"	"	"	250	"
2 Zebra	"	"	"	30	"
2 Wildebeest and 2 Waterbuck . .	"	"	"	30	"
Antelope under Class A in the third schedule 1 of each . .	"	"	"	45	"
Under Class B except Wildebeest and Waterbuck 10 additional .	"	"	"	20	"

J. Hayes Sadler, His Majesty's Commissioner.

Mombasa, Dated this 14th day of April, 1906.

Roll Call of Safari

Name	When engaged	Where engaged	Rate of Pay	Rating	Remarks
Baraka Mabruki .	Aug. 27	Mombasa	Rs. 40 per mo.	Head man	Advanced Rs. 1-2-6.50-1
Nasoru bin Saliman	" "	"	" 30 " "	Cook	Rs. 4
Jeramba	" "	"	" 30 " "	Gunboy	Fined Rs. 5 for disobedience, sulkiness and idleness
Juma Jehari	" "	"	" 30 " "	"	Very capable
Salim Saliman	" 25	"	" 25 " "	Tent boy	Fined Rs. 1 for neglect, advanced Rs. 2
Moosa Simarihani	" 26	"	" 15 " "	Askari	
Juma Sani	" 26	"	" 12 " "	"	Rs. 1 Adv.
Mambwa	" 26	"	" 12 " "	"	Rs. 1-5 Adv.
Baruka Mohamed	" "	"	" 12 " "	"	
Kibiriti 'Nyamwezi	" "	"	" 10 " "	Porter	
M'kasa Uganda	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Discharged at Nairobi; hurt Aug. 29
Moosa bin Salim	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Malimu bin Unari	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Taratibi 'Nyamwezi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Shami 'Nyamwezi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Discharged at Nyeri (unfit); and paid in full Nov. 6
Kombo bin Ali	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Hamis Wadihari	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Mambo bin Hamid	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Malimu bin Osani	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Kofu Kulan	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Rs. 1 Advanced
Figirini Faruzi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Hamis bin Saadi	" 27	"	" 10 " "	"	Rs. 1 Advanced
Malim bin Jumi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	
Hamidi bin Assam	" "	"	" 10 " "	Cook's mate	Advanced Rs. 2

Name	When engaged	Where engaged	Rate of Pay	Rating	Remarks
Faruzi bin Abdulla	Aug. 27	Mombasa	Rs. 10 per mo.	Porter	Rs. 1 Adv.
M'chumu	Sept. 1	Nairobi	" 10 " "	"	Rs. 1 Adv.; bolted Sept. 3
Mas	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Mooley	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Hussein	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Fauzi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; bolted Sept. 3
Owieno Kavirondo	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Tumbu Mufani	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1-1.50; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
D'voko	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Manyorke	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Juma Nandi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1-6; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Garry ya Mosi	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; discharged at Nyeri unfit and paid in full Nov. 6
Kula Letty	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; bolted Sept. 3
Malie	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Karunfa	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; bolted Sept. 3
Arry Gwaza	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
Karanje	" "	"	" 10 " "	"	Adv. Rs. 1; bolted Sept. 3
Kwanzi	" "	"	" 20 " "	Gunboy for T.	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Nairobi, Nov. 10
Kitinga	" "	"	" 15 " "	Tent boy for T.	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Nairobi, Nov. 10
Mulu	" "	"	" 12 " "	syce	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Nairobi, Nov. 14
N'dolo	" 4	Tana River	" 10 " "	Porter	Adv. Rs. 1; paid off at Athi River on Nov. 14
4 Porters	Nov. 19	Mombasa	" 5 " trip	Carriers	To carry hammock to Shimba Hills; paid off at Mombasa, Nov. 24

NOTES:	the Headman	receives	4	kibabas	of rice	(2 2/3 lbs.)	per	day
	Gunboys	"	3	"	" "	(2 lbs.)	"	"
	Tentboys	"	3	"	" "	(2 lbs.)	"	"
	Cook	"	3	"	" "	(2 lbs.)	"	"
	Askaris	"	2	"	" "	(1 1/3 lbs.)	"	"
	Porters	"	1½	"	" "	(1 lb.)	"	"
	Syce	"	1½	"	" "	(1 lb.)	"	"

Where no rice is obtainable, the men should be given whatever native *pocha* can be procured, i.e., mealy meals, beans, mahinda flour, etc., at the same rate per day.

Where food is scarce, men will agree for a slight backsheesh, (salt and tobacco are recommended as backsheesh) to take half meat and half *pocha*, which is a very economical method for the sportsman, if he is in a country where game is plentiful.

Besides a recruiting fee, of Rs. 1 for every man engaged, which is charged by the party who engages them (i.e., Smith-McKenzie and Co.), the government charges a registration fee of Rs. 1 for every man taken out on *safari*, and the sportsman is responsible for them.

TARIFF:	Rice	(it varies,	but	say	roughly)	Rs.	5½	per	load	of	60	lbs.
	Mealy meal	"	"	"	"	"	4½	"	"	"	"	"
	Beans	"	"	"	"	"	3	"	"	"	"	"
	Mahinda flour	"	"	"	"	"	2½	"	"	"	"	"

MY LIST OF GAME – WHEN AND WHERE SHOT

DATE	SPECIE	WHERE SHOT
Aug. 31	1 Thompson gazelle	Athi Plains
Sept. 2	1 Hartebeest (coke)	Outside Nairobi
" 4	1 Hartebeest (coke)	Punda Malia
" 5	1 Bushbuck	" "
" 6	1 Waterbuck	" "
" 8	1 Bushbuck	Ithanga River
" 9	1 Reedbuck (bohor)	" "
" 9	1 Cobus cob	" "
" 10	1 Waterbuck	" "
" 10	1 Rhino	" "
" 14	1 Hartebeest (jackson)	Near Nyeri
" 15	1 Blue ape	The Spurs of Kenia
" 17	1 Zebra (burchall)	Tagesa River
" 19	1 Grant's gazelle	The Spurs of Kenia
" 26	1 Rhino	Lekiundra River
" 26	1 Steinbuck	" "
" 26	1 Zebra (burchall)	" "
" 27	1 Grant's gazelle	" "
" 27	1 Oryx	" "

"	28	1 Grant's gazelle	Lekiundra River
"	28	1 Impala	" "
"	29	1 Crocodile	Guasa Nyro River
"	29	1 Grant's gazelle *	" " "
"	30	1 Lion	" " "
"	30	1 Oryx *	" " "
"	30	1 Grant's gazelle	" " "
"	30	1 Waterbuck * (defassa)	" " "
Oct.	1	2 Crocodiles	" " "
"	2	1 Wart hog	" " "
"	3	1 Rhino **	" " "
"	3	1 Grant's gazelle *	" " "
"	4	1 Lion	" " "
"	5	1 Lioness	" " "
"	5	1 Hyena	" " "
"	5	1 Waterbuck (defassa)	" " "
"	7	1 Lioness	" " "
"	7	1 Hyena	" " "
"	8	1 Buffalo	" " "
"	8	1 Impala **	" " "
"	9	1 Impala	" " "
"	9	1 Aardwolf	" " "
"	10	1 Oryx	" " "
"	11	1 Gerenuk *	" " "
"	12	2 Wart hogs	" " "
"	12	2 Impala	" " "
"	12	1 Gerenuk	" " "
"	13	1 Impala	" " "
"	15	1 Baboon	Lekiundra River
"	17	1 Oribi	" "
"	18	1 Eland	Sultan Metheely's Country
"	29	1 Elephant	M'Gunga Lake
Nov.	3	1 Thompson gazelle	The Spurs of Kenia
"	4	1 Cerval cat	" "
"	4	1 Zebra (burchall)	" "
"	5	1 Waterbuck	Nyeri
"	12	1 Grant's gazelle	Athi Plains
"	12	1 Wildebeest	" "
"	13	2 Hartebeests (coke)	" "
"	14	2 Hippo	Athi River
"	15	1 Duiker	M'toto Andei
"	16	1 Lesser kudu	" "
"	16	1 Bushbuck	" "
"	17	1 Lesser kudu	" "
"	17	1 Zebra (chapman)	" "
"	22	1 Sable antelope	Shimba Hills
		Thirty-three different specie.	

* Female ** Immature

APPENDIX A

A list of industries and planting upon which notes were kept.

CANADA. Grain Elevator

JAPAN. Silk-worm culture; weaving; cloisonné manufacture; satsuma ware manufacture; ivory and wood carving; lacquer ware; culture pearls; rice cultivation

KOREA AND MANCHURIA. Gold-mining; pottery making; millet and hemp cultivation

MONGOLIA. Cattle raising and stock farming; herding; farming; pottery making

CHINA. Tea culture; embroidery; cloisonné; Pekin enamel-ware

FORMOSA. Tea culture; camphor growing; lumbering

JAVA. Tea; tobacco; rubber; rice; coffee and cocoanut cultivation; battek work

SIAM. Lacquer ware; basket work

BURMA AND THE SHAN STATES. Timber yards; lac farming; pony breeding

INDIA. Rug making; hammered brass ware; pottery; marble and ivory carving; enamel ware; lace making and embroidery; tea culture (Darjeeling and Travancore)

KASHMIR. Fruit growing; vineyards and wine-making; wood carving; rug making; embroidery

CEYLON. Tea; coffee; cocoa; rubber; cocoanut; copra; vanilla; pepper; cinnamon gardens and the growing of other spices; wood carving; pearl fisheries

AFRICA. Ranching; fibre farming; ostrich farming

SELECTIONS FROM THE ABOVE

GRAIN ELEVATOR (JULY 3). . . In spite of the rain and storm we had some splendid views of the bold capes

and headlands of Thunder Bay, and steamed into Port Arthur at 4 p.m. After having rechecked all our luggage, we set out to see the sights of this busy lake port. A mammoth grain elevator, looming up like a mountain from the shore of the bay, attracted our attention, and we determined to make an inspection of it. A placard bearing the inscription "Positively No Admittance" somewhat overawed us, but writing "Pickands, Mather and Company" on my card, I gave it to the first man I saw, and asked him to take it to the manager. The manager, Mr. Morgan, of the Peavey Company, came right out and was most kind and obliging. I introduced him to John, Purdy, and Hank, hinting that we were on a tour of inspection, and would like very much to see his beautiful elevator. He accordingly took us all over the gigantic structure, and was a most interesting and instructive guide. It is the largest grain elevator in the world, having a capacity of seven million bushels. The grain is weighed when it first comes in, and then after being cleaned and dried by powerful air fans, is stored in the great cylindrical bins of steel-girded tiles. It is, of course, weighed again before shipping, as it usually loses somewhat in the drying process. The bins are about eighty-five feet deep, and the total height of the elevator is one hundred and sixty-five feet. The insurance on the grain alone, when the elevator is full, amounts to four million dollars.

Cloisonne Manufacturing (August 22). . . On the way home Ted and I visited a cloisonné manufactury. We were ushered through a delightful garden of water falls, stone lanterns, and dwarf pines, and the proprietor (who spoke English) entertained us with tea and cigarettes on a cool veranda. Here we were shown some marvelously tinted and elaborately designed examples of this dainty ware, as well as some of the simpler floral patterns in wistaria, lotus, iris, and chrysanthemum

MAKING CLOISONNÉ

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

which the Japanese love. Later we were taken all through the workshops and saw skilled artisans busy at the various stages of the work. These craftsmen are as skilled and as specialized as the medieval guild workers. Even the very minutest work being done by hand with a delicacy of touch which seems extraordinary. Some of the pieces, which require the microscopic finesse of the watchmaker recall the tales of the engraving of the Lord's Prayer on a ten cent piece. There are four distinct processes: first, the sketching of the design, often from still life onto the bronze or silver vase or box and the outlining of it in thin silver or gold wire glued to the vase. Second, the filling in of this design in colored enamel, of the proper tint and shade, toning, and baking it. This last is done several times, as each baking causes the enamel to shrink a bit. Third, the putting on of the enameled background in one solid color (usually dark blue or green) all around the design, and re-baking the whole. Fourth, the polishing down and smoothing off of the enamel with charcoal and stones of several different grades. Even small pieces require from one week to ten days to complete.

Battek Work. A *sarong* or skirt (worn by men and women alike in Java) as well as the *slandang* and the *kam kapala*, a square handkerchief worn as a variant of the turban, are all made of the native cotton cloth or battek, patterned in curious designs that have been in use time out of mind. They are sold in all the *passars*, and pedlars bring pieces of a beautiful design to spread out in the veranda in front of one's room. Native fancy runs riot in the designs, which vary from zig zag and arabesque looking lines, to bold latticings and intricate curves, quaint animal forms, and dainty interweaving of palm leaves and ferns. The *sarong's* value depends upon the fineness of the drawing, the beauty and elaborateness of the pattern, and the number and brilliancy of the colors,

ranging in price from two or three guilders up to fifty or sixty. The Dutch are as eager as the natives of the better class to get hold of new and beautiful examples, and vie with each other in the collection of the more valuable ones. The ladies affect the *sarong* for the morning hours in picturesque but rather unbecoming dishabille, and the men use them in place of pajamas. Baron Van Heekeren has a collection of very handsome and rare ones, upon which he prides himself no little. In the native villages or kampongs, we often watched men, women, and children busily absorbed in the painting of these distinctive garments, with a painstaking skill thoroughly oriental. The cloth to be painted is stretched in front of the worker on a frame like an artist's easel, and a first outline is traced in a rich brown waxy dye which is the foundation and dominant color in all these batteks. The parts which are to be left white are covered with wax, and the cloth is brushed over with the dye. Beside each worker is a pot of colors simmering over a charcoal fire, and into the pot is dipped a bamboo brush. At the end of this "fountain pen" is a little tin funnel tapering to a fine point, which admits of broad sweeping curves like a painter's brush, and will give the fine line and dot work of a pen and ink drawing. Each color must be put on separately, and the wax steamed out afterwards with hot water, so that a *sarong* goes through several processes and is often the work of weeks. The cheaper common garments are painted by bright-faced children, but the better artists use a variety of different quality brushes or pens, and putter over their work like the most finicky oil painter.

Rug Making. At Serinagur, Delhi, and Jeypore, we visited native shops where embroidery and rugs were being made, and as one hears so much about the famous Kashmir, Indian, and Turkoman rugs, I thought it might be of interest to record a few facts, as well as my own impressions. The most artistic rug makers of the world

are of course the Persians, who learnt the art of weaving such fabrics from the Babylonians, centuries before Christ. An ancient Jewish legend states that Naamah, daughter of Lamech, and sister of Tubal Cain, was the inventor of the spinning of wool and the weaving of threads into cloth. Persian rugs were used as portiers and as covers for divans and couches by the artistic and luxurious patricians of Greece and Rome. They were introduced into Spain by artisans from Shiraz and scattered over Europe by the argosies of Venice and Genoa. The Persian rugs were all woven by hand on rude looms, in an infinite variety of patterns, no two being just alike—hence their great value. The better rugs of today are made in the same fashion, but the art of making the old dyes, which were almost imperishable, has been largely forgotten. Rugs used to be regarded by the Egyptians, Persians, Arabians, and Greeks as works of art, and were hung over balustrades, or on the walls like tapestry rather than put to the more practical use of floor coverings. The Persian rugs remain the most original and durable of all such fabrics, and are the parent stock of the various rugs of the world. The silk ones are of course the finest. The Turkoman rugs of Khiva, Samarkand, and Bokhara are among the choicest made in the east, the prevailing tones being shades of maroon, dull blues, and creamy whites. The finer ones have a closer pile than even the Persians, with a rich smooth surface. Many devout Mohammedans always carry with them a praying rug of cheap quality, whose conventional pattern, but often very curious and pleasing detail of design, is familiar to everyone. The best Kashmiri rugs use undyed camel's hair for the ground work and border. The felt rugs of Kashmir, Kashgar, the Ladak, and Thibet have often curious designs woven into them in silk. I had one of these Kashmiri felt rugs made for me in the Turkoman praying panel, the work being done in the beautiful and well known green-dragon design of Lhasa.

At a big factory in Jeypore there were nearly fifty looms going at once. The actual work was being done by boys, under the supervision of a foreman, who read out their instructions blindly—telling them how many blue, red, or green threads to tie in from moment to moment, although with no conception of what the ultimate design was to be. This existed only in the mind of the artist who had planned it, and in the numbers on the paper, which meant nothing to the workers who might as well have been blind. The rug is woven onto warps in parallel strands, and to these strands the threads of silk, wool, or camel's hair are tied. The pile and, therefore, the value of a rug is dependent upon the number of knots tied to a square inch of warp. Some of the more valuable ones run up into the hundreds, and are worth exorbitant sums. There is a constant snipping off of the fag ends of the thread, with the sharp queer shaped knives which the boys handle very dexterously. They hold these curved blades in the left hand all the time, even while tying the knots or straightening out tangled threads, yet I have never seen them cut a wrong thread. When a row of tuft has been knotted, it is pressed down even and hard with a little comb-like apparatus and a cross strand is woven in to hold it together. The warp itself is often linen and sometimes cotton.

The bas reliefs on the rock tombs of Egypt and marbles of ancient Nineveh, speak eloquently of the past glory of this art. The Saracens, who believed that all labor tended to the glory of God, carried their craft with them into Sicily, Spain, France, and Egypt. It is said that Cleopatra, when Cesar refused to admit her, was first carried into his presence wrapped in a beautiful silk rug, well knowing, cunning witch, what an excellent background the brilliant colors would make for her all-subduing charms. The patient toilers of the east spend years in the working out of the perfect harmony and soft rich color scheme of their artistic designs. Many a story of

life and love is woven with the thread into the fabric—many a song of joy, many a dirge of woe and despair.

Marble Carving and Inlaying as typified in Repairing the Indian palaces. The work of repairing and restoring some of these splendid palaces at Agra and Delhi, which was inaugurated by Lord Curzon, and is being carried on by the British government, gave us a better idea, than almost anything else could, of the immensity of the task which the Mogul princes undertook and the barbaric grandeur with which they carried it out. In the palace at Agra, a section of pierced marble balustrade of very fine workmanship (though not remarkable for India, and by no means to be compared with many others we saw) was being duplicated to fill a gap of about twelve feet. There were eight natives working on it with hand drills, as carefully and slowly as though they had been cutting diamonds, and the Italian foreman told us that it would take them nearly two years to complete it, and the skilled work would cost the government £1000! A few bits of wonderfully decorative mural paintings had been touched up with gold leaf and emblazoned in colors; and the jeweled design of *one panel* in the jassamine tower has been replaced with semi-precious stones at a cost of over £1000. I remember an Englishman in the public works department in Burma telling me that the man who made the highest bid to secure the task of cleaning out the gutters and drain tanks of the Schwé Dagon Pagoda, retired afterwards on a very pretty little fortune. The rain water by gradually washing off the gold leaf which had been put on to the value of thousands of dollars during the preceding nine or ten years by the monks and pious individuals, had converted these tanks into veritable gold mines.

Rubber Planting. The families of plants yielding caoutchouc thrive in tropical parts of the world where

high temperature is combined with moisture. Although known and used in very early times by the South Americans and Chinese, it was not introduced into Europe until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century by M. De la Condamine, who had noticed it under the name of cachuchu on his voyage down the Amazon. He describes it as in constant use among the natives in the form of bottles, boots, etc., and for making cloth waterproof. The best rubber comes from Para, in South America, and from Assam. It is largely grown in the Malay Peninsula about Penang, in Sumatra, Java, and other islands of the Archipelago. Along with tea, cinnamon and cinchona, it was introduced into Ceylon at the time of the coffee blight in 1880. The largest of the Assam trees, the *Ficus elastica*, attains a girth of over seventy feet, but most of the trees are smaller. It takes about seven years for a tree to mature sufficiently to produce, and they are usually transplanted after being kept in nurseries four or five years. The trees which I saw on the rubber estates of Ceylon were usually planted in geometrical lines, leaving enough room for the branches, and giving the tappers and collectors a regular beat to follow, so that none might be overlooked. Other trees and shrubs, whose leaves are good fertilizers, are scattered amongst them. The incisions for tapping are cut around the tree like a spiral stairway, a new ring being usually added each year. A little spout and drip pan is attached for every ring or two, and the coolies go through every few days to gather what gum has collected and clear out the ducts. The sticky juice, when dried over a fire, becomes blackened by smoke, but when dried in the sun is light colored. Molds of clay and paddles are employed for this purpose. The coagulated mass is pressed into cakes by hand, and rolled out into a sheet on greased metal planes with a wooden roller. In order to more thoroughly purify the caoutchouc, it is diluted with four times its weight of water and left to stand for twenty-four hours. The caoutchouc then sep-

arates itself, and rises to the surface like cream. This is removed, diffused through a fresh quantity of water, and again left to rise to the surface. By repeating the operation till the wash water is perfectly limpid, the caoutchouc may be obtained practically pure. It has then to be spread on a plate of unglazed earthenware (which absorbs the water) and afterwards pressed into the pancake-like form of commerce. The crude rubber presents different color and structure according to the method and care employed in its preparation. Rubber growing is still in its infancy in Ceylon, but all the planters seem most optimistic, as the cost of producing is low, the output regular, and the market an ever-increasing one, especially at the rate at which automobilists of today wear out their tires.

APPENDIX B

THE BARUBOEDOER[29]

Once upon a time there was a smooth, green hill that rose in perfect proportions from a tiny plateau on another larger hill, which, in turn, lifted gently from a sea of waving palm-fronds and billows of Kanari foliage.

All this was a hundred years ago in the Dutch colony of Java; then the Dutch colony became English for a time, not a long time, but long enough to enable Sir Stamford Raffles and his men, who were prying about with un-Teutonic haste and energy, to scratch a bit of earth from the sides of this perfect green hill and reveal, to the wonder of all men, a mighty ancient temple of the Buddha; the most perfect monument that Buddhistic art has given to the world.

There are ruins that cover more ground, and the great Khuner monument in Cambodia, the Angkor Vhat, is more imposing from a distance, but in its purity and unity of design, in its wealth of detail and the finished execution of its miles of sculpture, Baruboedoer stands alone in all the world.

Fifty years and more of research and comparative study of the temple have established the fact that it was built about the tenth century of the Christian era, and completed just before Buddhism, the religion of the intellect and peace was stamped out by Mohammedan conquerors, who preached a religion of blood and war, and all the fiercer passions. It was the final production of the Hindu civilization, which was higher and wealthier

[29] This beautiful description of the Baruboedoer was written by Gilbert Little Stark.

BARUBOEDOER – "The final production of Hindu civilization"

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than any civilization that the island has since seen; and, after its fall, the temple silted over slowly, or, some say, was covered by the faithful for protection, and even the natives in the village at the foot of the hill forgot that the Baruboedoer had ever been anything other than a smooth green mound.

The ruin stands in the centre of the old kingdom of Mataram, now the protected Sultanate of Djokjokarta. To reach it one rides for almost two days on the railroad down the centre of the island, from Batavia, the capital, to the city of Djokjokarta. From there the pleasantest way to accomplish the remaining sixteen miles is by a carriage, drawn by four Java ponies, who race along the well shaded roads, biting at each other and giving, now and then, a tentative kick in the direction of the foot-boy, who cracks his whip as he runs beside them.

For three hours you drive between rows of fine old trees, through villages of mat-houses, through native markets (passars), bright with fruit and flowers and gay colors, with glimpses of broad padi-fields and green hills cultivated to the top, and finally you skirt the base of the hill you have come to find, and a last dash of your ponies, shouted at and cracked at by your coachman and foot-boy, lands you on the tiny plateau at the door of a comfortable rest-house, within a lame bird's flutter of the Baruboedoer, the House of many Buddhas.

The first sight of the Baruboedoer is disappointing; but it is with all things as it is with friends, the best and greatest are those that reserve hidden beauties for a closer acquaintance. This ruin first presents itself as a heavy mass, a chaos of cold stone, streaked with gray and black. Some one has called it the photograph of a building, and a wag likened it to an old stove in which the fire has long since died; which latter description may seem funny to some people, but is not true.

Let the newly-arrived traveler crack all his jokes and talk about his stoves and photographs and tell the old

Mynheer, who luckily does not understand English, how much bigger buildings he has seen at home, and then let him sit himself down in a comfortable chair in the rest-house portico – and look. Let him look lazily through the sleepy haze of the early afternoon heat, and through the shifting veil of rain that follows, and he will see this chaos of broken stones resolve itself into a massive temple rising terrace upon terrace and gallery above gallery to the giant dagoba that crowns it all. He will see the jagged spires and cones that break the sky line range themselves into orderly rows, and he will see long tiers of Buddhas smiling in their temple niches.

On the day of our arrival the rain lasted far into the evening, and after dark we sat looking out where the ruin had been. Now and again the lightning would flash it in lines of fire, perfectly restored, on the dark background; a striking contrast of light and shade, dark galleries and arches, wide-mouthed monsters and Buddhas deep in meditation, that no storm could disturb. A rose-colored palace rising, complete in all details, out of the night, only to fade before the eye could grasp it.

The base of the pyramid is thirty-six-sided, that is, a square with two rectangular projections on each face. The first terrace, as the ruin now stands, is a broad open platform about ten feet above the ground. The inner wall of the terrace, however, rises above the level of the second gallery and forms a parapet for it, twice higher than a man's head; the inner walls of the second, third, fourth, and fifth terraces, in like manner, rise to form a parapet for the terrace above them. The sixth terrace forms the top of the square pyramid and has only a parapet, no inner wall; from it rise three circular terraces bearing seventy-two dagobas of stone-lattice-work, each one over five feet high. In the center of the topmost circle rises the great single dagoba of solid stone, a closed bell thirty feet high. In the center a straight stairway,

guarded by lions and monsters, leads through ornamental gateways to the summit of the central dagoba.

Nine terraces, then, there are in all. The first, an open platform; the next four, narrow cañons with walls of sculptured stone open only to the sky; the sixth, hidden from the world by a high parapet and open only to the zenith; the seventh, eighth, and ninth, circular in form and open on all sides; and above all the great closed dagoba, the secret, sacred place.

The mornings in Java are always the pleasantest part of the day, and early in the morning we climbed the ruin for the first time, up the damp stone stairs to the tipmost top, one hundred and twenty feet above the hill. At our feet lay masses of foliage and acres of close-huddled cocoanut-palms, sending forth glittering lances of white light from their hard, polished leaves; flooded padi-fields mirrored the lines of spindle-stemmed palm trees that march along their boundaries, and the broad valley-floor was chequered with every shade of green by the young rice, the growing rice, and the yellowed crop of ripened grain, which flourish side by side in this eternal summer. Hill ranges rose in a circle about the level basin, and behind them towered the blue cones of nine volcanoes; Soembing, symmetrical as Fuji, Merapi, with a wisp of cloud trailing from its crater, and Merababoe, each rising perfect and alone, a thousand feet above us. The morning sounds of the village drifted up through the trees, roosters' crowing and children's laughter, and a great flood of light poured over the eastern hills. All of the temple Buddhas had their backs to us and their faces to the glory of the morning. This was the three hundredth and sixty-thousandth odd morning since first they had looked out over the valley, yet a million mornings are as a flash of time to the dwellers in the House of many Buddhas, for here is Nirvana, which is Everlasting Rest.

There is a great work of restoration going on here at present, under the enthusiastic direction of Captain Erb.

Fragments are carefully studied and replaced in their original positions; the old drainage system is being repaired, and weak spots rebuilt with the old material.

Some years ago it was discovered that what is now the first terrace is not part of the original design, and when a portion of this stone platform was removed, a series of one hundred and sixty beautiful sculptures around the real base was revealed in a perfect state of preservation. Some of these sculptures were unfinished, which proved the fact, until then only a theory, that all of the carving on this remarkable temple was made after the structure was completed. It is supposed that, while the artists were still at work on the base, they discovered that the foundations were insufficient for so great a mass; so they carefully packed the finished bas-reliefs with earth, and added the stone platform, which is now the first terrace. To leave these reliefs exposed would have endangered the life of the structure, so they were carefully photographed and re-buried beneath tons of stone. They portray scenes of the common life of the times, hunting, love-making, dancing, with a few torments of hell thrown in, to give the series a religious flavor; but no connected meaning has as yet been discovered in them.

The inner wall of the first terrace has a high sloping base of ornamental curves; above this runs a single line of bas-reliefs; and above the bas-reliefs is a tier of arched niches, little open temples, flanked and surmounted by solid stone dagobas, and in each niche sits a life-sized Buddha, and the back of this Buddha-tier forms the parapet of the gallery above. The outer and inner walls of each successive gallery are covered with a double row of bas-reliefs, and each inner wall is surmounted by a tier of arches like that on the wall of the first terrace, so that five rows of Buddhas on each side rise, one above the other's head; four hundred and thirty-two images of the Lord in all.

On the three open terraces above, which bear the dago-

bas of stone lattice-work, are seventy-two more Buddha images, screened off from the world, but open to the four winds of heaven; and lastly, in the great closed dagoba above all, walled in by twenty feet of solid stone, was found a solitary Buddha, of the same size and posture as the others, but unfinished, although the surrounding dagoba was perfectly complete.

There have been more or less theories advanced about this unfinished Buddha, from the most complicated and hair-splitting deductions to the absurdly simple one that perhaps the builders thought it useless to finish a figure that was never intended to be seen. There are as many theories about the other Buddhas, general opinion deciding that they are the five Dhyani Buddhas, of the Mahayana or Northern Buddhist church; the saviors of three long vanished worlds, this present world, and a fifth world still to come; and that the unfinished figure is Adi-Buddha – the Ur-Buddha or Father Buddha, from whom the Dhyani Buddhas all came, and into whom they will all return.

But this theory finds contradiction in many internal evidences in the temple, and the simplest and most reasonable one seems to me to be that of Dr. Groneman. He divides the Buddhas into three groups: (1) those of the open-arch temples; (2) those of the stone-latticed dagobas; and (3) the unfinished Buddha of the great dagoba.

The Buddhas of group one, who ornament the first four tiers, differ slightly in the position of the hands, according to the point of the compass that they face. The Buddhas of the fifth tier, who look out upon the zenith, are all identical, but differ in the position of their hands from all those of the tiers below. Dr. Groneman believes that all of these figures are of the same Buddha, Amitabha, the Saviour of this world, known to us as Gautama or Sakya-Muni, and that the five positions of the hands show his dominion over the four quarters of the globe and the sky above, to typify which he took five steps in

each direction named, just after he sprang from Maya's side in the grove Lumbini.

The figures of the lattice-work dagobas are images of the same Buddha, but show him removed from this world and its affairs, in a state of heavenly meditation. These Buddhas show a sixth position of the hands.

The final Buddha of group three is still the same Gautama, in a state of *pari-Nirvana* perfection, infinite non-existence, the goal of life. If the figure is intended to portray this exalted state of being or non-being, it is no wonder that the artist felt his limitations and the profanity of any conception he could conjure up, and left the work incomplete.

The great glory of the Baruboedoer, however, is its bas-reliefs, which cover every available surface of the mighty pile – over two thousand separate groups, of a perfection of finish that makes the art of Ceylon's buried cities look like the work of children. Since Mrs. Carrie Nation informed the world that the saloons of a certain section of our noble country, if placed side by side, would reach from New York to Chicago, the formation of fictitious lines has been a popular form of giving an idea of great numbers of any object. An imaginary line has been formed of these carefully executed bas-reliefs, and we are assured that it would stretch for three miles!

There is plenty to interest even the amateur for days in the endless picture galleries of the five stone valleys in the temple's sides, as I found after three days' experience; and after he has once seen the outlook from the top platform, he will never think of leaving the ruin after a morning spent there, without climbing up for another glimpse of the blue circle of volcanoes, gathering their clouds about them, and the smiling valley-floor beneath. Truly, I think that this view is one of the world's fairest. Many of the groups are interesting in themselves, without the least understanding of their real meaning. There are some that are funny: a monkey teasing a bull, and an ele-

phant imitating a dancing-girl; and there are plenty that are beautiful, according to the same rules that Greek Art is judged by. You will find purity of outline, exquisite modeling, free natural poses, and graceful proportions. Jeweled princesses among their ladies, lovers reclining beneath palms, wise men talking to their disciples in the shade of the sacred bo-tree, gorgeous pageants with elephants and chariots, sword-bearers and dancing girls, follow each other up and down the passages; and when you see them so full of life and beauty, it is hard to realize that not only the men that fashioned them, but the civilization they portray, has passed away as though it had never been.

Interesting as single groups may be, as simple works of art, there is a deeper interest in reading through whole series a connected story, and learning what they meant to the pilgrim of a thousand years ago. Here you will find all the fabled former lives of Buddha, before he was Gautama.

How the Lord was once a turtle, and, perceiving a ship about to sink, surrounded by hungry sharks, saved the passengers upon his back, carried them to a desert island, and there offered them his own body for food.

How the Lord was once the king of a tribe of monkeys that lived in a great fig tree. The tribe was attacked, and there was no escape except across a deep cleft, which none but the Lord could jump. He reaches the mountainside safely and finds there a long bamboo; out of this and his own back he forms a bridge across which the monkeys all escape. But the Lord is faint from loss of blood, being badly torn by the monkeys' feet, and falls into the hands of his enemies, the hunters. They have watched the scene with great astonishment and nurse him tenderly, and to their questions he replies that it is a prince's duty to serve, and not be served by his subjects.

Best of all, however, is the series on the inner wall of the second terrace—the series that tells the tale of Bud-

dha's life, from birth to death. Around the whole terrace runs the story of his sufferings as the Saviour of the world, and his achievements at the end. You see his miraculous birth, the adoration of the wise men, the trial of the bow, the first sight of the sufferings of the world, as he rides past the beggar by the city gate. Then comes his resolve to give his life to mankind; the long discussion with the disappointed king, his father, which lasts so far into the night that all the guards about the palace fall asleep; the parting from his wives; and his escape on the magic sun horse, in spite of locked gates and armed guards. Many of the incidents next portrayed resemble incidents in the life of Christ, although Buddha lived four hundred years B.C., and incidents in the life of the Hindu Vishnu as well. He is seen seated on a lotus cushion instructing the Brahman teachers, although he is but a youth. He goes into the wilderness to fast and meditate, and then he is tempted of the devil "with the aid of his daughters the Rosy Morning Mists." He is followed by disciples, who leave their homes and the religion of their fathers for him, and finally he becomes a wise, loved teacher, dying in the midst of friends. His life lacks only the crowning glory of the Cross to make it a close counterpart of our own highest ideal.

There is almost nothing to detract from one's romantic enjoyment of the Baruboedoer. It stands in the open country in the midst of farm-life which is much the same today as it was when the temple was built; there are no guides about, no curio-shops, no tickets to buy; no fees to gate-keepers, and you are free to wander over the whole pile at will, at any hour of the day or night. Of course there are many broken arches and parapets, some of the reliefs are cracked and broken, the floors sag, and some of the Buddhas are headless or armless, and some have vanished altogether; but in studying the perfection that remains, you notice only the ruined condition in a

subconscious feeling of awe and reverence and mighty age.

It must have been an epoch in the life of every devout pilgrim to climb this hill and walk past the carved groups, every one of which spoke to him a living truth. And when, saddened by the sufferings of his Lord's life, he turned away wondering "To what end; to what end?" whichever way he turned his eyes, there was one of the five hundred Master Images to answer him with its eternal smile: "Peace, Rest, Peace!" So that, finally, when he emerged on the upper platforms, among the Heavenly Buddhas, with the glorious view of the world before them, and the Unseen Presence of the closed dagoba, close at hand, he must have been in just the frame of mind to receive all that was best of this great teacher's cult.

For it *is* a great cult, and Buddha was a very great teacher. One cannot spend even one thoughtful hour on the ruins, without feeling that this slender-waisted, smiling man, who sits cross-legged on a lotus flower, is no mere stone conventionality, but a living force today; for he taught to the east the same principles of Love and Peace and Tolerance that Christ taught us in the west, and those who believe in him today are more in numbers than the followers of any other religion on earth.

One day, while I was on the spot, there came a party of tourists to the Baruboedoer, rejoicing in the fact that they were doing the polite unusual. They sprang from their carriage, with "Oh, there it is!" and were off at a dash. They climbed the ruin as though it were a mountain and eternal salvation awaited the first to reach the top. They had left Djokja after breakfast, had *done* another ruin on the way out, and were back to Djokja in time for tiffin; a thirty-four mile drive, with a couple of old temples on the side. Off they drove, happy that they had added one more object to the list of things, on which they could now discourse exhaustively and finally, "from personal experience, my dear!" for the rest of their lives.

The old Mynheer shook his head with a knowing smile as they whirled away, and "Pouf!" he said with a shrug, as he clapped to the ledger in which they had just inscribed their names. The old Mynheer can talk no English, but his remarks are always brief and to the point. "Pouf!" How the dust flew as he banged the ledger covers together!

On the last night there was a moon, and under it the ruin loomed mightier than ever against the sky. Not a dead relic, but a living symbol; and now, after having seen them, there is always about the ruin the presence of the kings and princes, warriors, maidens, the spreading trees, the tangled flowers, the wise elephants and forest creatures that live in its long silent halls. Like Keats's sculptured urn, they "tease us out of thought as doth eternity."

Somewhere, some one was playing the gamelan, and another was singing an endless, plaintive song. Perhaps it was the village-singer, rehearsing the past glories of the Sultans to a quiet audience beneath the palms at the hill's foot, behind the ruin, and perhaps—who knows—it was the music of the Rosy Morning Mists in the second gallery, who have been tempting Buddha with their beauty and their songs for the last thousand years.

APPENDIX C

Form of letter sent to Governor-general Smith, Honorable Cameron Forbes, and Honorable Benito Legardo, of the Philippine Commission.

BATAVIA, December 6, 1907.

HONORABLE W. CAMERON FORBES, PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

Dear Sir: As you will see by the enclosed letter, I expected to spend a month or so in the Philippines this fall, where I had hoped to be able to learn at first hand something of what our problems have been there, and of how they have been and are being met. A severe attack of malarial fever, which I picked up in Formosa, however, detained me three weeks or so in Hong Kong, and as my time is limited and pretty well mapped out, the delay has cost me the Philippines. This loss has disappointed me keenly, as the opportunity of being in this part of the world, free to pursue whatever investigations fancy and interest dictate, will probably never come to me again; the more so too, since I feel quite strongly that every American citizen should have a thorough knowledge and an intelligent interest in our far eastern possession. Shielding the strangeness and magnitude of my request, therefore, behind this plea, I am going to ask you to help me in my pursuit of this information which I shall always regret not having been able to obtain through personal touch and acquaintance. I hope you will be able to give me specific answers to the following questions, but I also wish them to be suggestive of the sort of information I am after, since my ignorance of local affairs has naturally limited the list, which I hope

your complete knowledge may considerably amplify. There are undoubtedly many important matters about which I have asked nothing, and any light upon these will be most appreciated. Also, should you have at hand any printed matter relating to the Philippines, magazine articles, reports, pamphlets, etc., which you could perhaps spare me, or if you could refer me to something of the sort, I should sincerely appreciate it.

What powers are vested in the new Parliament, what are still held by the Commission, and what by the Governor-general?

Of what does the judiciary consist?

What, if any, changes in policy or administration have already been approved by congress, or are pretty certain to be so, and are there any additional changes some of you in the Philippines are advocating, but with which Congress is not in sympathy?

Do you consider the present form of government, or what it will naturally develop into, the best, and if not what form are you personally in favor of? For instance: what do you think would be the result for us and for the Filipinos had we set up something analogous in administration and purpose to the British Crown Colony, and added a colonial secretary to the President's cabinet?

Granted that education, travel, etc., have developed some very clever, intelligent and perhaps able men, but in your opinion can the racial and climatic characteristics of the Filipino ever be sufficiently overcome as to make them capable of a durable self-government?

How many troops, police, and scouts have we now in the archipelago, and how many of these are necessary?

Have the civil service examinations, or those of the Philippines, if they are distinct, been raised any during the past three years, and if so, what are the new requirements?

Do you believe the Philippines would be a strategically weak point, should we become involved in any struggle

on the Pacific, by taking us far from our base to defend them, or do you consider that they may be made a defense and a help to any necessary operations of our fleet in far eastern waters?

Will the Philippines ever be worth to us what they have cost us?

What is your opinion regarding the Philippine tariff, and is there any likelihood of its being largely decreased upon such important items as hemp, tobacco, and sugar?

What per cent of the revenue is spent in the Philippines themselves, and what are the principal items of expense?

How many miles of good road have been built throughout the islands, and how much more is in process of construction? The same of railroads. What other public and sanitary works are now in progress? What is the state of the water supply, drainage conditions, etc.?

How many teachers are now in the island, native and American, and what is the per cent of literacy?

What is the per cent of production per capita?

Has the amount of American capital invested in the Philippines increased or fallen off during the last three years?

What is the value of exports and imports and their principal items, for 1906 and 1907, so far as known?

What are the chances for Chinese emigration, at least in some form (contract labor for a specified work and time, for instance) being permitted, and how is it generally regarded in the islands?

Have there been any changes in the form of the government of the *municipalities* during the last three years, and if so, what?

Is the control of local public works in the hands of these municipalities, or is it centralized?

Thanking you in advance for the trouble I shall be putting you to, I am, yours very respectfully,

AMASA STONE MATHER.

APPENDIX D

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND POLICE, MANILA,
January 8, 1908.

AMASA STONE MATHER, ESQ., Bombay, India.

SIR: I have received your letter of December sixth and an inclosed letter of introduction from Miss Boardman, a lady whom I hold in the highest esteem.

I hope that, in the future, the Philippines will be able to attract all Americans going around the world as it is an interesting problem, especially to Americans. I find most of your questions easy to answer and will take them up in order.

1. The powers of the legislature are those given by Act of Congress approved July 1, 1902, with some slight modifications contained in the so-called Cooper Bill, approved by Act of Congress, February 6, 1905. These bills excluded all power over foreign relations and such matters as currency, customs, immigration, added certain other limitations which will be found set forth in the bills, but included in the powers granted to the local government, the general one of taxation and, within the limits prescribed, the making of all local laws. The Commission is now the upper house, or Senate, for the Islands, in so far as its legislative work is concerned, though some of the commissioners, beside their legislative work, have executive duties. The governor-general, as executive, holds exactly the same power as he did before the Assembly was convened. As member of the Commission, however, his power is now limited to presiding over one of two chambers instead of presiding over the sole legislative body. The two chambers now extant have complete con-

trol with all the powers that the Commission held before. There is a provision, however, that in order to prevent the wheels of government being stopped by failure to agree upon appropriations, if the two houses of the legislature fail to agree, the appropriation bill passed for the preceding year shall be deemed to have held over and shall remain in effect as a new appropriation. Also, the government of the wild tribes and of the Moro country to the south, is still held by the Commission, without participation by the Assembly.

2. The judiciary consists of the Supreme Court, of whom four are Americans and three Filipinos, the Chief Justice being a Filipino, about fifteen judges of the courts of First Instance, who are fairly equally divided between Americans and Filipinos, and have districts, holding court in the different provinces at stated periods, and there are justices of the peace for minor offences, who are appointed by the governor-general, with the approval of the Commission, upon recommendation of the judge of the court of First Instance. These justices of the peace are practically all Filipinos, except in the provinces inhabited by non-Christian or savage peoples, where the local governors and the justices of the peace are usually Americans.

3. Congress has given the Philippine government a fairly liberal hand and has not made many embarrassing restrictions. The only changes of great importance which are persistently advocated by the officers of the Philippine government here are more liberality in the land laws to encourage corporate development of industries which need corporations for their proper management, such as copper mines, lumber, sugar, etc., liberalization of the mining laws, which are now onerous and have tended to discourage capital, and free trade between the United States and the Philippine Islands. The latter, I think, would be satisfactory, both to the United States and to the Philippine Islands; but there is a small group of interested people engaged in the sugar and tobacco business in

the United States who have been able heretofore to prevent the passage of the necessary legislation in Congress. I do not believe that it is because Congress is not in sympathy with it, as the vote in favor of the bill in the house was an almost overwhelming one and the matter has never come before the Senate, having been killed in a small committee. There are other defects in the customs laws, and we want a naturalization law.

In matters of general policy there is very little, at present, about which we differ. I know of no general change which has taken place in the policy outlined by President McKinley, which has been adhered to by President Roosevelt, and which Secretary Taft has crystalized into an organization, with laws, precedents, etc., which could never have been done had there been any fundamental change taking place.

4. The present form of government I believe to be a very wise one. I see no advantage to the Philippines at the present time in setting up anything analogous to a crown colony or to have anything different from what they have. They have, as you will have seen from reading the above, an ample voice in their own affairs, and later, you will see that the best way to do is to keep on just as we are and to make such changes from time to time as circumstances indicate to be necessary.

I do not think the time is ripe for a colonial secretary in the present cabinet. The grouping of the administration of dependencies under one bureau or one department would certainly be an advantage. Sometime in the future, if this feature of our administration increases in anything like the proportion it has in the last ten years, it is possible it will merit a secretary for the colonies, but at the present time the word "colony" is hateful to the American people and such a move would not probably be well received. We avoid the use of the word "colony" wholly in dealing with the Filipinos. "Dependency" describes the situation much better. The Bureau in Washington is

known as the Bureau of Insular Affairs, and the laws of Congress speak quite frequently of "Insular possessions."

My studies incline me to the belief that the American and English systems of colonization differ essentially, in that the Americans exercise much more strongly the development of the individual, undertaking more education and bigger opportunity for the laboring man to better himself, and in my belief the measure of our success can be indicated by the height of the raise of wages. The Englishmen tend more toward the material development of the country, and the Englishmen here seem to think we have injured the situation very greatly by increasing the rates of wages.

It is very possible, however, that if we continue the success which we are experiencing in the administration of the Filipinos, the English may be forced to follow suit, a thing they will not relish. As I remember it, England began by showing us how not to manage a colony and it may be that as the wheel of time grinds on, we shall turn around and show them how to manage one.

5. I do not care to prognosticate as to whether the Filipino can establish a durable form of government or not, without strong central control from some more powerful nation. The Filipino has surprised his most ardent supporters among the intelligent and thinking Americans here in the able way in which he has handled those duties which have been intrusted to him up to date. They make excellent lawyers and judges, mechanics and clerks. The attorney-general for the Philippine Islands is a Filipino. The Philippine Assembly since its convocation has been conducted with admirable fairness and ability. It will compare favorably, for the tone of its deliberations, orderliness, and results up to date with other deliberative bodies. I think, however, that the only proper way to carry on this work is to do what we have been doing, to give supervised autonomy to the municipalities and use

our supervision to make sure that they are well governed, to give supervised autonomy to the provinces, which have one American out of the three which compose the provincial board, he being the treasurer, and to give them a continually greater participation in the central government, taking the steps tentatively so that false steps may be withdrawn; but never giving up the effort to trust and confirm the influence of the Filipino in his own affairs. They will thus have a daily increasing measure of self government, with sufficient central control exercised judiciously to be certain that it is not being abused. The degree of autonomy which they will have later can be reasonably determined by a series of experiments now going on and we can then decide whether they can have a government as free from supervision as the United States of Colombia, Venezuela, or a little closer, supervision like that of Santo Domingo will take place, or, coming still closer, Cuba and Panama, down to actual annexation like Porto Rico and Alaska, or still more intimate, a territorial arrangement like New Mexico. I consider it would be the height of folly now to say what we shall decide to do when the time for decision comes.

6. The American troops here run between ten thousand and twelve thousand men, stationed in a few large posts. They are conducting themselves as they do in other large army posts in the United States and have nothing to do with the civil administration and practically nothing whatever to do with the maintenance of order, except among the Mohammedans in the south where the civil administration is combined partly with the military administration. The scouts amount to an additional five thousand native troops, paid by the United States and officered by United States Army officers. If necessary, they can be detailed to the Civil Government for use in the maintenance of order, though at present there are none so detailed. There are five thousand Constabulary, or Insular Police, paid by the Insular Government, at an annual cost of about

a million and a half dollars, who assist the governor-general in the maintenance of order, throughout the islands, and the provincial governors or the municipal presidents in their respective jurisdictions. They are called in for infractions of Insular and provincial regulations or laws; but as a rule do not interfere with infractions of municipal ordinances, punishment of which is handled by the municipal police, numbering between three thousand and five thousand. They cost an aggregate of five hundred thousand dollars a year and are in various conditions of disorganization, not to be trusted generally for serious disturbances but usually reasonably able to look after the work of the local president in the maintenance of order and the enforcement of municipal regulations of his town. The municipal police are necessary but I believe in some districts they could get along with a less number. The Constabulary are cut to the lowest limit and the government could very well use a force half as big again to extend order among the savage peoples and wild tribes, who inhabit the interior of some of the Islands, notably, northern Luzon, Mindanao, Panay, and Samar. I do not believe it advisable to have a considerable United States Army here. I believe the scouts could be abolished without prejudice to good order but it is a very proper addition to the United States Army, none too big in itself, and a good, useful institution, which, in case of war I believe would be found to be a very convenient adjunct to the United States forces. The men previously enlisted and who have gone out of the service could be re-enlisted and a very considerable army, properly trained, could be thus made available. I believe that one-half of the troops now here would be all that is necessary to maintain order and as a safeguard. I see, however, no advantage in taking them away. The army is ridiculously small now, considering the size and importance of the United States, and given an army of a certain size we might just as well use two out of every six years service in tropical service. It is quite likely that

our attention will be drawn more and more to the tropics, and officers and men inured to tropical campaigning will be necessary in the army. The health of the army is just as good here as it is anywhere at home and the only cost in keeping them here above keeping them at home is transportation to and from the United States.

7. The Philippine government has its own Bureau of Civil Service. The requirements have not been changed as far as I know, although there have been modifications in different directions from time to time. The Philippine civil service has a working arrangement with the civil service at home by which transfers are made from one service to the other. I am not an expert on the matter and can not tell which is the more severe but I understand ours is in some ways more rigid than the other.

8. The Philippines would be strategically a weak point if the Philippine people were hostile to us and we wanted to retain them. They would be strategically strong were the people friendly to us in case of trouble. All the evidence which I have received recently is to the effect that the Philippine Islands will be friendly to us in case of trouble. I am inclined to believe that they will be a source of strength rather than of weakness.

Commercially, I have not the slightest doubt that they are a real asset and will give us a vantage point with which to extend our trade to the orient and increase the markets for our own manufactures to a very marked degree. The Philippine Islands grow all sorts of products which are used in the United States but not grown there and the United States has not possessions capable of growing these tropical products in sufficient quantity to supply the demand. The Philippine Islands will consume the manufactures of the United States and are doing so more and more from day to day. Free trade between the countries can not fail to be mutually beneficial. Articles which can be grown in the Islands and which are not grown at home, in general are, cacao, rubber, mahogany and fine hard-

woods, hemp, copra, and all kinds of forest products, such as gutta percha, varnish, gums, etc. From a naval point of view, the Philippines will be hard to defend owing to the very extended coast line, equal to eleven thousand miles, but also for the same reason almost impossible to conquer. Almost any naval force could capture certain points but to capture the Islands would necessitate taking over the reins of government and controlling the people. For that reason, I say that the people who have the friendship of the Filipinos will find them a source of strength.

9. For the reasons set forth in my preceding answer I believe the Philippines can very likely be worth much more to the United States than they have cost us. It will take some time but I believe the benefits will come in something like the proportion of ten to one. The regeneration of a people can not be done in a day. They are now in a lamentable physical condition, owing to lack of hygienic conditions, of good food, of good water, etc., and of the means of obtaining them, and they have got to get the stimulus of desire or ambition to better themselves, which will surely come with the education and the improved means of communication which we are gradually installing here.

10. I am perfectly sure that the Philippine tariff will be reduced. I do not think that a small selfish clique can possibly withstand the demands of two peoples. How soon that will come about I do not care to predict. I should not be surprised to see it in the immediate future.

11. All of the revenue of the Philippine Islands is expended in the Islands themselves, excepting in so far as it may go to pay interest on bonds held abroad. The bonds, however, are very small in amount, not more than ten millions gold in all for insular account, which is about one and a half dollars per head of national debt, which may be held to be negligible. I recommend comparison with other countries.

The principal items of expense out of some $9,000,000 of revenue are, roughly, as follows: executive, $250,000;

justice and judiciary, $550,000; collection of revenue, audit and treasury, $1,000,000; sanitation, $700,000; posts and telegraphs, $650,000; constabulary, $1,500,000; navigation, commerce, lighthouses, etc., $600,000; education, $1,750,000.

There are shipping subsidies, guarantee of railroad bonds, interest on bonds, and other things, which use up a considerable amount of the balance, the difference being mostly expended each year in public works, a large amount of which is done each year out of the Insular Treasury from current revenues.

12. I can not answer you as to the mileage of good roads just yet, as road construction was left to the provinces and municipalities, which have seriously failed in this important item of administration. I shall know in a few months exactly. The attention of the government has recently been drawn to this matter and provision has been made for a total rehabilitation of the system and the practical establishment of a new one, which should result in the construction of a complete system of roads throughout the Archipelago in something like, say, ten years. The amount of two million dollars has been raised by increased local taxation, voted by the natives themselves in part and in part by apportionment from the Insular Treasury for road building and a system of road maintenance is being established. This is in my department and at present is the most important part of my work.

13. In regard to railroads, under Spanish domination there were one hundred and twenty miles of railroad built. Over two hundred miles have been built since the Americans came here and contracts have been arranged for the construction of six hundred miles more, so that we shall have a system aggregating nearly a thousand miles of railroad within three or four years.

14. The port of Manila has been constructed by inclosing and dredging the same, at an expense of something over five million dollars. A large site for a new commercial

town has been reclaimed in the water front and wharves are now in process of construction there. Port works have been completed in Iloilo and Cebu. Some work has been done in dredging rivers. There has been considerable bridge construction. Something over four million dollars worth of sewer and water works are now approaching completion in the city of Manila.

The inhabitants of the Islands have been vaccinated and small pox, which previously caused great devastation, has been wiped out; great advance has been made in the cleaning up of cholera and plague, the plague having been absolutely eliminated and cholera largely so. Great advance has been made in dealing with other tropical diseases. Provision has been made for the segregation of lepers and the stamping out of leprosy. Artesian wells are being driven all over the Islands by the government, to give good drinking water to the people, who have been accustomed to use streams, which have not been properly guarded against infection or pollution. In general, sanitary conditions are bad, as the people eat with their fingers, drink water unboiled, and are afflicted to an alarming extent with tuberculosis, intestinal parasites, including amoebic dysentery and other diseases. Here a tremendous work has to be done and it must be done by the natives, as we can not afford American doctors for seven million people. We have, however, established a first class medical school, which is being attended by an enthusiastic gathering of young people in Manila.

Reinforced concrete constabulary barracks, school houses, provincial buildings, jails, hospitals, etc., are in process of construction. Four hundred thousand dollars has recently been appropriated for a first class hospital in the city of Manila. A summer capital has been selected and mapped out and a very expensive road, costing two million dollars, has been built connecting it with the lowlands, so that within one day's travel from Manila the climate of the temperate zone can be reached, the

average temperature not being much over sixty degrees, Fahrenheit, for the year.

15. There are something over eight hundred American school teachers in the Islands at the present time, and 6,141 Filipino teachers. The average literacy has been stated to be about ten per cent. The people are very enthusiastic about learning English. Something like five hundred thousand attend the schools, about one-third of the possible school population.

16. Owing to the conditions existing in the Philippine Islands, the large proportion of country which is isolated and from which no statistics are returned, the large number of producers who produce only for their own needs, the fact that most of the manufacturing is done in the native homes, and the absence of a central statistical bureau, the answer to your question as to the per cent of production per capita can at the best be only unsatisfactorily approximate.

17. The amount of American capital invested in the Philippine Islands is extremely small and is steadily increasing, particularly with the construction of the railroads. New enterprises are being formed and developed. The most notable of those which have been established here being the Manila Electric Railroad and Light Company, the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Company, with their shops, the Philippine Railway Company, constructing two hundred and fifty miles of railroad, the Manila Railroad Company, constructing and operating some seven hundred miles of railroad, the Philippines Products Company, and others.

18. The reports of the Collector of Customs for the fiscal years 1906 and 1907 show that the imports and exports, divided into their principal items, were as follows:

1906. Total Imports, $25,811,093. Principal items, by values: cotton goods, $6,642,329; rice, $4,375,500; iron and steel, and manufactures of, $1,796,653; flour, $824,034; illuminating oils, $358,317; opium, $440,464; paper and

manufactures of, $410,083; distilled spirits, $199,525; malt liquors, $225,482.

Total Exports, $32,671,401. Principal items, by values: hemp, $19,446,769; sugar, $4,863,865; copra, $4,043,115; tobacco, $2,389,890.

1907. Total Imports, $29,666,140. Principal items, by values: cotton goods, $8,320,079; rice, $3,662,493; iron and steel, and manufactures of, $2,544,992; flour, $889,174; illuminating oils, $790,447; opium, $513,287; paper, and manufactures of, $508,754; distilled spirits, $218,967; malt liquors, $141,838.

Total Exports, $34,127,253. Principal items, by values: hemp, $21,085,081; sugar, $3,934,460; copra, $4,053,193; tobacco, $3,129,194.

19. I think the chances of Chinese immigation are nil. The Chinaman, who comes here as a laborer, very soon becomes a merchant, and does not give the Filipino a fair deal. The morals of those of the laboring class who become merchants are very bad. They are wholly unscrupulous, adulterate all the goods they sell, evade the laws, and are generally undesirable. The Filipino is a perfectly good laborer himself and give him a chance and a physique and he will develop himself and the country at the same time. We do not need the Chinese, and the Filipinos, who see wherein their own advantage lies, do not want them. There are a few Americans, and others among the Europeans, who think the immigration of Chinese is the true solution of the problem out here. I do not.

20. Changes in the form of municipal governments for the last three years have been slight. Roughly speaking, the suffrage is given to those who can read or write or have a certain amount of property or who have served in the government employ in certain offices. These voters elect a president and council for their towns, which have certain limited authority. They can impose certain taxes and give certain municipal privileges. They are supposed to maintain the roads in their jurisdiction, keep good order

and perform the local functions of government. Their financial transactions are very rigidly audited by insular authority, so that the money end of the thing is not free. One important measure recently passed provides that no more than a certain percentage of the receipts can be expended on salaries, as it was found that a good many municipalities found it convenient to spend all their receipts for salaries and none for public works.

21. Certain small public works are done by the municipalities, very often in the line of school building, as they seem to be very enthusiastic about schools. The expenditure of local funds for public works is not centralized and the district engineers in the employ of the Insular Government have only advisory functions as regards municipalities. They have, however, control over expenditures of provincial funds for public works above a certain amount. The provinces have recently been made autonomous. There are some forty-five of them and they are very important. Until recently, the provincial governments were composed of three members; one native governor elected by the municipal councils and two Americans appointed by the governor-general, one of whom was the treasurer and the other the district engineer. This was found to be too expensive, particularly in provinces that did not have money for public works, and the engineers were decreased in number until the district engineer system was evolved, which has one engineer for several provinces. Then the division superintendent of schools was added on the provincial board but this did not prove satisfactory and now at the time of elections for delegates to the Assembly there are also elections for provincial governors and third members of the board, the voters now directly electing the provincial governor and the third member of the provincial board. Very truly yours, W. Cameron Forbes.

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